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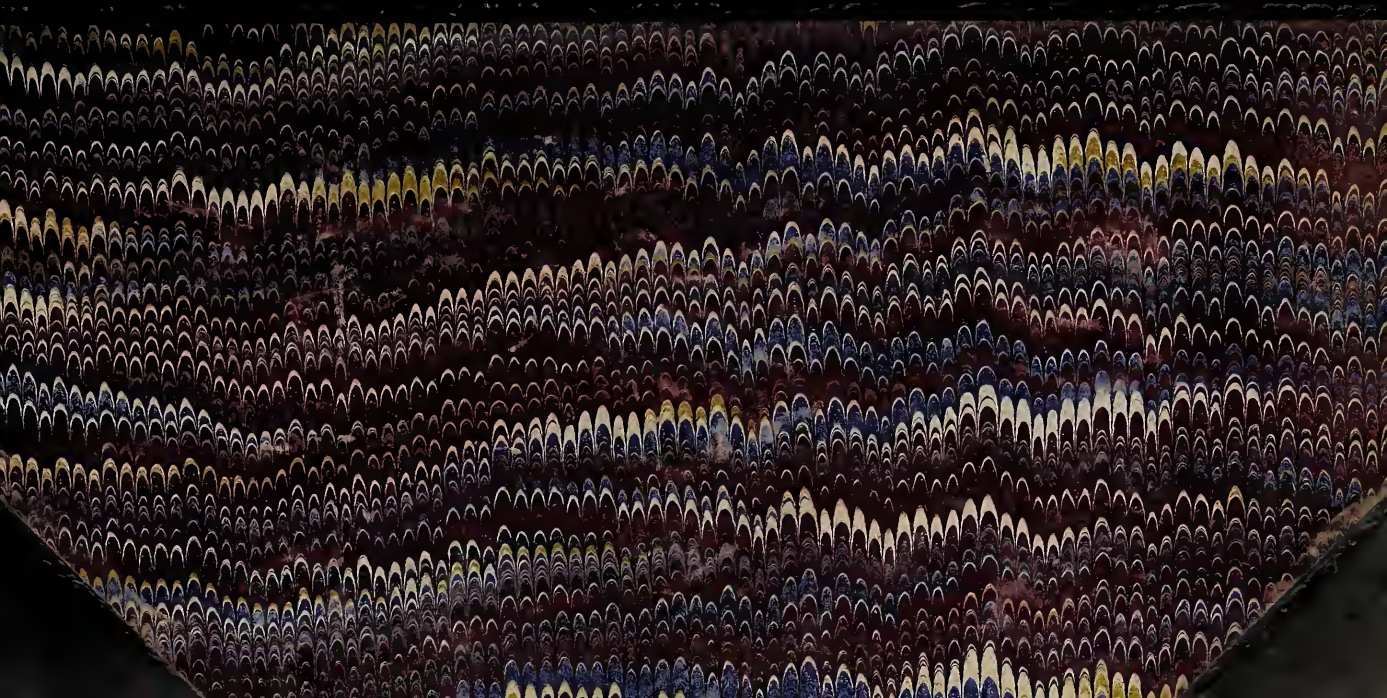

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THE CAPE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Albert the Good.*

It is said that a distinguished English prelate, in an address from the pulpit not long ago, recommended to his congregation the perusal of the "Greville Memoirs" and the "Life of the Prince Consort," in order to measure fairly the distance which separates the last generation from the present. Certainly, the comparison afforded by these two works is most striking. There stands out before the reader, in broad contrast,—on the one hand, the bigoted Toryism of half a century ago, and the selfish depravity of the court of George the Fourth; on the other, the liberal Constitutional Government of the present day, and the purity of the Royal Household of England under Victoria—a household presenting a pattern of what a house and a court should be, alike in the warmth of the family affection, the refined simplicity of the tastes, and the high moral atmosphere pervading it, as well as in the anxious and unremitting devotion to the protection and advancement of the country's welfare.

It is no less characteristic of the change of times and circumstances that our Sovereign has graciously permitted the veil to be so unreservedly withdrawn from the interior of her court and the privacy of her home life, in order to enable the world to have a faithful portraiture of the accomplished and virtuous partner with whom her happiest years were intertwined—one who truly seems scarce other than Tennyson's "own ideal knight":—

> Who reverenced his conscience as his king,
> Whose glory was redressing human wrong,
> Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it,
> Who loved one only, and who clave to her.

Two volumes of the biography of the Prince Consort, written by Mr. Theodore Martin, have now been published, and a third, which will complete the work, is in preparation. These books are delightfully entertaining and instructive. They give charming details of the early life of the Queen and her husband, the romance of their

* The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin, vols. I. and II. London: Smith Elder & Co.

betrothal and marriage, and their domestic happiness; and, added thereto, there is a graphic account of contemporary political history, and of the parts which the royal pair played in relation to various events on many important occasions. Wherever they are read throughout Her Majesty's dominions, these volumes are certain to increase and strengthen the sentiment of loyalty to our Monarchy, for they afford evidence and example of the high character of the duties devolving upon and discharged by the Throne. Their moral and social influences, too, cannot fail to be of inestimable value. They teach us in the simplest language, that the graces which sanctified the happy lives of the occupants of the Palace may be planted in every dwelling and brighten every hearth; that every person, however obscure or humble, may in some degree emulate the character of the Prince; and that the gifts and possibilities which are to a certain extent latent in each individual may be raised and led under the same dominant power which influenced him—the determination to live worthily and nobly.

Descended from a good stock of the old Protestant house of Saxony, which upheld Luther and the free principles of the Reformation, Albert was born at Rosenau, the summer residence of his father, the Duke of Coburg, in August 1819—about three months after the birth, at Kensington, of the Princess, now Queen, Victoria. The two children were cousins. Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a sister of the Prince's father; and upon the untimely death of the Duke of Kent in January, 1820, the care of the Duke's widow and infant child devolved upon the good and wise Prince Leopold, King of the Belgians, the youngest brother of the Coburg family. Leopold at one time was near occupying a position similar to that which Albert afterwards filled. In 1816 he married the Princess Charlotte, then presumptive heiress to the English Throne, who, however, died in the following year, and the succession devolved upon his brother-in-law's child, Victoria, towards whom he assumed a father's place, and discharged its duties with conscientious devotion.

The little "May flower," as the Princess was playfully named, became an object of the deepest interest to her relatives in Coburg, and the idea of her marriage with one of her cousins had obviously taken such root in the family that Prince Albert's nurse was in the habit of prattling to her charge, when he was only three years old, of his destined bride in England. As the years advanced, and it became more probable that what the Dowager Duchess of Coburg had truly called "the dangerous grandeur of Royalty" might devolve upon the young head which was so dear to her, this idea grew into an abiding wish, strengthened by what was observed of the qualities, mental and moral, of the youthful Prince.

In 1836 there was no longer any doubt as to the succession of the Princess Victoria to the Throne, and in all probability at no very distant date. Already several aspirants for her hand were in the

field. The time therefore arrived for making some progress towards the fulfilment of what could not have been otherwise than an object of the greatest natural anxiety to all around her. King Leopold was of opinion that his nephew Albert was best qualified to make his niece happy, and to fulfil worthily the difficult duties of the Consort of an English Queen. But he loved the Princess too well, and was too deeply conscious of the immense responsibility of such a choice, to act with precipitation, or upon his own judgment merely, which the bias of natural affection no less than of family feeling might insensibly have warped. He, therefore, took counsel with one who was not liable to be misled from any such cause, and on whose penetrating judgment of men and things, no less than his fearless independence, the King had learned by long experience to place implicit reliance. This was the Baron Christian Friedrich von Stockmar, a physician, and a native of Coburg, who had been the guide, philosopher, and friend of Leopold himself when preparing for fulfilling the duties of Prince Consort, to which as husband of the Princess Charlotte he had once cherished the proud hope of being called.

Stockmar favourably responded to the King's appeal for his advice, but declined to commit himself to an opinion until he had seen more of the Prince. He soon after had frequent opportunities of doing so, and closer observation satisfied him that the young man's mind and character were such as might be expected to qualify him for the distinguished vocation for which he was designed. One thing, however, was urged upon King Leopold as indispensable, that no claim on the Prince's behalf for the hand of his cousin should be preferred, unless an impression in his favour from personal acquaintance should be produced.

With a special view to Albert's training for England, he was placed under the care of Stockmar, with whom he made a tour through Italy, and spent some time in London. The impression the Prince produced upon the Queen was very significantly conveyed in a note to her uncle: "He is in short *very fascinating*." And the "old, old story" was soon afterwards told with charming simplicity by Her Majesty, in a letter dated Windsor Castle, 15th October, 1839:—

"I *do* feel so guilty, I know not how to begin my letter; but I think the news it will contain will be sufficient to ensure your forgiveness. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. . . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of my making him happy, but I shall do my best."

Great was the delight of King Leopold on learning of the accomplishment of his cherished wish; and equally welcome was the news to Baron Stockmar, who anticipated from the auspicious event a rare union of love and fidelity.

The relations of this remarkable man to the royal family were singularly remarkable. The Baron evidently regarded it a favour of Providence to have it in his power, in his mature years, to influence a person of the Prince Consort's natural gifts and high position, and he never wearied in his stimulating counsels and his superintending care—that he should walk in the right way and never fail in "princely worth and nobleness." Here are some examples of his high-toned fatherly admonitions given to the Prince shortly after his marriage and his settlement in England:—

"The stars which are needful for you just now, and perhaps for some time to come, are *Love*, *Honesty*, *Truth*. All those whose minds are warped, or who are destitute of feeling, *will be apt to mistake you*, and to persuade themselves and the world that you are not the man you are, or at least may become, and that people are not only entitled to rate you low, but even to treat you slightingly. It is only love and loyalty that are keen-sighted, because they seek the truth; they find excuses only where excuse should be made; they only wait in patient hope for what can be developed by loving fosterage alone, and not even by that until the time is ripe. Do you, therefore, be on the alert betimes, with your eyes open in every direction, and strive calmly but surely to form a just estimate of the minds of those around you. This done, to the pure in soul lay your heart open and establish between them and yourself a relation truly reciprocal—love for love, warmth for warmth, truth for truth. Those, on the other hand, who are impure, keep at arm's length, and do this with proper firmness and resolution. . . . . God bless you, God keep you in health, and surround you with good pious men, from whom you may learn practically and by deeds that human happiness is only to be found in the path of love and goodness."

* * * * * * *

"Let your unceasing study, your unceasing occupation, be human nature in all its length and breadth, and consider politics only as the means of doing service, as far as in you lies, to the whole human race. Never shirk industry and hard work, and stick to the rule, *Nulla dies sine lineâ*. Strive to guard as much as possible against too great distraction, and to recur constantly from the petty details into which you must be daily drawn to the breadth of view, the certainty, the productiveness that result from guiding principles. Strive by your own meditations to satisfy yourself that there is no such thing as chance. There are but two threads on which all things hang, whether they be clear and simple or obscure and intricate or even confused. These are (1) the eternal immutable law of Natural Necessity, and (2) man's Free Will, which latter is restricted to an apparently very narrow sphere, but yet can and does do much more than the thoughtless have any idea of. No doubt, I must admit, that the freedom of the human will is limited to the choice between what a man is forced to regard as good, and what he cannot fail to regard as evil, but in this choice he is unfettered; and it seems to me *that the choice of the good has been made so difficult, only to give a higher value to man, and to the choice he makes*."

* * * * * * * * *

"Mistakes, misunderstandings, obstructions which come in vexatious opposition to one's views, are always to be taken just for what they are, namely, natural phenomena of life, which represent one of its sides, and that the shady one. In overcoming them with dignity, your mind has to exercise, to train, to enlighten itself; it has to acquire in dealing with them practical intelligence and insight, and your character to gain force, endurance, and the necessary hardness. . . . Never relax in putting your magnanimity to the proof; never relax in logical separation of what is great and essential from what is trivial and of no moment; never relax in keeping yourself up to a high standard in the determination to be consistent, patient, courageous, and worthy."

In the records of history, says Mr. Theodore Martin, we do not meet with any instance of royalty having been served with a devotion so purely noble and unselfish as that of Baron Stockmar. It was a devotion founded on genuine respect for the fine qualities of heart and head which he had proved in both the Prince and Queen, and he sacrificed to it for many years, without a murmur, the personal ease and love of retirement which his own weak health and studious habits made almost a necessity of his life. Rank, patronage, fortune, fame, all the usual motives for intellectual toil, had no attraction for him. In his relations to the English Court he had no object of his own to serve, save only that first object of all noble natures, to do the utmost good within his power. Circumstances had thrown him strangely for the second time across the path of the heiress to the Throne of England, and seemed thus to indicate the sphere where the gathered experiences of his life and the mature fruits of his thought might be applied with the most advantage. He could not, therefore, resist the appeal made to him by the Prince "to sacrifice his time to him for the first year of his life in England;" and, if he was drawn on to extend the sacrifice into future years, it was because on his side the interest in the task he had set before himself grew deeper and deeper as the noble qualities of his pupil developed and expanded, whilst on the other every day's experience proved to the Prince and the Queen the inestimable value of his counsels in their family no less than in their public life.

Speaking of Stockmar to Sir Robert Peel in 1841, Lord Liverpool said that in all he did for the Queen and Prince, "his only object was their welfare, his only ambition was to be of service to them;" but it might truly have been added that these motives would never have acted so strongly as they did, had he not considered that their welfare could not be advanced, nor their interests served, without at the same time furthering the welfare and advancing the glory of England. Had he been an Englishman, indeed, he could not have had the country's interests more nearly at heart. In England he had spent the best years of his life, where his position in Prince Leopold's household had been most favourable for the study of the social and political life of the country. He knew its people well in their strength and in their weakness. No man better understood the

spirit of the Constitution, or foresaw with a more prophetic eye the modifications of it which were sure to be demanded by the advance of popular opinion and the rapidly altering conditions of society. The country, moreover, was dear to him as the stronghold of political freedom, and he would have regarded as a disaster to mankind anything which might have lowered its prestige or weakened it as an example to the other nations of the world. "I love and honour the English Constitution from conviction," Stockmar said, "for I think that, under judicious handling, it is capable of realising a degree of civil liberty which leaves a man free scope to think and act as a man. Out of its bosom singly and solely has sprung America's free Constitution, in all its present power and importance, in its incalculable influence upon the social condition of the whole human race; and in my eyes the English Constitution is the foundation, corner, and cope-stone of the entire political civilisation of the human race, present and to come."

And in 1841, during the political struggle in the country relating to the repeal of the corn laws, which led to the fall of the Melbourne Ministry, this sagacious Mentor, from his home in Coburg, and anxious that his princely Telemachus should not be carried away by any of the party passions of the time, wrote :—

"In seasons of fermentation like the present Ministerial crisis, out of which a new order of things is likely to arise, *he is most secure who, looking well ahead, sees his way to what he can make out of the present for the future, and whilst regulating the present, does this in such a way that out of it must grow what he has desired for the future, as surely as the plant developes from the germ.* With all my heart, then, will I wish that in my dear Prince this farseeing faculty may be found in abundant measure.

"If things come to a change of Ministry, then the great axiom, irrefragably one and the same for all Ministries, is this, viz.: The Crown supports frankly, honourably, and with all its might the Ministry of the time, whatever it be, so long as it commands a majority and governs with integrity for the welfare and advancement of the country. A King who, as a Constitutional King, either cannot or will not carry this maxim into practice, deliberately descends from the lofty pedestal on which the Constitution has placed him to the lower one of a mere party chief. Be you, therefore, *the Constitutional Genius of the Queen;* do not content yourself with merely whispering this maxim in her ear when circumstances serve, but strive also to carry it out into practice at the right time and by the worthiest means. A man can almost always accomplish what is right if he set himself resolutely to do so."

Prince Albert took up his position in England in a manner which showed that he was thoroughly mindful of the lessons of his sage Mentor. Although as the "Queen's Own" he was welcomed by the public with considerable enthusiasm, he had at the outset many unpleasantnesses to encounter. The recognition of his rank as Prince Consort was not provided for in the Constitution, his allowance was the subject of a party squabble, some of the Royal Family

regarded him as a foreign interloper, and then there were difficulties about the internal management of the Royal household. But with heroic self-discipline he set to the task of removing and subduing all the influences arrayed against him. Exercising great discretion and forbearance, keeping strictly within the limits of his duty, and comprehending, appreciating, and strictly and stedfastly furthering the aims of the Queen and her Government, without intruding or attempting any show of power, he soon became master of his position—a force felt and recognized in the private and public life of the Court. "Great thoughts and a pure heart" was his motto. The high principles by which he was actuated in the performance of the labours devolving upon him are expressed by himself in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, declining the proffered offer of the command of the army. These were, that as Consort of the Sovereign it was required of him "that the husband should entirely sink his *own individual* existence in that of his wife; that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself; should shun all contention; assume no separate responsibility before the public, but make his position entirely a part of her's; fill up every gap which as a woman she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regular functions; continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her—sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal; as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he was besides, the husband of the Queen, the tutor of the Royal children, the Private Secretary of the Sovereign, and her permanent Minister." Those duties, as the Prince understood them, made it incumbent on him to be ever on the watch where the welfare of Her Majesty's Kingdom was concerned. To help as far in him lay to uphold these interests was, as his biographer tells us, the dearest object of his ambition. Seeking no personal triumph, he was content and more than content with strengthening the hands while lightening the labours of the Sovereign lady in whose life his own was merged. This, however, could only be done by taking an active part in her peculiar toils, and by devoting, like her, his best energies to that day-by-day observation of every social and political movement, which he conceived to be the function of the head of a State, and in an especial degree of the constitutional monarch whose study is in the words of our liturgy, "to preserve her people in wealth, peace, and godliness." Hence we learn:—

"This mastery of details could only be gained by great and systematic labour, in itself quite sufficient to absorb the energies of a busy man. But to the claims of politics had to be added those which science and art and questions of social improvement were constantly forcing upon the Prince's attention. An extensive correspondence also took up much

time, and thus a comparatively small portion of every day was left for that domestic and social intercourse for which the Prince was, by his quick observation and natural brightness of spirits peculiarly fitted, and in which he delighted to throw off for the time the weight of graver cares. He was habitually an early riser, even in winter he would be up by seven, and dispose of a great deal of work before breakfast, by the light of the green German lamp, the original of which he had brought over with him, and which has since become so familiar an object in our English homes. The Queen shared his early habits; but before Her Majesty joined him in the sitting-room, where their writing-tables stood always side by side, much had, as a rule, been prepared for her consideration,—much done to lighten the pressure of those labours, both of head and hand, which are inseparable from the discharge of the Sovereign's duties.

"The extent and accuracy of the Prince's information on every subject of political importance impressed all with whom he came in contact. Ministers of State found him as familiar as themselves with the facts immediately connected with the working of their own departments. Ambassadors returning from their legations were struck to find how completely he had at command every significant detail of what had happened within the sphere of their special observation. Diplomatists proceeding for the first time to some foreign court, learned in an interview with the Prince, not merely the exact state of affairs which they would find awaiting them, but very frequently had the characters of the Sovereigns and Statesmen with whom they would have to deal sketched for them with a clearness and precision which they afterwards found of the utmost practical service."

The vast amount of work done by the Prince may be judged of by the voluminous State papers from his pen which are now published. They relate to every possible political and social subject. Continental affairs, the formation of an army reserve, Cambridge University reform, national education, improvement of the homes of the poor, the position and duties of Bishops in the Legislature, and Church government and discipline. In the "Church crisis," when Papal aggression and Puseyism was exciting the feelings of parties, he had his plan for reform. The cause of discontent appeared to him to be the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices by the clergy of England, contrary to the will and feelings of the Protestant congregations, under the assumption that the clergy alone had any authority in Church matters. "If this be the fundamental evil," he said, "against this ought the remedial principle to be directed—and this principle might be thus expressed: That the laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the clergy. That no alteration in the form of Divine service shall therefore be made by the clergy without the formal consent of the laity, nor any interpretation given of Articles of Faith without their concurrence. This principle once recognised as law, a whole living Church constitution will spring from it, including Church government and doctrines."

The crowning work of the Prince, however, was the realization

of his long meditated project of the Great Exhibition of 1851,—an idea which it appears had its germ in the old and celebrated Frankfort fairs. The story of its opening and its success is told at some length. The Queen was delighted with it, and writing to Lord Russell, said :—"Lord John is right in supposing it is particularly gratifying to *her* to see her beloved husband's name for ever immortalised by the conception of the greatest triumph of peace which the world has ever produced, by the energy and perseverance with which he helped to carry it out. To feel this, and to see this so universally acknowledged by a country which we both daily feel more attached to and more proud of, is indeed a source of immense happiness and gratitude to the Queen. She feels grateful to Providence to have permitted her to be united to so great, so noble, so excellent a Prince, and this year will ever remain the happiest and proudest of her life."

Many of Her Majesty's letters in this way reveal the affection and happiness of the Queen and her husband. Pleasing evidence of it is also afforded by the glimpses given of their private life, when the occupations of the Court were exchanged for the quiet retirement of the home at Osborne, or their enjoyment of the invigorating air and wild beauty of the Highlands of Balmoral. In their household, the nursery and the education of their children was a matter of careful and conscientious consideration to them. Her Majesty from time to time placed on record her own views on the subject. In these, while the education of the head is well provided for, the education of the heart is dwelt upon as of primary importance. One of them winds up thus :—"The greatest maxim of all is, that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible; that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things." The question of religious education was also dwelt upon repeatedly and anxiously. That this is best given to a child, day by day, at its mother's knees, was the Queen's conviction. Even so early as in 1844, however, the pressure of public duty made it impossible to keep this part of the education of the Princess Royal wholly within her own hands. "It is already a hard case for me," Her Majesty says in a memorandum of 13th November of that year, "that my occupations prevent my being with her when she says her prayers." But both the Queen and the Prince maintained a constant supervision, so that the minds of their children should not be warped by the extreme views, which were then prominently held by a large section of the Anglican Church. For the guidance of the instructors of the Princess Royal, a clear principle was laid down by the Queen in the same memorandum, which was never lost sight of in the religious training of the younger children. It was this :—

"I am *quite* clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion; but that she should have the feeling of devotion

and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling ; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding view, and that she should be made to know *as yet* no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

In determining upon the education of the Prince of Wales, they had the assistance of their friend and confidant, Baron Stockmar, who prepared an elaborate and very able memorandum on the subject, which our limited space precludes making any extract of. The great aim was to build up a noble and princely character, in intelligent sympathy with the best movements of the age. In view of this, the Baron argued that the education of the heir to the Throne should be directed to preparing him for approaching events ; that it should imbue him with the conviction of the necessity of practical morality to the welfare of the Sovereign and his subjects ; but that he should be taught that the Sovereign should act as a balance-wheel on the political machine instead of giving it its impulse. Above all attainments, however, he should be trained to freedom of thought and a firm reliance on the inherent power of sound principles, political, moral, and religious, to sustain themselves, and produce practical good when left in possession of a fair field for development.

The Royal home had not an immunity from the sorrows and trials common to humanity. As with all who have friends and kinsfolk to love and be loved by, the Queen and Prince shared the chances and changes of life,—"here a burial and there a bridal" was their experience, as dear ones passed away from their family circle. But the sharpest personal trouble they had to endure was the public attacks upon and misrepresentations of the Prince's character in 1854, on the eve of the outbreak of the Russian War. The difference between the Queen and Lord Palmerston in regard to the management of the Foreign Office had given rise to an idea that the Foreign policy of England was mainly directed by the Prince Consort. Insinuations were thrown out in various forms that the Prince had used his position to control the action of the Government, and to advance the interests of foreign dynasties to the prejudice of England. So far had the calumny gone that a story was spread, and believed by some, throughout the provinces, that Prince Albert was a traitor to the Queen, that he had been impeached for high treason, and finally that on a charge of treason he had been arrested and committed to the Tower! The injustice of these attacks and rumours so utterly without foundation were felt keenly by the Queen, who wrote to Lord Aberdeen : "In attacking the Prince, who is one and the same with the Queen herself, the Throne is assailed, and she must say she little expected that any portion of her subjects would thus requite the unceasing labours of the Prince."

The Prince bore tranquilly with these calumnies until Parliament

met, when both the Ministry and the Opposition, in a debate upon the subject, thoroughly vindicated his character, and his merits were duly acknowledged on all sides. The letters and memoranda of the Prince, now published, attest his uprightness of aim and object, and his determination to sacrifice all personal ambition, and to have his best efforts ignored or even misunderstood, so that only they strengthened the monarchy and raised the prestige of England.

Shortly after this, on the 10th February, 1854, when the anniversary of the Royal marriage came round, those clouds that had overshadowed the happiness of the Queen and Prince had all been dispelled; and to their wise and loving friend, Stockmar, Her Majesty wrote:—"This blessed day is full of joyful and tender emotions. Fourteen happy and blessed years have passed, and I confidently trust many more will, and find us in old age, as we are now, happily and devotedly united! Trials we must have; but what are they, if we are together?"

Such is the concluding paragraph of the second volume of the Prince Consort's Memoirs. Another volume, bringing the narrative of his life down to its premature close, has yet to appear. But sufficient has been given to enable us to realise the noble character and excellence of the man who, as the true independent councillor of the Queen, the fond and wise parent of her children, and the patron of learning, arts, and science, did so much to render our country an object of admiration to surrounding nations.

We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise;
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch,
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Weaving this white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fiercer light which beats upon a Throne
And blackens every blot. . . . .
A Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter thro' all times—ALBERT THE GOOD.

Jan van As.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY AGENT.*

"*Ou noij zeg Seur moet toch gauw kom!*"

This laconic and pressing message was brought to me one morning by a half-witted, sable damsel, from her mistress, an old widow lady residing in our town, who evidently wished to see me at once on some important matter.

The Widow Elsie Fourie, now verging on sixty, was an old customer of mine, as had been her late husband Stephanus Fourie. Before narrating the purport of our interview, which, as will be seen, well warranted the impressiveness of the message I had received, I shall briefly set down here a few necessary preliminaries.

When quite a youth, Stephanus Fourie had come down to the Interior from what is called the "Bovenland," and engaged himself as a "knecht" to Teunis Prinsloo, a wealthy sheep-farmer. Stephanus soon evinced an aptitude for his pastoral occupation, so much so, indeed, that after a few years service he became his employer's right hand. One day he had driven a splendid bargain with a butcher's servant (sheep-buyer) for a large flock of Teunis's "hamels." The latter was in such ectasy at the excellent price he had got, that he said to Stephanus "You are a brick ('een gave kerel'), and you may now ask me what you like." "Well then," replied Stephanus, evidently resolved to strike the iron while it was hot, "well then, if I am to choose, give me your daughter Elsie for a wife." Elsie was standing by at the time. Now, whether she was captivated by the extreme compliment thus paid to her, as being in Stephanus' eyes the choicest of her father's possessions, or whether some love-making had already been going on between them,—this was certain: she at once fell in with the request, and the young couple were married in a short time.

With such a fair start in life, Stephanus Fourie prospered, and eventually, at the death of Elsie's parents, became the owner of Teunis's farm, where, for many years after, he and Elsie lived happily together with a family of several children. When most of the latter were already grown up and settled, Stephanus Fourie suddenly died, leaving his widow Elsie in very fair circumstances. There were two minor children left—daughters—still with their mother, and each entitled, on coming of age, to some £600 out of their father's estate. So far, everything had gone on prosperously with the affairs of the family, but shortly after her husband's death, and in an evil hour, alas! the widow, unsuspecting, and with no knowledge of business, had allowed herself to be persuaded by a distant relation to become surety for him in a large sum of money, the whole of

* Continued from *Cape Monthly* for October, 1873, and January, 1874.

which she soon after had to pay. This sad reverse left her in almost straitened circumstances. With the wreck of her late ample means, and with some slight assistance from her elder children, who unfortunately had not prospered much, she was barely able to buy a small house and erf in my immediate neighbourhood, where she was now living very frugally with her two minor daughters.

In almost less time than the recital of the above family items would occupy, I had reached the Widow Fourie's snug little cottage, where I found her sitting in her little parlour alone, and evidently awaiting my coming.

She had soon explained the cause of my being sent for in such pressing haste. Her elder minor daughter, Sannie, whose banns were already published, as I knew, was to be married the following day. The lucky swain had arrived that morning from a neighbouring district, where he was residing, and was now in the house;—the bride's black silk dress, in which Boer damsels of the day were invariably married, had come home;—the "zuikerbrood" and "taertjes" which did duty for the bride's-cake, then scarcely known to our farmers, were all baked, when a sudden thought struck the widow's mind, sharpened, no doubt, by her recent adversity.

There was some £600, as already adverted to by me, payable to her daughter, at majority or marriage; and where was all at once this money to come from, if her future son-in-law were to demand it as soon as he was married? Would I at once see Jan van As (such was the bridegroom's name), and broach the subject to him in a delicate way? Perhaps something could be done; if so, her heart might possibly feel less sore at parting with her daughter. Were dear, good, Stephenus still alive,—but alas! he was gone, and she was a poor, lone widow. So spoke Elsie. Touched by her pathetic appeal to my friendly offices, I at once warmly assured her of my very best endeavours to serve her in the matter.

Jan van As was immediately called into the room. I had never before seen him, and what I knew of him was merely from hearsay. In his district he was not well spoken of, and went by the name of "lelyke" Jan (ugly John), a nickname which his appearance when he presented himself to me—although his person was set off by a profusion of jewellery—certainly did not belie. There was, moreover, a doltish look about him, which was even more striking in his physiognomy. How it had been possible for him to gain the affections of a girl who, though not handsome was far from plain, seemed to me one of those matrimonial puzzles which can only be solved, I thought, by calling to our aid the old adage that "love is blind." Let me add as something partly accounting, in my opinion, for the widow's acquiescence in the match, that Jan and Sannie were "distant relations;" it being borne in mind that relationship is claimed amongst our farmers to an extent quite bewildering to outsiders. In the present case the father of Jan van As, had married a second cousin of Sannie's grandmother, as might be

gathered from a huge family "Stamlijst" (pedigree), the handiwork of some artistic school-master, and gaudily displayed on the wall of the widow's parlour.

Having told Jan van As that I was there as a friend of the family, I briefly explained to him the present position of his future mother-in-law as to money matters, and adverting to the £600 due to Sannie on his marrying her, made him the following proposal:—"Take in full settlement, Mrs. Fourie's acknowledgment in your favour for the amount, payable without interest, in instalments, ranging over say four years. All that she requires is time; for at this moment, as I have shown to you, she has not the cash. As Sannie is still a minor her mother may, of course, postpone the marriage till she is better able to pay; but this, I know, you would be loth to think of."

All the while I was speaking to Jan, I had in vain endeavoured to read on his countenance how he took what I was saying. He, however, preserved a stolid look until I had finished, when, of a sudden, and to my agreeable surprise, he uttered: "I am perfectly satisfied with your proposal, even were you to make the time two or three years longer." If the fellow was not such a fool, I involuntarily said to myself, he would not have behaved with such liberality (for I believed that his circumstances were by no means bright). And so, after all, in some instances, and notably in the present case, deficiency of brains has its redeeming points.

To make what was now agreed upon absolutely valid, it was arranged between us that the widow's acknowledgment should be handed to Jan van As immediately after the marriage ceremony had been performed.

On the following morning, accordingly, and shortly after the happy couple had come out of church, I again repaired to the Widow Elsie Fourie's residence, with the document ready for signature by her in my pocket.

After having worked my way through the crowd of visitors, attired in their Sunday dresses, and duly kissed the bride and her mother, and shaken hands with the bridegroom, who, with his bride, was seated under a huge mirror (a time-honoured custom of the day), and having furthermore tasted of the bridal cakes, I beckoned to the widow to follow me out of the parlour. At my request she sent for the bride and bridegroom, who soon joined us in another room, where we shut ourselves in, undisturbed by the company. With a trembling hand, as could be expected from the excitement of the day, the old lady affixed her signature to the acknowledgement, which I, thereupon, at once held out to Jan van As for his acceptance; when a scene ensued which is still vividly before me.

"No! no!" said Jan, quite coolly, and to my great consternation; with a wave of his hand over the proffered document, "I have thought over the matter (Ik heb mijn gedachten laten gaan), and won't take the paper." "And what, then, do you want?" I asked, in an irri-

tated tone. "Well, I want the money," he rejoined, with the same imperturbable coolness with which he had first spoken. "And distress your mother-in-law on the day of your marriage, after so readily agreeing to the proposal I had made to you?" I replied in an increasing tone of irritation. "Depend upon it," I added, to frighten him, if possible, "I shall hold you to your deliberate promise of yesterday."

"Denk jy misschien dat ik onder een kalkoen uitgebroeid ben?" —I am not such a fool as I look, was what the words conveyed,— "I don't care about your threats. What I said yesterday I know is not binding on me now that I am married."

Here, certainly, was a pretty state of things. While I had all along so confidently believed that I had a mere dolt to deal with, the fellow's suddenly-displayed astuteness was now fairly checkmating me. My only chance of success was, I saw, to change my tactics by endeavouring to talk him over by all the power of persuasion I could command. In this, as might have been expected, I found myself, silently though powerfully, aided by the widow and the bride, whose imploring looks and fast-falling tears rendered the scene almost harrowing. But I might as well have talked to a stone. Like Shylock, he wanted his pound of flesh, and nothing else would satisfy him.

We had now been shut up in the room for more than half-an-hour. No doubt, new visitors to congratulate the married couple had arrived in the meantime. A loud and afterwards louder knocking at our door, accompanied by voices bearing out what I had anticipated, brought things to a crisis. Jan, no longer cool, became gradually boisterous, and at last even grossly offensive in his expressions. Nothing now remained for me but to open the door, when, like a mad bull (I suppose the Cape Pontac which he had imbibed in drinking to the visitors had something to do with it), he rushed from the room and out of the house, vowing that he *would* have his rights, and knew where to find them. This last perfectly uncalled for, and I may say insane act of his, however astounding, clearly proved to me that with all the astuteness and knavery in his character, the fool in him, after all, greatly preponderated.

Poor Sannie had fainted,—her agitated mother who was attending her appeared almost to require the same assistance herself; the gay visitors of the preceding moment were hurriedly trooping away in sombre silence; and in a few minutes the widow's cottage, in its sudden emptiness seemed to me, who had remained behind, the emblem of some ghastly form, which but an instant before was throbbing with life and joy.

I had protracted my stay in order to see the widow in reference to what had happened, and to advise her as to her best course under the circumstances,—which, I thought, was to mortgage her property and pay the fellow the money in order to avoid the expenses of a law-suit.

That this was imminent, I now felt sure from our recent interview. Elsie followed my advice, and I undertook to advance the amount until the money could be got.

Before finally deciding upon this course, I had previously, and at my request, seen Sannie,—now, as may be imagined, the picture of misery, and who upon my solemnly putting the question to her, declared to me her perfect determination never to see Jan's face again.

On the morning after the doleful wedding, I proceeded to the hotel of our town, where I found Jan van As, who I knew had taken up his quarters there from the moment of his inglorious exit from the widow's house. I had good grounds for believing that he intended abandoning his wife, and would not delay in molesting his now mother-in-law for Sannie's inheritance. In fact he had already been bragging in the hotel, as I was told, that he had married "niet om die hondje, maar om die hälsbandje"—in other words that *the money* had been his sole object. I had no doubt, therefore, that we would soon be in a position to prove "malicious desertion" and obtain a divorce, with the strong probability of Jan's not being allowed to *share* even in his wife's inheritance. On the other hand, it struck me that by my at all enlightening him on that point *in terrorem*, he might simply defeat me by saying (what I now knew he was perfectly capable of) that he was quite prepared to make up matters and live with his wife. I remembered what Sannie had said to me when I left the house, and from my experience of such cases of reconciliation, I felt quite sure that in the present instance the £600, very large as it was in the widow's straitened circumstances, would be far outweighed by the misery in store for the poor girl when linked for life with such a husband.

After all, then, the best course in my view would be to pay the fellow the money and be done with him, with every prospect of Sannie's thus getting rid of him for ever. And as to the dissolution of the marriage, this would then be a mere matter of time. When I, therefore, said to Jan in the hotel had reference entirely to the money question, and it was arranged that he should come to my office at a certain hour that day to receive the inheritance.

To the very minute almost he entered, dressed in a new travelling suit, for which he had obviously not been measured, and which betokened his speedy departure. I paid him in a cheque (as I invariably do in making my payments), and having explained to him that it would be cashed at our local bank next door, he departed with a half suppressed look of triumph, as I read the contortions of his ugly face. Little did I think when I filled in the cheque for £626 13s. 6d. that those figures, even to the very shillings and pence, would haunt my memory like some disturbing vision for days and nights after. But I am anticipating.

To my surprise, Jan van As returned in a few minutes with the cheque in his hand. "The Koetsier" (so he called the cashier of the bank) "won't pay me the money."

"Indeed," I replied incredulously, "and for what reason?"

"Well, he wants me first to write my name on the back. *En of ik gek was.* I have already given you a receipt, and were I now to put my name on the cheque the bank may one day call upon me to pay them back the money."

I could hardly help smiling in thus seeing here a repetition of that mingled stupidity and astuteness which Jan had displayed on his wedding day. Let me, however, add, in justice to him, that even now many of our farmers evince similar scruples not easily overcome.

But for the present circumstances, I might have taken more pains to disabuse Jan's mind of the delusion he was labouring under. Still I said enough to convince even a person of his stamp, and I offered, moreover, more for the sake of effectually getting rid of him, to send to the bank for the cash if he would endorse the cheque in my office. This at last he did, but only after my telling him that I held his receipt, and that if he remained stubborn, he might get the money the best way he could. Unluckily the bank was already shut up when I sent over. As, however, I had just received a large sum in coin and bank-notes from a customer, I paid Jan, in lieu of the cheque (it is necessary from the sequel to particularise), £600 in bank-notes, which I sealed up in an envelope, at his request, and the rest in gold and silver, and he thereupon again left.

To my horror, in making up my cash for the day that evening, I found that I was short the exact amount I had paid to Jan van As. The truth at once flashed on me. The cheque which would now count as cash with my other moneys, and which in the ordinary way I would have to deposit in the bank the following day, *was gone.*

I examined the floor, searched amongst the papers on my table, looked into every bundle of documents I could remember having used that day; but in vain. There was, therefore, no doubt about it. Jan had taken up the cheque with the money, by accident or purpose, and in the latter case, either from some still lingering fear of being compromised by his signature, or with a felonious intention.

I at once went to the hotel, but Jan had left on horseback some hours before, for home, as he said. At daybreak the next morning, I dispatched my clerk with instructions to follow him up, with the view to my recovering the cheque. To my surprise, however, I learnt that Jan had not returned home, nor had my clerk been able to gain any intelligence about him along the road. This seemed strange.

I lost no time in giving notice to the bank of the loss of the cheque, as also to the public through the newspapers. All this, however, as business men know, would not prove an effectual protection to me. Of course, Jan having already been paid could never claim payment on the cheque; but supposing that he had lost it, and that some unscrupulous person had picked it up and received value for it, the then *bonâ fide* holder, as it is termed, could come

upon me for payment; or what was far more probable, Jan himself might similarly part with the cheque, in which case evidently the same result would follow.

How I blamed myself for my gross carelessness which had led to the disagreeable suspense I was now in, and which would have been less disturbing if Jan van As had not walked off with the cheque; how often in my thoughts I consigned him to the moon and elsewhere, and how fervently I wished that I had never looked on his ugly phiz, I need not expatiate on. My uncomfortable feelings under the circumstances will be more easily understood when I add that I am, unfortunately, not of that placid temperament which would have enabled me to look calmly at the matter. On the contrary, my brooding fancy conjured up to me every possible combination of events, all ending in my being doomed to pay that miserable £626 13s. 6d. once more.

Some weeks had elapsed, and nothing had been heard of Jan van As or the missing cheque, excepting that a person answering his description had been seen leaving the road and riding across the "veld" on the afternoon on which he had left. Jan had evidently changed his mind after his departure, possibly from some resistless qualms of conscience at having to meet his friends at home with his ill-gotten gain. No doubt, as I concluded, he had gone far away, either to spend the money right royally or to carry out some vague scheme of adding to his wealth amongst strangers.

As time, however, wore on, my dismal vagaries about the cheque gradually left me, and I had well nigh ceased to think of it, when one morning the cashier of our bank entered my office, and drily remarking that at last the cat was let out of the bag, exhibited to me the veritable document, which, he informed me, had just reached him by post for payment, and, at the same time, handed to me for my perusal the letter in which the cheque was enclosed. A Mr. Blennie, an agent at Daggaboersnek, as it now appeared, had received the cheque from one Van Dyk for the purpose of being cashed, and had accordingly forwarded it to our bank, with the request to remit the amount in notes. So, after all, my fears were realised. Jan van As, in order to accumulate money all the faster, had in all probability made some large cash purchases from Van Dyk, and thrown in the cheque in settlement. Of course the bank, from my instructions to it, would refuse payment, but Van Dyk, as the legal holder, would, I, alas! knew, have his remedy against me. All this had passed through my mind in the flurry of the moment, but, having soon regained my equanimity, I now looked at the endorsements on the cheque. At the top stood *Jan van As* (written in my office). Then came: *Pay to the order of Mr. W. Blennie* (in the handwriting of Mr. Blennie's letter). Then followed *Jan van Dyk*, and under it *W. Blennie*. (Jan van Dyk had evidently signed in Blennie's office). I was not long, however, in discovering an extraordinary resemblance to each other of the *Jan Van* in the

signatures of Van As and Van Dyk. In fact, it appeared quite clear to me, as it now also did to my friend, the cashier, that the two names were written by *one and the same person*, unless, indeed, the resemblance could be accounted for, as was once done by a farmer client of mine, in a way so original, although, perhaps, not perfectly convincing, that I am tempted, even at the just charge of digression, to interweave the incident with my narrative.

My client, for reasons not necessary to detail here, had to produce proof to some public company that his daughter's inheritance, out of her late mother's estate, had been duly paid. The girl had been married some years ago, and was then living beyond the colony. I informed him of what was wanted. In a day or two he brought to me her receipt for the money. The document was dated some years back, although the ink appeared quite fresh, while the handwriting, uniform throughout, including the signature, was unmistakably not that of a female, much less so of a Boer girl. "Did your daughter write the whole of the receipt?" I naturally asked. "Oh, no!" he replied, evidently perceiving that it was necessary for him to make some admission, "Gert Steenkamp, who happened to be on my farm when I paid Annie, and who writes a good hand, at my request, wrote the paper, and she signed it." "But surely you can't deny that the signature is in the same handwriting as the body of the receipt?" "Well," he said, reluctantly, "I now see it looks like it, but then I must tell you that Gert Steenkamp and Annie were taught to write (*leeren schryven*) by the same schoolmaster, and so you see that accounts for it."

That Jan van As and Jan van Dyk had acquired their penmanship from the same "meester" was certainly a possible fact, but that owing to it their signatures, as the above episode would tend to show, resembled each other "like two peas," I was too sceptical to admit.

My course of action was now at once decided upon. Having casually learnt that Jan, on the day preceding his marriage, had had his portrait taken, I had no difficulty in obtaining what I at once saw was a striking likeness. The photographer, in handing it to me, said that he had never yet had so ugly-looking a customer. Perhaps, however, there was some tinge of malice in the remark, as it appeared that (possibly in the hurry of leaving) Jan had forgotten to fetch and pay for his photos. Independently of the bank, I by first post circumstantially wrote to a friend of mine living in the locality from where the cheque came, and begged of him to make a thorough investigation, with the aid of Jan's photograph, which I enclosed, as to the identity of the endorsers. I, in due time, received my friend's reply, to the effect that I was quite correct in my convictions. "On receipt of your letter," so he wrote, "I saw Jan van Dyk, as he calls himself, and of whom I had just heard as quite a new comer in our district, and exhibited to him the photograph, which, by a *ruse*, I told him the photographer had sent to me to remind him that he had not yet paid for it. I thus, by

alternately looking at the likeness and at him, was best able to conclude as to the identity, which I was not long in doing, in spite of the green spectacles which your friend now wears, and his shabby and rather dissipated appearance. 'True,' he said,—taken off his guard by so suddenly seeing his own likeness,—'I forgot to pay, but the thing is all right, and I will at once send the money.' This was quite enough for my present purpose, and you will now, no doubt, be very glad to have your mind so completely relieved. Let me, however, add that your prosecuting the fellow for his roguery, as he richly deserves, is, I, fear, now too late. Jan van As, smelling a rat, no doubt, as to the real object of my visit, has since decamped, apparently in search of fresh fields and pastures new for further exercising his ingenuity."

Without entering into particulars, suffice it to say that not long afterwards I succeeded in getting my cheque back again. It still graces my office wall, in a neat little frame, not only as a memento of what I have related, but for the sake also of some subsequent reminiscences with which, as will now be seen, the cheque stands in clear connection.

A day or two after I had received my friend's letter, from which I have quoted above, another epistle, or rather a mud-stained and otherwise dirty-looking sealed packet, with the Cape Town postmark, and addressed to me, was put into my hands by a Kafir servant of our neighbourhood, who informed me that he had picked it up under a bush in the veld, and was told to come to me. The superscription was in a well-known handwriting, and, to my astonishment, I saw that the seal was my own. Having broken it, I drew forth a large bundle of bank notes, and in an instant I had recollected everything.

The envelope now before me had contained some documents which I had received by post, and happened to lie on the table when Jan requested me to put up the £600 for him. Having nothing handier at the moment, and hurrying to get rid of the fellow, I used the cover for enclosing the notes; and, without thinking of scoring through my name on it, I sealed up the packet. I now also recollected the report that Jan had been seen riding through the veld shortly after leaving our town. No doubt from the jolting, caused by the inequality of the ground, the parcel had dropped from his coat pocket, and, in all probability, he had not discovered his loss for some time. One thing, however, was indubitably certain—he had not recovered the packet.

From this last fact, Jan's conduct now appeared to me less criminal than I had previously believed. I had all along thought that he was cleverly aiming at doubling his little fortune, whereas, as was now apparent, he only wished to reimburse himself by endeavouring to get the cheque cashed. From my knowledge of people of his description, it seemed to me not at all improbable that in his own way he argued with himself somewhat as follows:—The money now lost had legally

belonged to him, and he had, therefore, a perfect right to recover it in the best way he could. By getting it back on the cheque he would not be any richer than he was when he left me. He might certainly have scruples to steal a sovereign out of a man's pocket; but supposing he had received a bad sovereign in payment, and found out that he had been duped, he would then simply pass it on to some one else without any scruples, and would thus be no loser. And so, similarly in his own case, in using the cheque, he was merely shifting the loss of the money from himself to some other person.

That Jan van As was perfectly capable of arguing with himself in this wise I would not have ventured to assert. That, however, he believed, by a glimmering of some such reasoning, that he had a sufficient excuse for what he was doing, I was strongly inclined to think, and, from what I now knew, I resolved not to press the charge against him.

I had soon, however, quitted the regions of casuistry to consider what was of far greater importance to me—*What was I now to do with the money?* It was, in one sense, in my rightful possession, but, then, it still belonged to Jan, and, as the finding of it would soon become known, he would be sure to demand it from me, and even be tempted to venture out of his present hiding-place for the purpose; although I thought it more likely that, under the circumstances, he would empower some one to receive it for him. Could I but see a way of paying back the £600 to the widow; but, alas! there was not the faintest chance of this being done; and yet, from the strange way in which the money had returned to me, it seemed almost destined to revert to her.

From the prominence I have latterly given in my recital to what immediately concerned my own interests, it might appear that I was so much wrapt up in them as to have had no time left for thinking of the poor widowed bride (as she now actually was) and her mother. But this was not the case. I saw them almost daily, and had already taken steps for having the marriage annulled. I had told Elsie at the time all about the cheque, and had now also communicated to her the particulars of the finding of the money, as to which I expressed a hope that her graceless son-in-law might still be induced to return it to her; but she shook her head, and said "No, not a penny of it will I ever accept from Jan van As, even if I were starving;" and poor Sannie responsively ejaculated, "Quite right, mother, let him keep it; I have made up my mind never to leave you, and I promise to be a help to you as long as you live."

When I first moved in the matter of the divorce, I did not yet know of Jan's loss of the £600. The finding of it had now been advertised in the newspapers, as I had no right to keep back the money. All this, however, seemed seriously to affect my calculations. I knew that before a divorce could be granted, Jan van As, whose residence was unknown, would have to be summoned by edict, as it is termed, to return to his lawful wife. I had no fear of his doing so as long as he was unaware of his loss, but matters had

assumed a different phase. There was now a strong inducement for him to return to claim his money, and then possibly he, being back again, might also claim his wife, in which latter case our plans would be frustrated. True, indeed, he might expose himself to a criminal prosecution in regard to the cheque, but even if I did not drop the matter, his willingness to return to Sannie would still defeat us. To obviate the above contingencies, I resolved first to hunt him up, even at some expense, and then to remit to him the £600, so as to make sure, as I believed, of his not returning; and in this course, from what I have already said, both Sannie and her mother quite agreed with me.

After a while I gained intelligence about him, but of a nature I had not anticipated. Jan van As (so I learnt), in crossing a swollen river, had met with an untimely fate.

He had left no will, and, as might further have been expected, there were no assets, excepting the £600 in my hands, and of which the half now fell to Sannie, as his wife, and the other half to his next of kin. He was an only child, and his parents were long since dead. An uncle, named Gert Lamberts, his only nearest remaining relative, and thus his heir, was living in our district. All this I now ascertained. Gert Lamberts I had good reason for remembering. He was the very man who had induced the Widow Fourie to become surety for him, with the result, as will be remembered, of her being well-nigh entirely ruined. I proceeded to where he lived, and informed him of what had happened, as also of the history connected with the inheritance, and of the fact that £300 of the estate now devolved on him. Being acquainted with his present circumstances, I knew that the news would be particularly welcome to him, and was therefore not surprised when he listened to me with evident satisfaction. When, however, I had finished, he suddenly assumed a solemn look, and with tears in his eyes said to me that now at last his fervent wish had been realised, to be able, one day, to make some restitution for the loss he had occasioned to his cousin Elsie. He would renounce the £300 in her favour, as a slight recompense for what she had to sacrifice for him.

On seeing Elsie after my return, I failed, as I had half expected, to induce her to accept her cousin's gift. Gert Lamberts, however, visited her soon after, and on hearing from his own lips more fully, and perhaps even more feelingly, expressed, what he had said to me, she no longer refused the offering; and so after all the whole of the £600 virtually came back, as I had wished, by thus reverting to the widow and her daughter jointly.

Poor Sannie proved true to her word. She had several offers of marriage, but preferred remaining with her mother. After some years, the youngest daughter was married to a well-to-do young farmer. There was, of course, also the same amount of inheritance in *her* case; but the memorable difficulty did not arise here. Being already of age, she, on the eve of her marriage, and with the full approval of her intended husband, voluntarily gave up her claim.

A Greeting from Afar.

I had not known thee long ere I had found
My sunshine in thy smile, and now my heart
Can find no summer here, where thou art not.
The thoughts which rise in me, misliking much
Their shadowed resting place, fly forth to thee—
And in thy presence find their warmth and light—
Unseen, unfelt by thee they hover round,
And, filled with tenderness akin to pain,
Caress thee with a touch, soft as the kiss
Which wand'ring Phœbe gave Endymion
Who slumbered on unconscious of the gift.
I would that each wing'd thought might bear with it
Some special blessing to enrich thy life
And crown it with completeness. Ah, my friend!
Weak are our wishes but our prayers are strong
Through that dear Name by which we enter Heaven;
And both my wishes and my prayers are thine,
And haply serve thee though thou know'st it not.
May God be with thee through the coming year
And all thy years. Then when their tale is told
The everlasting arms encompass thee
And Love enfold thee through eternity.

Liverpool. CAESARIO.

Lines.

Thou prayest for another—dost thou know,
Oh! humble suppliant, as thou bendest low,
That when another's welfare is thy plea,
A blessing shall descend and rest on thee?
It may come down like streams fast hastening on;
Thou bindest not the waters, they are gone
To the Great Sea; yet flower and plant have drunk;
Into the soil has the soft influence sunk,
With blessings fraught. Prayer may be lifted high,
On eagle-wings of faith it forth may fly;
Yet, passing through the loving faithful heart,
In much abundance has not he a part?
Take courage—toil-worn child of earth rejoice,
The ear that never slumbers hears thy voice;
The boon thou cravest may awhile delay,
Yet, humble suppliant, faint not—wait, but pray.

J.

Graham's Town,

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*

I HAVE chosen a subject with a heading which unfortunately partakes somewhat of the nature of a political watchword or motto. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" is the rallying cry of the revolutionary party in Europe. Permit me to say at the outset, that though in the course of my remarks I must necessarily refer to that great convulsion known as the French Revolution, this paper is not in any way an historical account of that event, much less is it an attempted justification of its concomitant circumstances. If you want an account of it you must read Thiers or Carlyle, the former if you want history, the latter if you want drama. My intention is to lay before you these three ideas as they were realised at different periods of what is known as civilisation; then to examine them in relation to the present day, and seek to discover how far the realisation is still incomplete.

Between the three ideas there appears to be a sort of interdependence. A man must have liberty or freedom before he can attempt to place himself on an equality with his neighbours, and it is after equality has been gained that the feeling of fraternity arises. One who works by compulsion, who is related as slave to master, is necessarily a stranger to any feeling of equality, except in relation to his fellow-slaves; again, it is only when the relation is one of agreement or contract on equal terms that the feeling of fraternity is possible. Or it may be stated thus: the natural and rational result of liberty is political and legal equality, and the crown of equality is that feeling of unity or brotherhood which exists among the possessors of equal rights. Following this order of thought, I shall examine what measure of freedom *the Greeks* possessed; what was the equality, if any, which prevailed among them; and, finally, how far the idea of unity or brotherhood had taken root.

The Hellenic nation, if we can so designate it, was at the height of its intellectual and material development in the fourth and fifth centuries before the Christian era. An Athenian citizen at that time was in the enjoyment of the most perfect physical and mental education which the world has ever known. Trained from his youth up in all the exercises which could strengthen the body and make him a successful competitor at any of the great Pan-Hellenic contests, he was even still more blessed in his intellectual and artistic instruction. In his youth he might have listened to the patriotic eloquence of Pericles, that statesman, philosopher, and soldier of renown; in his middle age he might have dipped deep into speculation, and sought after truth sitting at the feet of Socrates the Divine. He might have been a listener to and a sharer in the debates of the Assembly, or in the theatre he might have viewed the representation of the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides with

* A Paper read before the Port Elizabeth Literary Club.

emotion, or the comedies of Aristophanes with mirth. Works of art surrounded him on all sides to inspire and cultivate his imagination, already kindled with the stirring memories of the Persian wars. He was Fortune's child, if ever citizen was. Let me now reverse the medal. To supply him with the leisure requisite for his multifarious enjoyments of body and mind, almost all the commercial and material work was performed by slaves. Trade and labour stank in the nostrils of the proud Athenian. These were occupations suitable only to the ruined debtor or the barbarian captive. The higher slave was the clerk or accountant, the lower the working man. At Athens in her prime there were about 30,000 freemen and 400,000 slaves. The philosopher and the poet are the men who at all times are best able to rid themselves from the associations and prejudices of their day; but no Greek speculator in his highest flight could form an ideal Commonwealth capable of existing without the maintenance of a slave-class. Plato, in his masterly treatise on the formation of a perfect state, a treatise which anticipates and suggests many of the conclusions of so-called modern politics, could not soar to the conception of a Commonwealth in which slavery did not exist; and the less imaginative Aristotle, while advocating the amelioration of the slave-class, could not contemplate its non-existence. The dignity of labour was unknown to the highest Greek civilisation. What then shall we say of liberty at the time? It was the liberty of the few, the dearly-prized possession of a privileged class, and Greek civilisation was very graceful and very false. It was no wonder that the Athenian State, and States like it, were in what has been called "unstable equilibrium," that revolutions were frequent. There was no such thing as a middle class which could hold the balance of power between the ruling aristocracy and the governed slaves. It was not that the social condition of the latter was miserable; very often it was quite the reverse. The Pagan masters of Greece never degraded their servants as did the Christian slaveholders of Republican America their slaves before the war; nor did the argumentative supporters of the ancient system adopt grounds of reasoning other than those supplied by their conception of *θύσις* or nature, and the current laws of war. It was left for the professors of a Christian creed to cast about among the pages of their idolised Book for arguments to prove that slavery was an institution of Almighty God. It will be supposed that the conception of equality could hardly find a place in such systems, and in such an age. And yet among the citizens in most of the Greek States, Athens, for example, and those which adopted her style of government, nothing was more odious than *ὀλιγαρχία*, or the government of the few, unless it was *τύρανις*, or the government of one man. The philosophic mind favoured *ἀριστοκρατία*, or the government of a highly educated and thoroughly trained body, but *δημοκρατία* was the most popular. It was strictly the government of the people by the people for the people. Equal justice to every citizen and the absence of

privilege were its striking characteristics. Such a system indeed produced an Alcibiades, for democracy besides her stock of valiant and self-reliant sons has always had spoilt children. Remembering then the existence of the slave-class, we can see the Greek equality was political equality in most States among the body of citizens, not legal equality among all the individuals within a given area.

The idea of *Fraternity* certainly existed among the Greeks, but after a strange fashion, and with peculiar limitations. To realise this we must remember the state of affairs. To the Greek mind there were two great divisions of mankind, viz.: Greeks and *βάρβαροι* The first were all those who notwithstanding diversity of institutions or local isolation were supposed to be descended from a common ancestor, Hellen, and who spoke the same language—Greek—who, no matter where they abode or in what distant colony they had settled, still maintained and celebrated the same religious rites and festivals,—who had an earnest hatred of despotism, and held in abhorrence the savage and inhuman practice of other nations and races. The *βάρβαροι*, on the other hand, were literally those who spoke unknown and unintelligible tongues, who had various religions, and still more various cults, who were generally the victims of a grinding despotism, and were addicted to polygamy and the practise of human sacrifice. In the Greek bonds of union we find many elements capable of becoming, under the closer intercourse and extended communication of a later day, strands of that silken cord which will one day, I believe, circle a world Greece never knew; but at the time, the chief effect was to exaggerate the Greek's idea of self-importance, to teach him to believe that his civilisation was perfection, and that no good was to be found outside the charmed circle of Greek superiority.

Let us now turn to another ancient civilisation, *the Roman*, and examine the position of our three ideas under it.

It is a trite remark that the family is the unit of ancient, as the individual is of modern, societies. History and ancient law show this in its fullest light under the old Roman *régime*. The head and representative of the family, the *paterfamilias* as it is called, was a species of domestic tyrant. All those under his power, whether children or slaves, were his to sell, to exile, to imprison, and even to slay. No son could, in the earlier periods of the Roman Commonwealth, possess property of his own; and it is only in the later days that we find the liberty of the Emperor, or the son's own personal prowess in war, giving a title to any property which could be called private. In this and in other respects we have the growing spirit of equity interfering on behalf of liberty. The extending experience of the Roman lawyer, growing with the growth of his imperial fatherland, was applied to and associated with the later Greek philosophical, which, after the Roman conquest of Hellas "captivated the fierce conqueror." From these combined sources come freedom for the son, the woman, and the slave, and the

growing recognition of the rights of the individual, hitherto an unacknowledged entitely in the eyes of the law.

The history of the Roman Republic, and, to a certain extent, the history of the Empire, also disclose a double development. We see, in the first place, the gradual attainment of a large measure of political equality by Romans themselves. The plebeian gradually obtains an entrance to all the offices of estimation, and the plebeian assembly finally obtains preponderating power. The other advance consists in the gradual extension of the privileges of Roman citizenship from Rome to Italy, and from Italy to the different provinces of the world. First, a certain measure of rights was allowed: it might be taking or bequeathing property by will, or the right of trading; afterwards in the progress of events, or as a reward for loyalty, the higher rights of voting, or intermarrying, or candidature for official honours, were conferred upon the citizens of some favoured town or district. The whole course of policy was in the highest degree creditable to Roman sagacity and foresight, and the compactness of dominion and stability of institutions was the exceeding great reward. But slavery—that cancer of ancient societies—still prevailed, and the mighty Roman Commonwealth and Empire contained within itself the seeds of dissolution.

So much for the growth of Equality. Let us now examine the idea of Fraternity as realised under the Roman *Régime*. The chief element of union, both in the early days of the Republic and the later days of the Empire, was the possession of citizenship. The consecration which still lingers round the words "Civis Romanus sum" testifies to the force and depth of the conception. There was a strong and active principle of cohesion among the members of the State; and as the numbers of the population increased, and the boundaries from a single city in Italy to a large portion of Modern Europe, Asia, and Africa, that principle grew and flourished despite of Republican or Imperial mis-government. There was a feeling of common interest among those living under the same government, a conviction that all were living members of the same body-politic. This, if hardly equivalent to brotherhood, was the nearest approach to it to be found in ancient times. Unhappily, centralisation and the absence of representative government prevented the union from being as lasting as the strength of the feeling would lead us to expect. But long before these causes, together with the inroad of the barbarians, had produced the disruption of the Roman system, a new force had made itself strongly felt,—scarcely tolerated at first, it subsequently attained consideration, and finally supremacy.

This was *Christianity*; and I must necessarily examine it in relation to my subject. In the first place, it promulgated an idea of liberty totally different from the Roman. The new liberty was to be spiritual, and not of this world. It maintained that chains and fetters, and State or individual tyrany, do not bind us down so much as one part of our nature does the other. It supported the powers

that were, and said that they were ordained of God. We may be oppressed in this world, but if we have the true liberty of the spirit we shall not feel the yoke. It was a novel doctrine, because, instead of holding out to the distressed the usual panacea of political change, it offered to them and to the world the news that moral and social reforms are of greater advantage. And not only was the doctrine a new one, but it was doubly important by reason of the period at which it was first enunciated. The old Greek civilisation, with its love of external beauty and its passion for art, was too narrow alone to have proved of service; the old Roman civilisation, with its religion of abstractions, worshipped because of State utility and political expediency, was in this respect also narrow; when Christianity appeared, the old schemes of reform and regeneration were rapidly becoming effete, and the time had arrived for the proclamation of the grand doctrine of spiritual liberty. If the poor man who dwells here below will but give contemptuously to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and the rest to God, it need not trouble him much who is the transitory Governor under whom his short earthly life may be spent, nor in what political system his lot may be cast. But such a doctrine has its dangers and drawbacks. Let me suppose myself a Frenchman ten years back. I take a coin, gaze on the image and read the inscription, "Napoleon, Emperor by the grace of God and the will of the people." Should I pay tribute, knowing the first part of that statement to be blasphemous and the second false? No, the legitimacy of a Government is not to be judged by the arbitrary or vain-glorious inscriptions on its coins; and Christianity, in the popular acceptation of the term, has done something to weaken the sense of civic and national duty by its over-reverence for the powers that be. Such was the case, for example, in the steady adherence to the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance which distinguished the Church party in England during the period immediately before and after the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty. But to return. Doctrines are relative not absolute; they must be judged by their times and circumstances and not by the standards and knowledge of a later day. Christianity had the enormous merit as regards liberty, in collecting, consolidating and organising a free religious association, which, for the first three centuries of its life, was able to steer clear of politics.

How far did the idea of Equality enter into Christianity? We have seen how unpolitical the new system was in its infancy; and thus we find it proclaiming the equality of all men in the sight of Heaven. As the liberty was spiritual, so was the equality. The subject in the theocratic kingdom was spiritually free, and each man was equally with his fellows the object of supernatural regard. In this mundane system, and under all terrestrial governments, there might indeed be distinctions; but they were human and arbitrary, and therefore transient, and in the sight of the Creator the disciple was as the master and the servant as the lord.

And with these ideas there grew up a certain feeling of fraternity or brotherhood. I have before tried to show how limited was the capacity of the Greek idea; with the Romans, the binding influence of common citizenship extended over an infinitely larger sphere. But in spite of this, the effects of despotism and centralisation were sadly felt in different parts of the Empire, and men's minds were weary and unsettled. So the period was ripe for the announcement of a doctrine of fraternity which professed no limitations of name or nation; men were, or ought to be, brothers, whether they lived under the vine-clad hills of sunny Italy or in the wintry fastnesses of Scythia, or where the bleak Atlantic wrapped Thule in an eternal mist. Before the inroads of the fierce barbarians the Roman system was destined to crumble, but within it were contained ideas which conquered the conquerors.

The sketch I have attempted to give you of the early history of the three ideas has been confined to the merest outline. I would fain linger over it, and fill in the shading here and there; but I am hurried onward, as it were with running pen, to touch on the age of *Feudalism*, indicating here and there its relation to my subject. Feudalism was a sort of compound of barbaric usage and Roman law. The feudal chieftain in many respects resembled the patriarch or paterfamilias who governed his family with despotic sway, and was, moreover, the unit of the State. As the family—the tribe—the race, were united together by blood or the fiction of a blood-relationship, so the different grades of feudal society were united by the bonds of a common allegiance. As under the old Roman system the individual counted for nothing, so under the feudal system the corporation was all important. And as it took several centuries to develop amongst the Romans the imperfect idea of personal liberty, so it has taken the various nations of Western Europe several centuries to break from the mediæval trammels of feudalism, and build up for themselves goodly fabrics of political freedom, in which personal liberty is the chief corner-stone. But long before that happy consummation was even imaginable, the nations languished under that aristocratical or oligarchical supremacy of which feudalism was the mother and the nurse. And during the earlier periods of that preponderance it would be unjust to deny the large amount of beneficial influence which the Church exerted in favour of liberty. Though prosperity and a political connection had brought their attendant temptations, and simplicity of ceremonial had yielded to the fascinations of an ornate ritual, still the great central doctrine of the absolute equality of all men in the sight of Heaven was full of warning to the overweening pride of the military proprietor, and rich in comfort to the oppressed soul of the dependent vassal; and the caprice of the proud baron quailed before the influence of a priesthood too soon to grow giddy with power and pride. To return. We find as time advances, emancipation moves forward surely, if slowly. The growth of cities—where men met in large numbers,

where life was active, and innovation spread—tended to increase mental and political progress, and the gradual rise of the independent industrial classes added much to material prosperity. Representative popular assemblies were a product of this age, and the solution of a problem perplexing to antiquity in the highest degree. That problem was, how to give the distant portions of the country a voice in the administration of affairs. Centralisation or government from the capital had borne the responsibility of more than one revolution in the old Roman State; the pampered city populace knew nothing or cared nothing of the position or even the existence of the provincials until they had tasted the bitterness of a triumphal entry into the metropolis during the progress of civil war. They knew nothing of representative government, which would, to some extent, have remedied the evil. During the age of which I am treating, representative assemblies became common over Europe, and the levying of taxes without their consent came rightly to be regarded as tyranny. It is impossible for me, in the time allotted to me, to do more than indicate the lines in which progress moved; how liberty increased step by step; how equality or justice to all men without distinction grew; and how by the progress of the arts of industry the seeds of future fraternity were sown.

The yoke of authority in matters spiritual, moreover, was too heavy for our fathers to bear, and the *Reformation* made rapid progress among the Teutonic nations.

The declaration of the right of private judgment in matters of religion is a most important point in the history of liberty. It denied the authority of any human being or institution to decide for others questions which related to belief in matters spiritual. It was also an assertion of equality; for it implied a relation between man and his Maker common to each individual of the species, and applying alike to king and subject, baron and vassal. But I do not think that it directly advanced the idea of fraternity, which in its larger sense implies a union among mankind for which the era of the Reformation was not yet ripe. The issue was narrowed down to a purely personal affair between each individual and the Creator; and private judgment was (if I may use the word) too egotistic to grasp with energy the sublime idea of the unity of the race. Under it a tendency exists to foster in a man too much concern for himself and too little for others. I do not wish to detract from the nobility of single character, which the Reformation and its doctrine of private judgment produced—nay, I earnestly maintain and support its value; but all the churches which are children of the Reformation lack to some extent what was a characteristic of the Catholic Church in its best days—I mean what has been well called "organised self-sacrifice for a common end." I have not time, even if I had inclination, to trace the history of the Papacy from the Reformation down to the period immediately preceding the *French Revolution*, nor the history of the scattered members of what was once the Empire of

the Cæsars, from the reign of Charles V. down to that of Francis II. Let me say a few words as to some of the results of the system of feudalism, in order to indicate the quarter in which the storm was likely to burst. In France all the powers of the State were concentrated in him who was the representative of the old feudal head; the aristocracy, though possessing many odious privileges, were not politically of much importance; but the people were down-trodden and oppressed in both Church and State. In England the Monarchy had had its powers curtailed and limited by a system of constitutional checks, and though the oligarchy was still powerful, the Commons had gained substantial acknowledgment of equal rights. In Germany there was a Diet of envoys nominated by the independent potentates who represented the old fief-holders: it was a sort of aristocratic federation, and under it the people had few rights and many wrongs; but they were a patient and long-suffering race. It will, I think, be abundantly clear where we are to look for that outbreak from which resulted the most downright assertion of the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity which has ever been made.

Let us briefly consider the position of affairs in France during the period preceding the Revolution—first as regards the State, and second as regards the Church. First, then, we have the important fact that the States-General had never been called together since 1614. The feelings of the middle classes and the people in general with regard to their political rights, and their opinion of the method of conducting government were thus designedly ignored. The discontent which gathered under the pride of Louis XIV., and swelled under the vicious reign of his successor, was ready for an outburst under the imbecility of Louis XVI. What wonder is it if those most interested in the national administration and expenditure did, owing to the continued non-recognition of their rights, despair of ever obtaining political justice by the old plans and procedures? Now, as regards the Church, let us consider the important results which flowed from that impolitic and disastrous event, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The massacre of St. Bartholomew had almost murdered Protestantism in France; but by the Edict of Nantes, issued in the reign of Henry IV., it appeared as if a healing measure had begun to work. After beneficial results from a century's operation it was repealed by Louis XIV. in 1685; and the direct result of this most unfortunate step was to cut Protestantism adrift from France, and to drive it to settle on more congenial soil—a portion, by a strange vicissitude of fortune, actually reaching South Africa. The intelligence and activity of the country suffered much waste, but there was another result almost more fatally disastrous. The expression of any religious dissent from the Roman system was silenced; philosophical dissent there certainly was, but this in the end only aggravated men the more bitterly against the prevalent ecclesiasticism. So it appears there was no outlet for State discontent, and no outlet for Church discontent: within there was all the pent-

up fury of a volcano struggling to burst into the upper air, and gathering additional strength by compression. If you weight down the safety-valve of her boiler, what becomes of a *Thunderer?* If you stop the expression of a nation's will, what hope that her institutions will stand the inevitable shock when endurance can no longer suffer, and patience can no longer wait? There was also another popular movement, which may be said almost to have fired the train. At the other side of the Atlantic was raised up a government, the type, in many respects, of the government of the future here and elsewhere. There panting liberty found a breathing space, outraged equality was adjusted, and a fraternity of States established. Hear what Jefferson, one of the early Presidents of the United States, says of the European Kings of the period:—"Louis XVI. was a fool; the King of Spain was a fool, and of Naples the same; the King of Sardinia was a fool; the Queen of Portugal was an idiot by nature, and so was the King of Denmark; the King of Prussia was a mere hog in body as well as in mind; Gustavus of Sweden and Joseph of Austria were crazy; and George of England was in a strait waistcoat."

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" constitute, as I have before said, a Republican motto or watchword, and are generally understood to express the meaning of such phrases as "the principles of the Revolution" or "the principles of 1789." Let us try to discover their application at that time; then, with some allusion to their subsequent history, we may consider the bearing and importance of these conceptions at the present day.

We find that the liberty which followed the French Revolution was that of a captive released from prison; of a nation suddenly freed from the twin despotisms of a superstitious Church and a corrupt State. Fired with oppression, it attempted to abolish one and overthrow the other. The essay was hardly successful, but superstition was smitten with a blow under which it reeled, and a government of monarchical and aristocratic privilege was rendered impossible. It has been said that Republics are made to be devoured by Empires, but the necessity for the latter form of government seems rather to arise from a need of consolidation, either as regards territory or political parties, or for the purpose of establishing equality in the form and administration of law. Till these conditions have been fulfilled the day of a Republic has not yet come. The first Napoleon was a leveller and destroyer only abroad; at home he built up the shattered fabric of social order, and gave his country a code and a system of administration,—benefits which no subsequent Bourbon could afford to neglect, much less to mar. Even his unscrupulous nephew served a use in equalising, under a common subjection, Royal and Republican parties to such an extent that after his downfall it was difficult to distinguish between the partizans of the Conservative Republic and the supporters of the Constitutional Monarchy. What, then, are the characteristics of Imperialism? and how fares liberty

under it? To sacrifice the individual to the mass, to concentrate all legislative and judicial powers in the person of the Sovereign, to govern from the capital by a system of centralised administration, to substitute *plebescites* and manipulated universal suffrage for Parliamentary voting. These all go to make up Imperialism. Under such a system liberty can only look forward to better days. To such a system it may be that France is suited. I firmly believe not; but be that as it may, it is a species of government to which Englishmen will never submit. Sooner far, "when single thought is civil crime and individual freedom mute," would they quit home and country, and seek a freer and a purer air.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many triumphs of the principle of liberty in the growth of constitutional freedom, in the spread of religious toleration, in the emancipation of the slave and the serf. The revolutionary movement, which seemed to have been crushed in 1815, showed itself between fifteen and twenty years later for a season, and seemed to revive with vigour in that eventful year, 1848. Then Poland struggled for freedom, Hungary and Ireland for self-government, Italy began her fight for unity, and France recovered her Republic only, however, to throw herself into the arms of the Empire once more. That Government, after an existence of nearly twenty years, came tumbling down in the midst of a foreign war initiated without the shadow of a pretext, and ending in disastrous and deserved defeat. Immediately succeeding its downfall occurred one of the most extraordinary events ever witnessed in history. The picture of a metropolis, great, wealthy, and renowned, locked in a death struggle with the rest of the country. These are the words of Victor Hugo in 1848, wonderfully prophetic if partially exaggerated:—"Socialism or the Red Republic is all one; for it would tear down the tricolor and set up the red flag. It would make penny-pieces out of the Vendôme Column. It would knock down the statue of Napoleon, and raise up that of Marat in its stead. It would suppress the *Academie*, the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and the Legion of Honour. To the grand device, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' it would add *ou la mort*. It would bring about a general bankruptcy. It would ruin the rich without enriching the poor. It would destroy labour, which gives to each one his bread. It would abolish property and family. It would march about with the heads of the proscribed on pikes, fill the prisons with the suspected, and empty them with massacres. It would convert France into the country of gloom. It would strangle liberty, stifle the arts, silence thought, and deny God. In a word, it would do in cold blood what the men of '93 did in fever, and after the grand horrors which our fathers saw we should have the horrible in all that was low and small." Such was Victor Hugo's view, and much of it was verified under the *régime* of the Commune de Paris. But the principle involved still remains unsettled—how to reconcile the liberty of the individual with the

unity of the *Commune* (Municipality), and the liberty of the *Commune* (Municipality) with the unity of the nation. No solution was then made, for the Commune was suffocated in blood, and no answer is yet possible.

Let me glance at the present state of affairs. Political liberty is greatest in England and the United States, for the national unity is more compact with them than elsewhere; therefore need they no conscription for their armies nor state prosecutions in matters of religious opinion. Germany and Italy, in the desire to retain their newly-found unity, have adopted such measures in Church and State as can only be justified by their necessity at a critical time. France is now tranquil and comparatively prosperous under her free government. Other countries in Europe advance more slowly, but still surely—all save one; and the lovers of liberty are looking forward with eagerness to the day when that effete and barbarous despotism which sits enthroned on the Bosphorus shall be driven beyond the pale of that European civilisation which it has too long dishonoured.

But though political liberty has thus spread, there remains yet a tyranny to be overthrown. I mean the tyranny of custom—of the prevalent public opinion. In this respect England is less socially free than many nations which have not attained her measure of political liberty. We do not now punish dissent by the rack, the stake, or the gibbet, but we torture the innovator with ridicule, burn him with our sarcasms, and try to strangle him and his ideas within the meshes of our strait-laced society. Calumny and misrepresentation are our favourite weapons. Take as an illustration the question of women's rights. Those who have the courage to stand up and speak out for the amelioration of a large portion of their fellow-creatures are assailed with the charges of unwomanliness and immodesty, and are made the butts of so-called humour, where a laugh is raised to mask the empty head. I do not agree, in many respects, with the position taken up by many of our women-reformers. They often say fantastic and sometimes absurd things. But for the sake of the object which they have in view, I want to hear what they have got to say, and this I cannot amid the scorn of the mockers and the din of the revilers And so it is with everything which jars on the preconceived notions and ill-considered ideas of that "assembly of few wise and many fools called the public." In every agglomeration of human atoms denominated a society, the large majority of its members have, as a rule, never thought out for themselves anything like a creed in either politics, religion, or philosophy. They are content to receive at second-hand the feeble commonplaces which do duty for such conceptions in the villages or towns, club, family, or church to which they belong. These good people naturally regard the innovator as an enemy,—one who casts a slur on them by seeking to change ideas and states which they have come to regard as almost divine—forgetting that custom lends a conse-

cration to anything, be it good or be it bad. Hence the ridicule and the calumny, and the loss, perhaps, to the whole species, of some idea which would have proved fruitful and beneficent. And as prejudice does not think, neither does it discriminate. The dissenter for the better is crucified, as of old, beside the dissenter for the worse; the great tyrant custom will tolerate neither. If you, my friends, wish to retain your individuality, the most precious possession you have—that which distinguishes you one from another infinitely more than dress, or wealth, or birth, or station—that which prevents us being driven like a flock of sheep at the order of ambition or superstition—see what you will have to encounter. The sneerers of to-day are the lineal intellectual descendants of the persecutors of past time. The patriot who burns with zeal to redress his country's wrongs; the man of science who in his devotion to knowledge and truth presses on our attention the results of discovery; the poet who with prophetic eye sees deep into the future, and beholds the promised time when there shall be no more war and no more sin and sorrow; the religious reformer who tries in his humble way to disseminate the delightful theology of love—all—all are ridiculed and branded as visionary or worse. To each of you I would say, "Have the courage of your opinions, and, above all things, to your own selves be true."

In order to estimate the position and importance which the principle of Equality attained during the French Revolution, we must examine what is often, in social and political problems, the true road to discovery—I mean the intellectual development of the preceding generation. In that connection Sir Henry Maine makes the following remarks:—"We have never seen in our own generation—indeed the world has not seen more than once or twice in the whole course of history—a literature which has exercised such prodigious influence over the minds of men as that which emanated from Rousseau between 1749 and 1762." What then was Rousseau's position? He conceived that behind us there was an ideal past—a golden age—a state of nature in which perfect equality reigned supreme among men; and furthermore he desired to restore the lost equality of this imaginary era at any cost. These ideas, considering the miserable state of affairs in France at that day, were almost philanthropic in their tendency, but as statements of the course of history, or theories of social development, they were unverified and even grotesque. A closer examination of the history of law and religion proves almost to a demonstration that the so-called state of nature was destitute of anything to commend it. We find man, in his earliest state, the victim of a domestic tyranny—the slave or the son (for it made no difference) of the paternal despot. His history is the history of his release, and the gradual recognition of the rights of the individual. But the era of the French Revolution was hardly the period for calm contemplation and philosophic thought; the burning words of Rousseau's writings, full of love and pity for the race even if historically false, kindled men's minds, and in the days of the Assem

bly and Convention were ready on every lip. Such is largely the origin of the celebrated Declaration of Equality ; let us now see a few of its results. One is the establishment of universal suffrage. In this the French achieved for themselves, and to a large extent for other nations, their undoubted right—the right of every citizen—to have a voice in the election of representatives to look after his interests. Universal suffrage has its drawbacks, but they are those of an incomplete civilisation. Prevailing in a nation only partially educated, it has sometimes resulted in the establishment of despotic power. The first French Republic was swallowed up in the dictatorial and imperial *Régime* of Napoleon I., as the second Republic disappeared in the rule of Napoleon III. But universal suffrage has survived these transient eclipses, and satisfies the national and logical idea of self-government ; and when the time is fully ripe, wisdom will be justified of her child.

The equality which has found most favour with Englishmen is that which represents all men on the same footing in the eyes of the law : that no respect of persons should prevail in this. Still, at home, certain inequalities and privileges—relics in a manner of feudalism—continue to exist. There is still an hereditary chamber which has co-ordinate legislative powers with the popular assembly, and is the highest court of legal appeal. Primogeniture—a useful expedient in its day, but now no longer defensible—is still the law of the land ; and the condition and position of married women is not wholly satisfactory. But the House of Lords continually receives importations of new blood, and is shrewdly and sensibly amenable to public opinion : marriage settlement and the devolution of property by will largely counteract the existing privileges of the eldest son ; and the Court of Chancery and the Legislature have often equitably interfered on behalf of the wife.

Equality as a statement of the right of citizens in any given Commonwealth to have a voice in the election of representatives, or as an assertion of the impartiality of the law in its dealings with individuals, commends itself to the conscience of men and nations. But equality in the sense that men are all physically or intellectually equal, or ought to be, is an idea which hardly merits serious discussion. There are three things which go to form the individual : first, *hereditary tendency*, involving the transmission of certain physical and possibly mental qualities, varying with various races, families, and individuals, and therefore tending to inequality ; second, *education*, varying in accordance with the prevalent local ideas, and the aptitude of the individual himself; and lastly, *circumstances*, in the largest sense of the word, including the influence of climate, government, social and political position, property, occupation, and religion. In the infinite variety of these influences lies the hope of humanity,—without that variety nothing would be left to our ambition but the ape-like virtue of imitation. Out of them science will draw unity, as science can ; but diversity is the condition of progress, as development is its law.

In speaking of Fraternity I have at last in sight the termination of my discourse; to it I hasten, as I feel that I have trespassed on the reader's patience too long. That fraternity which is associated with the French Revolution consisted not only in holding out the right hand of fellowship to all distressed nationalities, but also in attempting to force upon all adjacent nations the current views and ideas. To all who believe that Governments largely depend on time and place as well as the genius of the people, such a propagandist spirit seems absurd. There is an era in a nation's life when the rule of one man may be necessary, as there is also a time and season for a Republic. A free Government requires certain duties from its citizens—obedience to law, self-restraint, and toleration of differences; it, moreover, requires certain conditions, as cohesion among the citizens, and a fair standard of education. How would a Republic suit Turkey at the present day? There is a certain tendency to propagandism among the French, a quality which the late Emperor utilised in his ill-fated Mexican expedition, undertaken for the vain-glorious purpose of exalting the so-called Latin races in the new world under the protecting ægis of the latest successor of the Cæsars. But brotherhood or unity can never be effected by a crusade in its favour; it comes not of constraint, but of free-will. What are the conditions of its growth in this age of ours? Where are we to look for the spirit of unity among the diverse elements of existing societies? Foremost among the facts favourable to the spread of fraternity is the character of the age in which we live. We appear to be in a transition state, from a military to an industrial civilisation. I grant that the statement seems paradoxical when Europe is little less than an armed camp, when there are wars and rumours of wars, nation rising against nation and kingdom against kingdom. But I ask, on the other hand, when were the nations so dependent on one another? Population has increased in almost every country faster than the sources of supply, and the deficiency must be made up. We have called in the New World to adjust the economical balance of the Old. Industry and trade, its handmaid, are the real necessities of our existence. We can and shall (some day) dispense with swords and guns, but we can never do without food or raiment. The working man is gaining power every day and will soon have the future in his hands. He has no interest in war, he does not care for the ambition of men and dynasties; his sympathies and aspirations are the same, whether he lives in London, Paris, or Berlin; they must tend towards peace, unity and brotherhood. But besides the increasingly industrial character of the age, the spread of science and the growth of the arts tend towards union. The triumphs of electricity and steam have opened up and brought within reach those regions of the earth which once seemed so remote; the means of communication are increasing; men are getting to know one another better, and to feel the necessity of mutual help. Arbitration—though it may seem at present a visionary expedient for avoiding war—will yet be a recognised institution in the international system of which

we, as yet, only see the outline dim and indistinct. It saved the world the spectacle of a war between the European and American branches of the English family, and resolutions in its favour have received the assent of many national legislatures. Every step towards a peaceful solution of differences is also an advance in the direction of universal fraternity.

A concluding word with reference to the Anglo-Saxon race specially. In the opinion of some politicians and writers—Mr. Goldwin Smith for instance—it would be advisable for the mother-country to break off all connection with her colonies. Now it appears to me that, apart from any mutual advantages England and her colonies may derive from their connection with one another, it is most important to keep up their union for other reasons. It is, so far as it goes, a symbol of brotherhood among nations, old and young, in all quarters of the globe, and it is a guarantee of peace among a number of otherwise independent communities. The English power has outstripped the Roman in grandeur and extent; and in compactness and cohesion will yet be its rival. The community of names and language, the ties of blood and kinsmanship, the similarity of privileges, and the equality of protection throughout the Empire steadily continues to unite its citizens; it only requires organisation to make the union complete, and some of us may live to see a vast Confederation of the English-speaking peoples.

H. Lardner Burke.

Le Roi est Mort—Vive le Roi.

1876—1877.

Ring there no echoes yet
  Of earlier welcomes sung;—
Are we so ready to forget
  That the old year was young?
Is there no touch of pitiful remembrance or regret?

Too soiled, too sad, too dear,
  That life we leave behind:—
Though many a bitter tear
  Have stained it, shall we find
New, brighter joys, or fewer sorrows, in the coming year?
Too pitiful, too poor,
  The work we cared to do:
The times we shunned the lure
  That tempted,—all too few:
Too weak we were to strive, to trust, and to endure.

What will the New Year bring?—
  Brief space of meted breath
To live and laugh and sing?
  Or only time for death?
Or peace—that trusts and sees her God in everything?

Σ.

In Search of a Fortune—in New Zealand.

As a member of that very numerous class, vulgarly known as "broken down swells," I determined to repair to New Zealand to attempt the retrieval of my vanished fortune. I was landed at a well-known port, and as I had an utter horror of being a clerk or counter-jumper, on account of the inactivity of the life, there remained nothing for it but manual labour. After inquiries, I determined to proceed in a certain direction, where there were said to be some "stations," and was told that it would be necessary for me to carry my "swag."

I don't suppose that there is any man living who has a greater respect for the "dignity of labour" than myself, nevertheless, I felt considerable compunction in marching through the streets of a busy port with a "swag" on my back, like a modern Atlas. False pride, no doubt, but there it was; so I determined to go to a village eighteen miles distant—the last collection of houses in the direction in which I was going—and purchase my "swag" there. To this end I invested a considerable moiety of my capital, amounting to £22 10s., in a horse, saddle, and bridle. It didn't occur to me at the time that I might just as well have walked; those things never do occur at the right time. My steed was by Rosinante out of a horse-mackrel mare, and the saddle had apparently done duty in the Aztec war; at all events, they were surely good enough to carry me eighteen miles. On arrival at the village in question, I sold my nag and accoutrements at a loss of £6,—not a good beginning, but I felt convinced that if I took them back to the seller he would not give me more for the whole "caboodle," so I smole a placid smile and bore it.

Now came the important business of purchasing my "swag." My very extensive travels and hunting trips in Africa have left me a knowledge, equalled by few, as to what it is necessary to put into a wagon for a long spell "up-country;" but, on reflection, it appeared perfectly plain that the holding capacity of a couple of blankets, which form the outer covering of a "swag," was not equal to that of a twenty-one foot wagon, but I determined to go as far as my limited means would permit. In loading a waggon, coffee is always the first thing thought of, therefore I purchased a bag of coffee, then came a bag of sugar, a bag of flour, a box of tea, ditto candles, ditto soap, a bag of salt, a case of brandy, ditto pickles, ditto preserved meat, ditto fish, a small marquee, a dinner and dessert service in tin, a sack of coals, and a good many other odds and ends. When my "swag" was done up it looked pretty big, but I didn't despair. To the bottom of it I fastened a two-gallon iron kettle, a saucepan, a frying-pan, a gridiron, and sundry other pieces of hardware. I left the store with my "swag" on my back, amid the sarcastic smiles of the pert juveniles behind the counter, but I heeded them not. I flourished

my staff, and shook the dust from my shoes as I left the last vestige of civilisation. Was I not again on the road to fortune? Visions of an Elizabethan house, buried deep among the elms, appeared in the dim obscurity. I saw its pretty breakfast-room, with Ethel presiding at the head of the table, and a chubby two-year-old cramming an egg, shell and all, into its mouth, and I stepped out with a giant's strength.

I entered a straight road cut through the bush, along which I could see for about forty miles, and I rejoiced with exceeding great joy. The trees were straight and high. The road was about four feet wide, and the sun was overhead. If there was any wind in the country it must have been on a visit to Jamaica, for it wasn't there, and consequently I perspired not a few. What matter? was I not enjoying that glorious sense of freedom and solitude which had so often been mine in the wilds of Africa? and at the thought I rose superior to such trifles; but why—oh! why—is it necessary to put a hundred tons of boulders on every square yard of the road? They tell me it is, so I submit, but under protest. How musical is the chirping of the many birds, how sweet the aroma of the pine trees, but how thundering heavy the "swag" is getting! As I trudged along, I could not help admiring the extraordinary beauty and harmony of the tints of the foliage of the trees, ranging, as they did, from muddy brown to dirty green. How gorgeous the colouring of the dragon flies and butterflies, sailing about from bush to bush, and sucking the honey of the invisible flowers! How pleasingly fantastic the growth of the underwood, twisting itself among the growth of the pines, like the old tarred ropes of a condemned ship. How graceful the tall straight trunks, gnarled and rugged and moss-covered,—and how that confounded hardware did bang into the small of my back! After walking about six miles I took a rest, and, as my sensations very plainly told me that if I meant to do the seventy miles which was said to be the distance to the first station, I should have to lighten the ship. I overhauled the "swag" to ascertain what could best be spared. As there appeared to be enough wood in the country to set the Thames on fire, I considered that I could well spare the coals, so I pitched them into the road, and I have no doubt that a shoddy company is now trying to sell the adjacent country at Diamond-field prices, on the strength of that sack of coals, which is, I am sure, on exhibition in some financial agent's office,—an honour, I am convinced, those coals never anticipated.

After walking another five miles I crossed a small stream, and determined to camp for the night about a couple of hundred yards on the other side. I, therefore, unpacked the "swag" and hauled out the marquee, which I proceeded to pitch in a sort of arbour formed by the intervening climbers. The next thing was to light a fire, when, horror of horrors! I discovered that I had forgotten the matches! However, my African experiences had not gone for

nothing, and, having found a bit of rotten wood for tinder, I cut down a couple of trees and commenced to rub them together; but, after rubbing for near an hour, it appeared to me that I might just as well start and rub a couple of legs of mutton together by way of variety. At last a veritable spark really did appear. I applied the tinder, and how I did nurse that spark! I wafted gentle gales upon it from my lips till I looked, I have no doubt, like a trombone-player in a fit, and eventually succeeded in raising a flame in the heart of that piece of wood. I then made a fire and piled on plenty of fuel, and, grasping the kettle, went down to the stream for water, whistling as I went, "The Girl I left behind me," and other classical airs. The water looked so inviting that I determined to have a roll in it, and get rid of all the dust and perspiration. After resuming my clothes I made all haste back to my camp; but alas! I was too late, that conflagration of mine had burned itself out. I swore mildly, and was down on my knees in a second, raking about for a spark. Fortunately I found one, and, piling on a few twigs, commenced to blow like a bassoon-player who finds himself a couple of bars behind the rest of the orchestra, and innocently, and without regard to the audience's nerves, tries to catch them up. How I did dodge around that pile of twigs! I wore out the knees of my pants, and blew enough to drive an ironclad from Plymouth to Gibraltar at twelve knots an hour. At last, joy! a flame suddenly puffed up and burnt off the left side of my moustache. I turned to the tent and a sight met my eyes that made me—well, I didn't swear, I only smiled; but if that blamed kettle hadn't capsized and spilt every drop of the water on to my blankets, which were wet through. I squeezed them out and spread them on a bush near the fire, and then went at the double for more water. I put the kettle on gipsy fashion, and thought I would cook some salmon. I got a tin and looked at it lovingly, and playfully tossed it up and down, when it suddenly occurred to me,—how in thunder was I going to open that tin? I tried my penknife and nearly cut my finger off; I tried a table-knife and broke it in half; I jumped on it; I worked myself into a rage; I beat it with a log; I stoned it with stones; I put it in the fire thinking to melt the lead. Not a bit of good! That salmon was as far from me as if he were still calmly catching flies in the Tay. I was mad. I took the case and, with one kick, sent it flying into the road. The preserved meat followed. I soothed my ruffled feelings with a cup of tea, and began to regret that I had discharged my valet before starting. My resources were now reduced to flour, and, recalling my African experiences, I made, with the aid of some hot tea, some excellent soda cakes, which I cooked on the gridiron, and, after all, made a capital meal.

The next thing to think of was bed. The blankets were not yet dry, but I thought little of that, as I had hundreds of times slept in wet blankets in Africa without inconvenience. I opened a brandy bottle and mixed a glass of hot tea and brandy—first-rate night-cap.

It was so good that I mixed another, and then, taking a soft log for a pillow, resigned myself to gentle slumber.

The novelty of the situation kept me awake for some time, and I listened with a deep feeling of pleasure to the solemn moaning of the night wind among the tall trees, and the musical buz of the mosquitos as they wheeled in circles about my ears. And as I lay there building castles for the future, the soft aromatic puffs of moving air gently fanned my cheek, and the light touch of the tiny midge was ever and again felt upon my forehead. I looked out of the tent-opening, and the stars twinkled bright in the deep blackness of the night sky. Orion beamed with all his refulgent glory right into the tent, and the ants crept over my hands by the dozen. The moon rose, and I gazed into the pure subdued light of her silvery face, and my whole soul lighted up with the fire of poetic feeling, when those confounded wet blankets gave me a fit of the shivers.

At last I got to sleep. How long I slept I know not, but suddenly rumble—bang—shake—crack! Merciful powers! what's the matter? I havn't been drinking! and I started up in such a hurry that my head went through the roof of the tent. Shake—bang—crack—rumble! I remembered that New Zealand was an earthquake country, and I placidly lay down again to wait for the next performance, wondering that such a trifle should have disturbed me. For the rest of the night, however, I was permitted to sleep in peace, and did not wake till the sun was nearly an hour up.

The next morning I found the fire still smouldering, and I soon raised a blaze-up, and made some more cakes and coffee. My back was so sore that when I looked at the "swag" I said to myself, "I'll be hanged if I carry you any further." So I took some pounds of flour, some tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and soda, and a couple of bottles of brandy, a candle or two, and a bar of soap, besides my toilet effects, and discarded all the rest. The hardware contingent I reduced to a tin can, ditto pannikin and the gridiron. If any unfortunate just as importunate travelled that way after me, he must have come to the conclusion that a shipwreck had taken place in the vicinity. The fire business puzzled me very much, for I could find no flints. I knew of the method adopted by the Bechuanas, which consist in taking a piece of hard wood the thickness of a lead pencil, and rubbing it very rapidly between the palms of the two hands into a flat piece of soft wood, but I had not much faith in it. However, I selected a piece of hard wood answering the description. I also adopted another Kafir wrinkle, which is simply taking a piece of wood which is likely to smoulder a long time, getting it well alight, and carrying it as a firebrand

Thus armed, I again shouldered my "swag"—now light enough to be carried without inconvenience—and stepped out gaily. I soon got over ten miles. I looked through the brown tree trunks, deep into the solitudes of the virgin forest, and wondered that such im-

mense expanses should be without a single quadruped. The thought had no sooner crossed my mind than a rustling was heard, and several animals, which I, at first, took to be hippopotami, but which proved to be pigs, came trooping out of the bush. Now, I like pigs. I think there is no more touching sight than a huge sow lying half buried in the mud of a sty. But pigs as big as rhinoceres, with tusks two feet nine inches long, sniffing around one's calves, and viciously snapping their teeth, is quite another affair. I expostulated with them with my firebrand. I exercised my remarkable powers of eloquence upon them, and if I was not heard at Tobolsk it was not my fault. I pointed out with a big stone that I was in a meditative mood, and did not desire company, and therefore requested that they would be good enough to retire. This, after some hesitation and some further stoney arguments on my part they did, and so did I—the other way. A little further I met what I fancied to be a huge ape walking on its hind legs by the aid of a stick, but which I soon found to be an old Maori woman, bent half double. She was gaudily arrayed in a blanket which had once been like Jacob's coat of many colours, but which was so covered with dirt that it was impossible to see the original pattern. Her legs were skinny and thin, and round her neck she wore a circular piece of greenstone cut flat and quite thin. Her face was like the carved and fluted capital of a Corinthian column, and her grizzled hair looked like the snakes on the heads of the furies. She stopped and addressed me in some unknown language. I gazed at her in sorrow. My heart bled for her. I turned away my head, and raised my left hand to my face to wipe away a tear, and hold my nose. I extended my right hand to her, and addressed her thus:—"Daughter of a noble and oppressed race, whose lands are forcibly taken from you, and nothing but a paltry rent given in exchange; which hankers after mansteak and is denied it by the cruel Englishman; whose beloved fern roots and rats are, by main force, exchanged for corn and beef; which loveth rum and cannot get enough of it; accept from a brother in distress this tribute of deep sympathy and commisseration." And I left in her hand a small-tooth comb, and hurried away before my pent up feelings should give way.

I had no further adventures, the weather continued fine, and, on the afternoon of the fourth day, blackened and smouldering stumps proclaimed, as I thought, the vicinity of a human habitation. I was not wrong, for later the bush country broke and ranges of low hills discovered themselves, on the slopes of one of which I discovered a wooden house, surrounded by a few fruit and other trees. I immediately made for it, and inquired of a man working in the yard for the "boss." Being informed that he was in the house, I tapped at the door to gain admittance. A big burly good-humoured looking man in shirt and trowsers appeared, and enquired what I wanted. His manner of speaking at once proclaimed him a man of education, of which I was very glad. I asked him if he could give me some-

thing to do, and in return he asked me what I *could* do. This question rather took me aback. I hesitated and told him I could do most things. I would ride a steeple-chase for him, or drive a four-in-hand, I would play him at ecarte, piquet, or billiards for all he was worth. I could shoot anything from an elephant to a snipe with any man in New Zealand—

I was about to continue my list of accomplishments when he stopped me, and asked what sort of *work* I could do. I was obliged frankly to confess that I never did a day's work in my life, but was willing to try. "Can you cut down trees?" "The very thing," I cried, as recollections of Whately and Gladstone flashed through my mind, and I smiled to think that these two great men would not remain the only men of genius whose favourite amusement was chopping down trees. "Very well, come in, I'll set you to work to-morrow." I went in and sat down. The room only contained three or four chairs, a lounging chair, and a table, but one side was entirely taken up with shelves, which was crammed with books, embracing every branch of literature from "Colenso on the Pentateuch" to the "Bab ballads." As the "boss" was busy at some writing I took down one of the books till he had finished. We then had some conversation, in the course of which he informed me that he had originally come to Australia without a penny in his pocket, a fact which not a little encouraged me. About nine o'clock he produced from a cupboard, half of a boiled leg of mutton, and something which I took to be a firebrick, but which proved to be a piece of bread. He then called out to another house where some of his men lived for some hot water, and made an infusion of faggots. These faggots are known as "paste and rails," and are popularly supposed to be part and parcel of the tea plant—surely an error. I am sure that that mutton must have been an old ram boiled at least three weeks before, but the squatter assured me that it was a "two-tooth" boiled only yesterday. It may have been, for I know that it knocked two teeth out of my head, but if it had only been boiled one day, all I can say is that it must have been boiled in Portland cement. After some more conversation he produced a bottle and poured me out a glass of "whiskey." I don't know how many gallons of kerosene to the pint of spirit there were in that whiskey, but if it did'nt give me a proper fit of the horrors that night, may I never taste another drop of "three star" as long as I live. Soon after this we retired. I will not say anything about the fleas, because I was on the South African Diamond-fields during the summer of 1871 and 1872—the worst season for fleas and flies in the history of those Fields—but in the morning I looked uncommonly like as though I had the leprosy.

About three o'clock in the morning he woke me and said it was time to go to work. He gave me an axe—a fine axe. It weighed eleven pounds and a quarter, and the handle was two yards and a half long. He took me a couple of miles from the house, and, pointing vaguely to an immense forest, asked me if I could cut that down.

"Certainly, sir," I answered cheerfully. So I could have done—in a couple of thousand years. He added that he did not want to burn it—he had tried that lower down, and the burn had extended further than he wished, besides he thought of setting up a saw-mill before long. He then desired me to begin. I selected a straight young sapling, about ten feet in diameter, on which to commence proceedings. I don't know how high it was, for when I tried to see the top I got a crick in my neck that I shall remember to my dying day, and I did not repeat the experiment. I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves, and gave that tree a crack with all my strength. It did not come down, but I nearly cut my leg off, and the squatter walked silently away. I then went to work more systematically, and, in a few hours, a blind man with a squint could have seen that someone had been at work on that tree. I took off my shirt. I began to perspire. I stood in a regular pool of perspiration. Presently it rose to my knees. Great spoons! how I perspired and how I swore. It rose to my thighs, and I was afraid I should get drowned. For seventeen mortal hours that axe went flying around like an animated windmill. The chips flew out like shavings from a planing machine, and that sapling stood as firm as Cheop's pyramid. At sundown I had worn three inches from the edge of the axe, and then the squatter came along on horseback. "Hulloah!" he said, "I thought you would have cleared away at least an acre by this time." "So I should have done, sir, if this fellow would only get out of the road, just look at the beggar," and I gave him a crack that would have cut down the Vendome Column. The action frightened the squatter's horse, which was a young one, and he started off home at a gallop, bucking like a kitten, so I packed up my axe and followed him. That tree is standing there now, and it is my opinion that it will stand there till the crack of doom.

The squatter was rather silent at supper; but after it was over he said, "I don't think you are quite used to the axe yet; what do you say to a little shepherding?"

Eureka! my vocation was found at last. Pastoral visions of a youth with long flaxen hair, sitting, with a crook between his knees, on a mossy bank, while he played sweet music on a penny whistle, floated before my eyes. I had not a penny whistle certainly, but I could easily get one at the nearest township.

After some more conversation, the squatter eyed my well-fitting boots rather sarcastically, and said, "he didn't think they would last very long at shepherding. You should wear them like these," he said, lifting up something that looked like a coal barge, but which was only a boot. I said I thought they would rather impede one's progress than otherwise. "Why?" he asked. "Because you would have to start off at a run every now and then to see if the toes were all right, and then start back again to make sure you had the heels about you." He did not see it, but, being a good-humoured man, "he permitted himself" to

smile. I declined any whiskey that night, preferring a glass of my own brandy.

We were out again at day-break next morning, and the squatter, pointing to a distant mountain, said, "This is the part of the run I want you to look after, from just below the house to that hill." "I beg your pardon," I said, interrupting, "you havn't a telescope about you?" "Telescope! no, what do you want a telescope for? that hill just there." "That one in the distance?" "Yes, yes, just there." "Ah, just so," I said slowly, and thought to myself that none but possessors of seven-league boots were fit and proper persons to be shepherds in New Zealand. He went on to say that he thought there were about 16,000 sheep there, and he wanted them brought up that night, as he was going to start dipping the next day. I said nothing, but inwardly wondered how in conscience I was going to bring up 16,000 sheep. However, I left that problem for elucidation later in the day. Luckily I very soon found the flock, and at once settled down to the serious business of shepherding. I cut down a forty foot supplejack for a crook, and turned down the brim of my felt hat. I had not a dressing-gown, but as the nearest approach to the orthodox dress, I hung the tails of my shirt outside my pants. I regretted the absence of the penny whistle, but settled myself on a log, under the grateful shade of a burnt pine stump, and gazed on the surrounding scene. The crystal water babbled and sparkled and threw up mimic rainbows in the brook below me, and the gentle breeze wafted clouds of charred leaves all around me. The sheep chased and butted each other, and chewed up fern roots in very playfulness of spirit. How pretty and innocent and dirty they looked as they came sniffling timidly round me. Their confidence so delighted me, that I determined to invest all my savings in pink and blue ribbons, to fasten round their woollen necks. However, I soon got tired of admiring them, and, drawing out my sketch-book, I commenced making caricatures of Mr. Gladstone cutting down a white pine. This could not last for ever, so I put my hand in my pocket for my knife, in order to probe the blisters caused by yesterday's work, when, joy! it came in contact with a Jew's harp! I drew forth the magic instrument, and sounded a loud pæan upon it. I settled myself firmly on the log, and performed the whole of the Messiah, from the overture to the finale, on that Jew's harp. This necessarily took some time, and when I recalled my enthralled senses, Jehosophat! not a sheep was in sight.

I rushed into the bush, I tore my clothes to pieces, I scratched my face and hands, I cried ba-a-a till I was hoarse—not a sheep. I went up the mountain like a chamois, till I was two miles above the snow line—not a sheep. I came down again into the bush like an avalanche —not a sheep. I dashed into the burnt bush, and scrambled among the charred trunks, till I was as black as a hearse—not a sheep. I climbed over those blackened stumps—sometimes I had to make a

ladder with a tool-box I always carry about me—till I was mad—not a sheep. At last I found a six months' old lamb, and nimbly caught her hind leg with my crook. I determined not to let her go, so I put her under my arm, and as it was now nearly dark, I was obliged to return to the house.

When I arrived the squatter was waiting impatiently for my return. "Hulloah," he exclaimed, "where are the sheep?" "Here she is, sir," I said, diffidently, showing my one little ewe lamb. "Ah, I'm glad you've brought 'em, I was afraid you'd lost them, put 'em in the fold," and he walked thoughtfully into the house. He said little or nothing that evening, but just before retiring, he said he did not think I was cut out for a shepherd, but as I appeared to be a willing young man, he would try and think what was the best thing for me to do. The next morning at breakfast he said he was afraid he could not put me to anything at present, but a few miles off there was a sailor, who had set up a canteen, and wanted a figure head for a sign-board, and he thought it would suit me.

After some consideration, I concluded that though I love being gazed at by the fair and witty, being stared at by drunken navvies is quite another thing, therefore I buckled on my sandled shoon, shouldered my "swag," and started for the next port, where I entered into business as a water-cart driver, at one shilling and ninepence a day, and I now calmly survey perspiring humanity from the proud eminence of that vehicle's seat.

When I have made a fortune at this profession, I shall purchase a steam yacht, and sail for New Guinea or the Fijis, or some other civilised country. And as I leave the land I have loved so well, I shall stand on the quarter-deck of my yacht, and wave a long farewell with my cambric handkerchief, and waft sweet kisses towards its rocky shores from the tips of my fingers of both my hands.

And I shall apostrophise it thusly:—"Oh, beautiful land, Empress of the Southern Seas, land of plenty—of borrowed money, land flowing with butter—Irish, and milk—American, accept my last long sorrowful farewell. Land where the grass—English—is always green, and the crystal waters bubble musically from the rear of the water-carts. Land of rum and whiskey, peace and love, my heart is bursting, for I am leaving thee for ever." Here my emotions will allow me to proceed no further, and, with the salt tears coursing down my face, I shall rush into my cabin, and bury my head in a claret-cup, to hide the recreant tongue which *will* keep thrusting itself into my cheek.

IMPISI.

Woman.

"Men with their heads reflect on this and that;
But women with their hearts on heaven knows what."

Lord Byron.

"Lo! here what gentleness those women have,
If we could know it for our rudeness."

Chaucer.

I fancy Eve did not convey
All that she heard the serpent say
To Adam. No! Her words were terse,
And, what is worse,
Are not adapted to my verse.
I think she showed him some neglect
(I say this, mind, with all respect)
And scarcely the consideration
He might expect.
Her views were, say, to this effect:—
"Why give a more detailed relation?
He'd only want an explanation!
I'd never make him understand!"

When first was heard in Thebes Kadmean
The sound of Dionysos' pæan,
Poor Pentheus found to his dismay
His mother gray
And all the women drawn away.
And, when he would the reason see,
The hapless son of Agavè—
Detected—in a double sense
Was "up a tree"
For spying out the mystery.
His fate's conclusive evidence
They thought his intellect too dense
Their rites (or rights?) to understand.

And now-a-days it would appear
That ladies cherish the idea
That we poor men can't comprehend
The aim and end
Of half the things that they intend.
Some social victory would they snatch—
Some subtle deep-laid plot would hatch—
See dear Louise a *vicomtesse*
Or make a match,
Or start bazaars the Church to thatch—
"Why, tell the men? They'll make a mess,
Such skilled strategical *finesse*
Men really do not understand."

Th' arrival of the "little stranger,"
Puts all the household peace in danger ;
For "ma" and midwife, cook and nurse
The house reverse.
The poor male parent can but curse
The hour that bore him, or his heir ;
He eats his meals upon the stair :
Is held by all to be *de trop*
Since you're aware
The women can no meddling bear,
But take the whole affair in tow
(They're welcome too) because, you know,
"We blessed men don't understand."

But when a young wife "unattached,"
Or fast grass widow—not well matched—
Eccentric dame, or matron gay
An undue sway
Holds over some young *protégée*,
'Tis grave indeed. "I don't know why"
(I hear rebellious maiden cry),
"Papa won't let me go to-night."—
The company
Was fast perchance. Mark the reply:
"My dear, it's just a little spite,
You can't refuse this kind invite,
You see men never understand."

Men never understand ? Can *you*
Discover what they really do ?
They know your well-bred insolence
Your pride immense,
Your self-complacency intense,
Your fatuous and fallacious dicta,
Your hollow smiles and *verba ficta*,
Your morbid wish to fascinate
Or to inflict a
Snub on some rival, or convict a
Fallen sister. Be, then, less elate
You'll soon find men are "*pas si bêtes*,"
And somewhat too much understand.

But when Deborah grasps the sword,
And Judith slays the Median lord,
Or when Zenobia or De Staël
Disturb awhile
The world's proud victor's haughty smile,
Or when an Austrian princess pits
Herself 'gainst Mazarin or "Fritz,"
When Cæsar woos the Queen Nilotic
And am'rous fits

Confuse the Attic sage's wits
O'ercome by Lais' spells erotic—
(I hope my strain's not so chaotic
But my fair friends can understand),

And when we find the "Spanish maid
Waving her Amazonian blade,"
Or to the wond'rous story hark
Of Joan of Arc,
And many others of remark,—
We don't wish to deny the fact
That women far excel in tact
And winning grace. In beauty deck'd
Do they attract—
Much thus achieve—but cannot act
Judicially, nor can detect
Which is the cause and which effect—
In brief they cannot understand.

They do not reason by Induction
But view things through their own construction—
At least, I think that we will find
In woman's mind
Some operation of the kind.
(Exceptions prove the rule and so
De Staël and Somerville will show)
Perception and experience
They have, I know,
But not the "reasoning inward sense" *
Reflective man has. No offence,
Dear ladies, please to understand.
* * * *

Something men cannot understand. Ah, yes!
I think they cannot know the selflessness
Which renders the true woman's life sublime
In every age and clime.
She only can forgive ungrateful crime,
Can soothe the torturing anguish of contrition,
Can teach the stubborn spirit her submission,
Has hope and faith in those men would consign
To desperate perdition.
Her mission suffering, suffering her condition,
The sufferer is her tend'rest care. In fine,
She best on earth reflects the "love divine"
Which none can ever understand.

CLIOPHILUS.

* Coleridge—"The Friend."

The Cape University and its Works.

ADDRESS BY THE VICE-CHANCELLOR (DR. DALE) ON DEGREE DAY, 13TH DECEMBER, 1876.

THE experience of a third Academic year, now completed, yield materials for encouragement, and at the same time indicates growing responsibilities, which will have to be met with continuous forethought.

The roll shows that during the three successive years since the incorporation of the University, the number of Matriculated Students has been 31, 28, and 56; the Bachelors of Arts have numbered 6, 12, and 8; the Masters of Arts, 1, 0, 2; the graduates in Law and Jurisprudence 0, 1, 1; so that the totals stand thus up to this date:—115 undergraduates, and 31 graduates. Certificates have been awarded, after examination in Law and Jurisprudence, to 18 articled clerks; and four candidates have obtained certificates of qualification in the theory of Land Surveying.

The House of Convocation has been recruited by the admission of 56 graduates of European Universities, and their wider and more varied experience is likely to be useful, particularly in the selection, from time to time, of qualified men to sit in the Council. The members of Convocation now number 136.

The influence of the various examinations in guiding and stimulating the studies of Colonial youth in the colleges and public schools is everywhere felt and acknowledged; and the value of a systematic course of higher education is more and more widely appreciated. In those respects the Government and the University authorities may be congratulated on the realisation of those hopes with which the University was founded.

The machinery for the due government of the University has also been completed, by the election of the first Chancellor, to whom, not only for his public worth and his munificence in the cause of education, but specially from the place which he holds in the heart and affection of each one of us, every member of the University will yield a loyal and hearty obedience.

You have fresh in your memories the Chancellor's eloquent words; it is, therefore, unnecessary, and it would be presumptuous in me, acting for the Chancellor to-day, to offer any general remarks on the departments of study encouraged by the University; but I shall put before you a few points relevant to the details of the examination system.

In the faculty of Arts it is thought by many, whose opinions are worthy of respect, that the range of subjects for the Bachelor's Degree is too discursive for the average class of students; who, by aiming too much, attain only a low standard of knowledge in many subjects, sacrificing thoroughness for superficiality. It may be answered that to the student whose bias is towards literature, there are only four compulsory subjects in mathematics and science; for in the three higher branches, co-ordinate geometry, trigonometry, and mechanics, there is no minimum of marks which must be obtained as a condition of passing. Yet, so long as any marks at all can be got by some knowledge, however superficial, of all or of any of these, a candidate is tempted to spread his time and labour over all; whereas it would be better to have con-

centrated his energies on the more limited range, and to have mastered thoroughly the four branches which are indispensable. In the same way, those whose special leanings are towards mathematics and physical science are induced to try for marks, by bringing up four languages, besides ancient and modern history and logic ; although they are only required to show a competent knowledge of the English, Latin, and Greek languages as a condition of passing in literature. It is thought desirable that the two departments should be so adjusted that excellence in the one, with mediocrity in the other, may qualify a candidate for his degree ; and there appears but one way of securing thoroughness in the limited range of necessary subjects, viz. : by attaching no value at all to the answers in any of the subjects which indicate a mere cursory and superficial acquaintance, as in the Indian Civil Service Examinations, the number of marks realised by a candidate's papers below a certain proportion of the *maximum* does not count for merit. A student then, measuring his own capacities, and finding that he could not compass a fair acquaintance with the whole range in both departments, would be driven to the more thorough acquisition of that knowledge which is indispensable. Such a system, carefully balanced, would produce better scholars on the one hand, and better mathematicians on the other ; the favoured few would still aspire to the highest standard on both sides. A modification, such as this, would, I think, be good for the general cause of education, and, what is above all other considerations, would be good for the health of ordinary students of average capacity, who are now represented to be overweighted,—their emulation outruns their mental capacity and their bodily strength.

An objection is often repeated in these days that the rigid curriculum prescribed by the examination statutes prevents disinterested study, or the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake ; that everything is put aside which does not fall within the scope of examination. There are evils and defects incidental to any system of examinations ; as, for instance, the fundamental one, that it tests and thereby sets an inordinate value on *instruction* or definite knowledge, and to some extent disregards, because it cannot test those essentials of *true education*, general culture, æsthetics, the cultivation of the moral feelings, and the developments of habits of observation and reflection ; but to lay down a definite course of study, to discourage desultory and objectless reading, to impose on a student the necessity of keeping his acquisitions fresh and ready for use, when the test-day comes, appear to be advantages that outweigh the minor inconveniences and uncertainties of the Examination-System.

The great aim of the University is to promote education, yet the pursuit of knowledge by original and individual research and investigation is not impeded or discouraged ; that will fitly follow, when Education is completed ;—when the mind and character have acquired that steadiness and equipoise which we expect to result from the prescribed range of studies.

We encourage the education of men, as men ; and when our Graduates in arts go forth into professional or other walks of life, or as inquirers in untrodden paths of science, having their moral and intellectual powers chastened and matured by a liberal and comprehensive training, and "illuminated by the light of general culture," the University will have done its legitimate work, and done it well.

Looking at the statement which I have already put before you of the result of the three years' work of the University, and to the large numbers of members of Convocation, as well as to the firm position which the University has taken in the colony, I venture to think that the hopes of the graduates, who are anxious to have the value of their degrees recognised by Royal Charter, may soon be realised.

I allow that in the case of the higher degree in arts, the number of graduates and the standard as yet attained are not altogether satisfactory ; the chief causes are that the most distinguished of the Bachelors of Arts win the valuable scholarships and proceed to Europe to complete their studies there ; and that those, whose circumstances compel them to remain here, either have failed to give themselves time enough or have wanted those facilities for the prosecution of the highest studies, which are acknowledged to be necessary and which would no doubt be soon provided, if the Professors and Lecturers who have to do with University students could be withdrawn altogether from the training of candidates for matriculation, which is the work of first-class schools. In spite of acknowledged deficiencies, it cannot, I think, be premature to approach the Crown with our prayer that the privilege extended to other Colonial Universities may be graciously conceded to us ; for in our case the probationary period, during fifteen years of which the Board of Public Examiners in literature and science was preparing the way, has been an unusually long one.

I regret to say that no further steps have been taken to give effect to the power vested in the University to confer degrees in medicine. In this respect, we fall short of the intentions of the founders of the University as well as of the status of other Colonial Universities. At Melbourne, in consequence of the urgent representation of the medical profession, a school of medicine was equipped in 1863, and it has steadily progressed to the present time, when 42 undergraduates are actually pursuing the five years' course of medical studies ; 23 have already completed the course and been admitted to the degree of M.B. ; and 10 more have passed the final examination for M.D.

I am not aware of any reason—pecuniary, climatic, or other—which renders the study of medicine less practicable here than in Australia ; and it is certainly felt as a grievance throughout the colony that facilities for entrance into the other professions are provided for our sons, but are denied to them in the case of the medical profession.

The Elementary Examination annually conducted under the direction of the University Council, with the view of furnishing some such stimulus and encouragement to the boys and girls of the elementary schools as are offered by the University Examinations to the pupils of our colleges and high schools, attracted this year 154 candidates, who were presented at seventeen different towns. The exact objects are still imperfectly understood, but the advantages of the test are fairly appreciated ; and application has now been made to the Council to provide a special test of female education in its higher branches. The report of the Committee of Council appointed to inquire into the matter is under consideration. I do not disguise the difficulties of ascertaining the qualifications of young women in such subjects as music and drawing, unless they can all present themselves for examination at one centre, like Cape Town ; but whatever may be the unavoidable delay in shaping out the details, the public may be satisfied that the subject is not lost sight of. In the meantime

as I am advised, it would be necessary to apply to the Government and Legislature for additional powers to institute this higher and special examination, and to grant certificates of proficiency to women. We are bound to look at female education from its highest point of view, and to regard chiefly those results of culture wherein lie the graces and attractions of domestic and social life, which can scarcely be brought within examination tests; and as to the purely intellectual part of the training, the tendency in England and elsewhere, as evidenced in the development of Girton College and similar institutions, is towards the same liberal course of study as that generally pursued in the Universities. At University College the experiment of mixed classes is said to have been successfully made, ladies being now admitted with the other students to the ordinary classes, such as in political economy, Roman law, and jurisprudence, and when the impression is gaining ground that the lines of study for women and for men must converge more and more to the same standards, it is well for us to pause before enacting an examination-statute which will put the higher education of women here on an altogether lower platform, and draw a distinctive and lasting line of demarcation between their curriculum and standards and those of other students. If an additional examination is to be instituted, my own opinion is in favour of special certificates to candidates, whether male or female, for whatever department of knowledge each may excel in. A student may have an aptitude for languages or physical science, or music, or drawing, and may wish to be tested by competent authorities, and to secure a certificate of proficiency in one or more such subjects. Thus, the elementary school examination and the matriculation examination of the University would be open to all, as the initiatory and final tests of a school education; and to those who wished for special certificates of excellence in particular departments, opportunities might be given without requiring them, of necessity, to pass through these general examinations; but in regard to the proposed restriction of such tests, I think that certificates of proficiency in drawing, music, &c., are just as desirable and just as valuable for students of the one sex as for those of the other.

I referred on a former occasion to the gradual recognition of the need for bringing our young men within the influences of University social life. There is no abatement of public feeling on this as well as on the other want that the highest available teaching-power should be maintained to carry students along the whole curriculum already prescribed for the degrees in arts and law, and ere long to be defined for the medical school. We cannot withdraw from the completion of what is successfully begun. I speak here the sentiments of many Professors and Lecturers and of the senior students; they complain of the hindrances now experienced in prosecuting University studies in institutions chiefly devoted to the preparation of candidates for the matriculation examination. The want is the natural outcome of our growth; and a complete separation between college and school is demanded. I do not contemplate any departure from the spirit in which the University now invites all, men or women, whether qualified by private study or in colleges and schools of their own choice, to come and have their intellectual attainments tested here, and to win the degrees and honours which the University is privileged to bestow; but it seems essential that the University itself should direct the highest educational work, and bring its members into free contact with the minds of the highest type in each department of know-

ledge during the whole of the four or five years' course. To do this, to complete the fabric, suitable buildings are needed, and permanent endowments; at present the University administers nearly £12,000 entrusted to it by benefactors for special purposes; but itself is dependent for its working expenses on an annual vote of Parliament; and its direction is rather a labour of love, both on the part of the examiners and of the Council, than of emolument. These words of mine are probably heard by some who, with strictly utilitarian views, argue for public endowments only in those departments of knowledge that are the direct and material sources of use and wealth to mankind; and in these days the applications of science are so varied and striking that knowledge and wealth appear in intimate connection; but a University is bound to encourage many parts of human knowledge and culture which cannot be regarded as having a direct application to the material uses of life; and yet, surely, there is an economical aspect in which every nation may be viewed as directly and truly enriched by all the intellectual acquisitions of its people; for whether our students pursue those parts of knowledge as the means of self-culture or for the investigation of truth, the reflex influence on society is an adequate return for the public endowment of the pursuit of knowledge; and will eventuate not only in spreading those virtues and mental qualities, whose value cannot be measured by the rules of political economy, but also in pushing forward inquiries into new fields of observation and research.

Charades.

No. 6.—The Storms.

'Twas afternoon in the summer time,
Within the shadowy Grove,
The birds were gaily singing
Their merry songs of love;
The sun shone forth in splendour,
And tranquil was the sky,
Until the thunder-clouds appeared
O'er yonder mountains high.
Then ceased each little warbler
To sing her songs that day,
For the blue sky and the sunshine
Were passing swift away.
Dark clouds were gathering o'er the scene,
And sultry grew the air,
The thunder and the lightning then
Proclaimed *my first* was there.
And when the storm had passed away,
The scene was changed again,
For a troop of warriors clad in mail,
Marched through that wooded glen.
Their burnished armour brightly shone
Beneath the setting sun.

Each bore *my second* in his hand,
As swiftly they sped on.
And as they turned to leave the glen
They raised their hands on high,
And pointed to my beauteous *whole*
Against the evening sky.
And thus they passed—then sank the sun
Beneath the sky serene.—
Night's mantle fell o'er hill and dell,
And closed the varied scene.

No. 7.—The Hunter.

Oh this world is a world of toil,
A world of toil and care,
And tho'it may have many sweets,
We know not where they are.

My first is one of this world's sweets,
And many a weary hour
I've wandered far in search of it,
In woodland, field, and bower.

I've sought it while I called aloud
To make *my second* hear,
And listened for her gentle voice
That voice to me most dear.

And when at length in my despair,
That voice I could not hear,
I've sat me down beneath the shade,
Despondingly, I fear.

But when my whole came gliding up
And placed her trust in me,
I cried earth's sweets will now be ours,
No matter where they be!

"For where thou goest I will go,"
O'er mountain, field, and fell,
And where thou stayest I will stay,
And search the spot full well.

Kimberley. M. E. Babrer.

Notes of the Month.

THE success which has hitherto attended the industry of ostrich-farming at the Cape appears to have attracted attention in various parts of the world. Information upon the subject is eagerly asked for; and from Europe, America, and Australia many are the inquiries made as to the processes of domesticating, breeding, rearing, herding, and feeding the birds, or of plucking and sorting their valuable and highly-esteemed feathers. This circumstance has led to the publication of an interesting and handsomely-illustrated work on *Ostriches and Ostrich Farming*, by Mr. Julius de Mosenthal, an old colonist, and Mr. J. E. Harting, F.Z.S.

The first portion of the book gives an elaborate account of the natural history of the ostrich, from the earliest Egyptian and Hebrew records down to the present day, when it has become a familiar domestic around the homesteads of the South African farmers, and in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, may be seen drawing a little car, as the amusement of a gentleman well known in the naturalist world. The second portion, written by Mr. Mosenthal, relates to ostrich-farming, and consists chiefly of quotations from Cape publications of the methods of domestication and breeding pursued in this colony. The notes of Dr. Atherstone, Mr. Hellier, and others are given at some length. There is also a report on the attempt made to acclimatize the bird in Australia, which it appears was not very successful. The management of artificial incubators is referred to, and an illustration given of a machine which was exhibited in the Cape Department of the Vienna Exhibition, said to be the design of a young engineer of Algiers, who made incubators his special study. Mr. Mosenthal however, in giving an extract, at p. 215, from Mr. Noble's "Descriptive Handbook of the Cape," falls into the error of mistaking Dr. Lawrence's incubator, improved by Mr. Beyers, of Stellenbosch, for the apparatus devised and patented by Mr. Douglas, of Hilton, near Graham's Town.

The most interesting and valuable chapter of the book to colonial readers, is that which refers to the feather trade, and the prospect of a profitable market being maintained, notwithstanding the increased production. It is significant that the average value per pound is now nearly as high as it was at its best, fifteen years ago. The Cape feather ranks next to the Egyptian for quantity, although not for quality or graceful shape; it is superior, however, as regards colour, and bleaches to a more perfect white. Dealers can at a glance distinguish from what locality the feather has come. They draw a distinction between Western and Eastern Cape feathers, the former (chiefly from Walwich Bay and Namaqualand), being considered of richer plumage than the latter. The most perfect in plumage, breadth, grace, and colour are the "Aleppo" from the Syrian desert, but they are very rare.

Mr. Mosenthal remarks:—"The difference between a feather from a wild and one from a tame bird is immediately perceptible to the connoisseur. The so-called 'tame feather' is much stiffer, has not the natural graceful fall of the wild feather, has 'galleries' in the quill, and even when dressed and curled, becomes stiff again after a time. Having a thin cut quill, it is also lighter than the wild

one. 120 best white tame feathers weigh 1 lb. or thereabouts; the same number of the finest white wild 'blood-feathers' weigh a pound, but in point of value they are worth more than double. Should the quantity of tame white feathers become trebled, or even quadrupled, within the next five years, they will still remain a staple article of commerce, and will not become, as some have predicted, 'a drug in the market.' This large increase in quantity, however, will naturally influence the value to a considerable extent. The total annual value of ostrich feathers at present exported from Egypt is £250,000, and from the Cape (South Africa), £230,000."

By the kindness of our friend, Mr. J. G. Fraser, of Bloemfontein, we have at last received a copy of Hofstede's *History of the Free State*. It is entitled "Geschiedenis van den Oranje Vrijstaat, in verband met een Korte Geschiedenis der aangrenzende Koloniën, vooral der Kaapkolonie, volgens bezworen verklaringen der Voortrekkers, en de archieven, documenten en proclamatien." The work is published by D. A. Thieme, 's Gravenhage, Holland, we believe, under the auspices of the Volksraad of the Free State. It is a neat, compact volume of 250 pages, with maps and lithographic illustrations—one an excellent portrait of His Honour President Brand, and others representing well-known events in the history of the Border Republic, such as the massacre of the Boers by the Zulus in Natal, the scene of the battle of Boomplaats, as well as the graves of the English officers who fell in that engagement; and the spot where the brave Wippener met his death when leading the assault on Thaba Bossigo, during the Basuto war. If it be true as Jean Paul Richter says: "The way to a mother's heart is through her children, and the way to a people's heart is through their language," this work, which is in Dutch, will be read with interest and instruction by the Dutch-speaking inhabitants of South Africa. It begins with a sketch of the early settlement of the Cape Colony, its occupation by the British Government, the relations of the colonists with the Kafir tribes, and the losses sustained by the frontier settlers from the insecurity of the colonial border. It refers to the dissatisfaction arising out of the method in which the slave-emancipation and compensation to owners of slaves was effected. Then succeeds an account of the emigrant Boers, who moved beyond the Orange River,—their adventurous career, and their tragic experiences in their encounters with the Zulus of Moselekatze and Dingaan. The narrative in all its main points is similar to that given by the late Judge Cloete in his well-known "Lectures;" but it is supplemented by the simple and interesting testimony of one or two of the old "Voortrekkers," who were living in the Free State till within a few years back. The story of one of them we shall probably reproduce in these pages hereafter; it is the sworn declaration of Charl Cilliers, of Harrismith,—a Boer of the characteristic Huguenot or Puritan stamp, who was notably as earnest and consistent in his religious devotions and life, as he was courageous, active, and ready, when occasion offered, to smite down his barbarian enemies "in the name of the Most High."

More than half the volume is filled with an account of occurrences within the Cape Colony and Natal; and the information given respecting the early history of the Free State itself is exceedingly meagre. We expected that the State historian would have thrown some new light upon the condition of affairs prior to 1842, and given us an account of the "Maatschappy Government" which the Boers

established amongst themselves There is only a rapid allusion to the events of that time; and the succeeding period, during which Major Warden was the British representative in the territory, is altogether passed over in silence. Yet it was during those years that the grievious blunders were committed which afterwards created a state of anarchy in the country, and frightened Earl Grey and the Imperial Government into the policy of abandoning the Sovereignty.

The history of the Free State, as told by Mr Hofstede, may be said to commence from the date of its constitution as a free and independent Republic, after Sir George Clerk had declared its abandonment by the British Crown. It seems affairs did not run very smoothly for some time afterwards. The first President, Mr. Hoffman, committed what was considered by the farmers a most serious offence — he gave a plough and a keg of fifty pounds of powder as a present to Moshesh, in token of his friendly relations with that chief. The Raad considered the act of supplying ammunition to a native potentate unpardonable, and a bloodless revolution which ensued resulted in Hoffman being deposed. Mr. Boshoff was then invited to take office as President; and he at once applied himself to the by no means easy task of establishing law and order. Whilst so engaged, Mr. M. W. Pretorius, the son of Andries Pretorius, of the Transvaal, visited Bloemfontein, and presented a demand to the Free State Volksraad, which was then in session, for payment of the gunpowder and lead expended by his father in the engagement at Boomplaats! Pretorius even went farther, it is said, and claimed sovereign title to the whole of the lands of the State. The answer he received was that if he did not quit Bloemfontein in twenty-four hours he would be committed to prison! With wise discretion he immediately left; but on reaching the Transvaal territory he raised a commando, with which he marched upon the Free State to enforce his claim. Boshoff being informed of this, mustered a force of eight hundred men, and met the invaders at the Rhenoster River. While the opposing parties were drawn up in battle array, the Transvaalers thought it best to negotiate for peace, and sent Paul Kruger, one of their commandants, with a flag of truce, to ask for a parley to enable them to arrange their differences. The result of this was that an agreement was entered into, mutually acknowledging the independence of each State, and Pretorius' claim fell to the ground. The young State, however, soon found that it had other and more serious troubles to contend with. The unsettled boundaries between the burghers and the Basutos led to a prolonged war, in which the resources of the State were quite exhausted, when President Brand accepted the call of his countrymen to go and help them.

There are some dark pages in the narrative of that Basuto war; and any one who would fairly judge of the feelings of the border settlers, in reference to their conflicts with the Kafir races, must read the accounts of what they had to endure, and realise the circumstances in which they are placed, when situate on their isolated farms, with no means of protection save their own strong right arm. Nothing is more common than to write down the Boers for their cruelty, and to write up the Basutos as specimens of the noble savage; but there are accounts in the pages before us of atrocities which would excite the most long-suffering order of flesh and blood to deeds of retaliation. Here is a specimen or two:—

"On the 27th June (1865), a number of Bastaard families were living at Rietspruit, who had formerly lived at Platberg under Carolus Baatje and Jurie Schalkwijk, but who being continually teased and oppressed by the Basutos, had received permission from our (Free State) Government to go and live at Rietspruit, across the Modder River, about four and a half hours from Bloemfontein. A few of them were in the field—the others, men, women, and children, were at home, not anticipating any danger. All at once a large number of Basutos came in sight, carrying a white flag before them. The Bastaards, being well-armed and good shots, put their guns aside, and quietly waited until the Basuto commando, under Paulus Moperi (brother of Moshesh), David Masoepa, and Sekelo (sons of Moshesh), came up to them. The Basutos shook hands with the Bastaards. Immediately an ox was slaughtered to entertain their numerous guests, and the chiefs of the Basutos and Bastaards sat friendly together down to their meal. The conversation turned upon the war. With hypocritica

candour they said they had come to murder and rob the Boers, but naturally had nothing against their friends the Bastaards. After they had satisfied themselves with the proffered good things, David Masoepa gave a signal with a small flute, and at once the massacre began. All the men and male children, even babes, were cruelly murdered. Even women shared the same fate. After the murder of a young woman, named Jannetje van Wijk, David Masoepa ordered the women to be spared, but the bloodthirstiness of the barbarians knew no bounds. The wife of Roelof van Wijk received six assegai wounds, another one seven; the wife of Stoffel van Wijk was shot through the thigh; a young child of Hendrik van Wijk was shot in the hip and thigh, whilst his mother, on whose back he was, was shot through the arm. Arie van Wijk and three other children, one of whom was a girl, were left for dead by the Basutos, but they revived afterwards. A Bastaard, happening to be near the scene of the massacre, hid himself in a cave, and brought the sad tidings to Bloemfontein. The Basutos took the prettiest women with them in an ox-wagon, and left the rest—sixty-seven in number—behind at Rietspruit. Fifty four men and boys were murdered on this occasion.

"Early in the morning of the next day, a great number of Kafirs neared the camp, or rather the female camp, of Jan Botes, surnamed Rich Jan, about midway between Winburg and Bloemfontein. Only six men defended the place where the women and children had taken refuge. As the Kafirs carried a flag of truce, Jan Botes ordered no shots to be fired. However, as soon as the Kafirs had dismounted, one of their number shot the schoolmaster, H. Schwim, through the hip, a second shot killed a coloured servant of Botes' and at the same time Botes received a fatal assegai wound. His wife at once withdrew the assegai. Botes' son Barend shot the murderer, but he almost at the same moment was mortally wounded. Another of Botes' sons, young Beukes, and a native, the only remaining men, made such good use of their weapons that the Kafirs retired. The men at once mounted three good horses, and carrying with with them a little child, rode for their lives, to try and get help. The poor wife of Schwim tried to bind up his wounds, and succeeded, with the assistance of some other women, to place him on to a horse, in order to get away from the scene of the murder. They were, however, soon overtaken by the enemy, who again sported the flag of truce. The Kafirs cried out, 'Do not be afraid, women; go to your waggons; it is already late.' They were obliged to obey, and returned to their tents, and the mutilated Schwim was carried inside, where his wife tried to allay his sufferings. The Kafirs then commenced to talk about the injustice of the President towards them. When they had told more than enough untruths about the subject, one of their number gave a signal, several shots were fired upon Schwim, and he was pierced with assegais and other weapons, in the presence of his poor wife, and then left unconscious, or as they thought dead. Now commenced the plundering and spoiling of everything by the Kafirs, and the women took to flight. They walked all night, and late the following morning arrived more dead than alive at the camp of Mr. Furstenburg. Two days after some men returned to the scene of this terrible massacre, and found Schwim then still alive. Dreadful must have been his sufferings, not even a drop of water or help of any kind. Before any assistance could be rendered him, however, he breathed his last. The young men rode all night before they got any assistance. The child they had with them was almost frozen. They were so doubtful about his living that they were going to leave him along the road, when the servant who was with them advised them to kindle a fire, and thus warm the child. He revived, and eight days afterwards the weeping mother recovered her two-year-old boy."

The Jan Botes above-mentioned (says the author in a foot-note) was well-known. He was nicknamed rich Jan Botes, the cattle-farmer, as he possessed some thousands of cattle. When Sir H. Smith proclaimed the Sovereignty, he, with many others, after the battle of Boomplaats, were fined. The Hon. Mr. Southey, it is said, came to him for payment of the fine. Pointing to a bag of gold, Botes said, "Take out as much as you must have, and leave me the rest."

When the Church at Bloemfontein was built, which is now about to be broken down, Botes was the man who advanced a large sum of money at a very low rate of interest. When the Kafirs plundered his camp they found, besides cattle, £800 sterling in gold.

Messrs. Silver & Co., of London, have issued a second and higher-priced edition of their *Hand-book of South Africa*. The work contains a large amount of general information respecting the Cape and Natal and the adjoining States; but its accuracy and reliability is sadly marred by the incorporation of a great deal of old data, which the rapidly-changing circumstances of the country now render comparatively worthless. An historical sketch, which occupies the first sixty or seventy pages of the volume, is also in its way an extraordinary medley. Mr. Theal's "Compendium" is acknowledged as the principal authority on this head; but very great license has been taken with the material that excellent work affords, and there are interpolations and additions which completely alter the text, and give quite a distorted view of some portions of the annals of the colony. As a specimen of many blunders, at page 16, we find that a jeremiad on the condition of the Colony in 1730 is gravely stated to have been written by General Janssens! and the comment is added that "Janssens may be said in that remarkable State document to have written without knowing it the epitaph of the Dutch rule in South Africa." In justice to the memory of the last of the Batavian Governors it is but right the compiler should be informed that General Janssens and his able coadjutor, Commissary De Mist, during their short administration—which only commenced in 1803 and ended in 1806—were the first to remedy the radical defects in the early mode of colonisation, and to lay the foundations of the political and commercial freedom from which this country now derives its prosperity.

In reference to more recent times similar mistakes are also noticeable. Fo instance, it is stated that the proposal for the introduction of convicts in 1849 did *not* originate with Lord Grey, and that some of the most influential and popular leaders at the Cape had urged the employment of British convicts in the building of the new breakwater in Table Bay. Again, in a succeeding page, it is set forth that it was only in 1850 that the colonists drew up a petition to Her Majesty asking for Representative Government. Such statements as these are apt to be accepted as gospel by readers who have no opportunities of being better informed; but those who are acquainted with the facts know well how inaccurate they are. Lord Grey, in his published despatches, has frankly acknowledged the mistake *he* had made in proposing to send convicts to the Cape; and the sentiments of the colonists regarding the question were clearly expressed many years before. As early as 1842, Mr. Ebden, Mr. Porter and Mr Fairbairn, "the popular leaders," raised their voices against the importation of any delinquents, adults or juvenile—eggs or bird; and Mr. Montagu, the Colonial Secretary in 1845, wrote a despatch for the Governor of the day, Sir Peregrine Maitland, respecting the employment of convicts on the breakwater, in which it was emphatically stated "that no advantage which could be derived from such a work would compensate for the evil likely to arise from a mixture of convicts with the population." The circumstances under which the present popular system of government was asked for and obtained are equally worthy of remembrance So far back as 1827 the British settlers petitioned for representative institutions. Afterwards, in 1841, the inhabitants of Cape Town, in public meeting assembled, asked for a Legislative Assembly; and Sir George Napier, who was then Governor, supported their request saying that "to the want of the people's participation in the management of their own affairs their ignorance and discontent are chiefly to be ascribed." Circumstances delayed for a time any favourable response to that request; but in 1848 Sir Harry Smith and his local Executive Council, as well as the Judges of the Supreme Court, having strongly recommended the Imperial Government to consent, Her Majesty's Letters Patent, granting a Parliament, were issued in May, 1850, although the ordinances constituting our Legislature did not come into effect until four years afterwards.

The accounts given of the newly-annexed native territories and the Border States are fresh and interesting; but even the details respecting them are not free from mistakes. Transvaal readers, for example, will be surprised to learn that the projected line of railway from Lorenzo Marquez to Delagoa Bay is to pass *through* the Lydenburg Gold-fields! And when it is added that the compiler acknowledges his indebtedness for information to the Consul General who represents the Transvaal in London, we can imagine that some friend in the Republic will enlighten that official as to the geography of the country. The railway now in construction from Delagoa Bay, and subsidised by the Portuguese Government, is to commence at a station named Bombei, on the English River (which is navagable some miles from its mouth), and is to be carried to Lotite at the foot of the Drakensberg. From Lotite, the Transvaal Government contemplate, at some future time, constructing the line over the Drakensberg, *via* Hamilton (New Scotland) to Pretoria. The Gold-fields are more than a hundred miles north of the projected line, and the station at Lotite will, in point of mileage, be as distant from Pilgrim's Rest as the Rest is now from Delagoa Bay. Lotite, however, may become an entrepôt for the Gold-fields, as well as for the Northern Transvaal, as, in the sickly summer season, the road from the "Rest" to Delagoa is frequently closed.

While thus directing attention to some of the mistakes which disfigure Messrs. Silver & Co.'s volume, with the hope that it may be properly revised and corrected, we most heartily acknowledge the importance and value of the work as a whole. The interesting contributions of Mr. Henry Hall on the physical geography, geology, and natural history of the country; Dr. Brown's notes on its vegetable life and productions, the memoranda on emigration and the land laws, and the gazetteer forming the appendix, comprise much useful and otherwise unattainable knowledge respecting the land we live in.

We have another book on the Cape which, no doubt, will, like the preceding, obtain attention among those in the mother-country who are making inquiry respecting the prospects we offer to European emigrants. It is entitled *Recollections of Twelve Years' Residence in the Western Districts of the Cape of Good Hope.* The writer is the Rev. J. O'Haire, who will be remembered by many as the zealous coadjutor of the late respected Bishop Grimley. Mr. O'Haire naturally addresses himself to his co-religionists, and gives an account of the mission work in which the Roman Catholic body is engaged here; but he also gives some lively and pleasant descriptions of his Cape life, and bears handsome testimony to the generous and truly Catholic spirit of the Cape community generally. He says:—"I will reiterate what I have already stated as to the good-will which binds class to class, nation to nation, and creed to creed at the Cape. . . . . I did not stand as 'a stranger in Jerusalem.' On the contrary, I moved through all classes in society, from the Governor to the most degraded beggar. I visited continually the prisons and hospitals, and houses of the people high and low; walked through streets, lanes, and polluted alleys, and met men of every colour, of every nationality, of every creed, of every position; and now, as the result of my experience, I can, with a well ordered conscience, assert that, all things being considered, Cape Town—and, indeed, I may say the same of the whole Western Vicariate, and probably of the whole Colony—is distinguished by mutual good feeling, great harmony, and an almost total abstinence of religious bigotry, which induces me to say that any man who desires a happy and comfortable dwelling-place, and who wishes to live in concord with his fellow-man, may well select the Cape of Good Hope. If lovely scenery, a healthy climate, land teeming with fertility and vast mineral wealth, are sufficient attractions to induce emigration, then all these can be obtained in South Africa. To suppose, however, that riches are to be obtained without sobriety and industry, is as great a mistake as to imagine that the Cape is a land of poverty. The great want is population. Tradespeople, especially carpenters, masons, and smiths; labourers, agricultural and others; and likewise agricultural and sheep farmers, with a small capital, would do well at the Cape.

A Scene in the Desert.

'Twas at midnight in the desert, where I rested on the ground,
There my Kafirs were sleeping and my steeds were stretched around ;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the mountains of Transvaal,
And bones strewed the sand, where formerly there must have been a kraal.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my blankets unfolded, over my limbs were lightly spread,
While beside me as the kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my rifle and revolver a shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture, sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed—lions in fancy—seen,
Or the animalish mutt'rings of some sleeping Kafir mean.

Only in the distance, I could hear the brooklet flow,
Murmuring gently, like some sweet spirit voices low :
Of past-gone times, of love, of dear happy golden days
Of manly worth and freedom and of truth and holy ways.

Suddenly there rose before me a majestic giraffe,
Hastening to the murm'ring waters, the refreshing draught to quaff ;
Parched with thirst, he skims the naked plain, his burning tongue to cool,
Kneeling, with extended neck, he drinks from out the cold clear pool.

Presently the rushes quiver ; on his back with fearful roar
Springs a Lion ;—what a steed !—were richer housings e'er before
Seen in prince's or knight's stall, or on the champing war-steed's sides
Than the spotted charger's trappings, which the desert king bestrides ?

In the muscles of the neck he digs his greedy fangs amain—
O'er the giant courser's shoulder waves the rider's yellow mane ;
With the hollow shriek of pain he starts,—and mad with fury flies ;
See ! the spotted leopard's skin, how with springbok's speed it vies !

See ! he strikes the moon-illumined plain, with foot, swift as the roc's,
Staring from their sockets start his bloodshot eyes, and trickling flows
O'er the brown bespotted neck the gory torrent's purple stain,
And the victim's beating heart resounds along the silent plain.

Like the cloud which guided Israel, to Yemen's promised land,
Like a genius of the waste, a phantom riding o'er the strand,
Whirling on, a sandy column, like a vortex in the skies,
Through the desert's sandy sea, behind the horse and rider flies,—

Whirling in their wake, the vulture pierces with his shriek the gloom,
And the fell hyena follows, desecrator of the tomb ;
And the panther, dread destroyer of the Boer's herds, gives chase ;
Drops of sweat and gore point out their grisly monarch's fearful trace.

Trembling they beheld their lord, as on his living throne he stood,
Tearing with his grisly fangs the chequered cushion, stained with blood.
Onwards, till his strength's exhausted, must the steed his burden bear,
'Gainst a rider such as this, 'twere vain to plunge and rear !

Stagg'ring on the desert's brink, the victim falls and gurgling lies
Dead,—besmeared with froth and gore,—the steed becomes the rider's prize.
While o'er Delgo, in the east the morning glimmers bright,
As Sol arises, and dispels that horrid dream of Night.

UMSIVAZ.

Meteorology.

FROM RETURNS FURNISHED BY THE COLONIAL METEOROLOGICAL COMMISSION.

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity.
ROYAL OBSERVATORY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August..	30·122	54·4	60·6	48·5	71·8	23rd.. ..	40·7	30th.. ..	6·066	12	79
SIMON'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August..	30·246	55·5	63·1	51·3	65·0	8th, 12th, 24th & 26th	46·5	30th.. ..	6·620	12	74
PORT ELIZABETH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
July ..	30·266	57·7	68·1	49·5	83·0	23rd.. ..	43·0	22nd.. ..	0·110	1	71
August..	30·177	56·6	60·1	49·6	90·0	24th.. ..	42·5	21st.. ..	1·490	2	74
WORCESTER.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
July ..	29·360	52·4	66·3	44·1	79·0	22nd.. ..	35·0	6th, 7th & 8th	2·460	3	71
August..	29·300	53·3	64·7	43·9	84·0	7th	36·0	26th, 29th, and 31st.	2·500	6	70
WELLINGTON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August..	28·779	52·5	62·6	46·2	76·0	23rd.. ..	35·0	13th.. ..	5·460	17	83

The Barometer readings are reduced to the Temperature 32° Fahr.; but no correction has been applied for height above the sea level, except for Port Elizabeth, where a correction of 0·180 has been applied throughout.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Subjection of Agriculture.

A Lay Sermon by a Frontier Colonist.

The part of Cassandra in social or political matters is one that is generally tabooed ; its occasional utility, however, must be admitted, and in all probability its utility would not be so very occasional were there not a very great difficulty, when the part is taken, in using people and things as though you loved them. In the following remarks, therefore, Cassandra shall be all but dumb, although to us at this moment there seems to be, in matters agricultural, a depression sufficient to excite the very gravest alarm, and a sickness "that doth infect the very life-blood of our enterprise." For in a country such as this, in which manufacturing industries are conspicuous by their absence, and which affords to the generality of its people few possibilities of enrichment by commerce, whatever touches agriculture carries with it damaging influences that penetrate to the very depths of society.

It seems unnecessary to bring forward any evidence in support of the statement that our agriculture has been so touched. From the extreme west, where efforts are being made to improve wine-farming by the formation of companies with capital, to the extreme east where a Cattle Diseases Commission has been for some months pursuing its labours, the statement seems tacitly admitted. Indeed, it is so generally admitted that, though there are a few who, like ostriches in the fabulous tales of travellers, cover up their heads as if afraid to look things in the face, the talk in connection with these matters most frequently turns upon the means best adapted to stay further depression, and to promote recovery. Some believing that the case of agriculture is beyond recovery, have abandoned it and have gone to dig for diamonds or for gold, or have turned their ploughshares and their pruning hooks into canteen-glasses or yard-measures. Some, more hopeful, seek for salvation in the direction of Excise privileges here and elsewhere, or in Fencing and Scab Acts, in Ministers of Agriculture and in professors of the Veterinary art, and what not. Others, again, look

eastwards for help from the nerveless coolie, or demand it from our own Legislature in the form of a compulsory Labour Act, or of some other kind of class legislation. While, lately, a member of the Legislature itself has made the suggestion that a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of an already over-worked Executive, should usher into being a leviathan Agricultural Society, whose heart should pulsate in Cape Town, whose covering fins should spread out over the length and breadth of the land, and whose tail should lash into activity the dreamy occupiers of the "morgen" and payers of quitrent.

There are exceptions to every rule of course. Here and there we find farmers who have held their own amidst difficulties neither few nor insignificant; just as we find a still more limited number that has prospered. But as a rule our agriculturists do not prosper; and, what is worse, large numbers of them have lost heart. Many are known to the writer who, say a dozen years ago, were cheerful, industrious, fairly prosperous men, living on unmortgaged farms, having comfortable homesteads, trim gardens, a mill perhaps, and well-kept and well-filled folds; but who are now dispirited, falling behind with their payments, having mortgages pressing upon them like nightmares, their dwelling-houses, mills and folds in a tumble-down condition, their gardens and lands choked with weeds, and their stock small in number and miserable in appearance. Others, again, are merely farmers in name; owners nominally of a large tract of land; they use it for growing a few cart-loads of vegetables for the market of the neighbouring village, or they use it as grazing for a few spans of oxen, with which they ride transport; or, doing neither of these, they have come to the last resource of cutting down the trees to sell as firewood. While, with reference to the few transfers of land that have been given lately by Europeans to natives, nothing further need be said than that these Europeans found that they could make more by placing the proceeds out at interest in a bank than by cultivating the ground, and that the land so parted with had a higher price offered for it by natives than by Europeans, for the evident reasons that the former had more money to offer and attached more value to the investment.

On the other hand, people following trades or professions mainly supported by farmers, have continued to do fairly well, although not so well as formerly. Plough importers, plough-wrights and cart-wrights still find no difficulty to speak of in earning something more than a living. Places of worship—from such ambitious and almost cloud-capped piles as those of Cradock, to the unpretending but servicable meeting-houses that dot our hill-sides—have been built and paid for out of farmers' money; the pulpits are filled by men who live in comparative comfort from a similar source; doctors have placed their hundreds with their bankers; agents have placed their thousands, and wool-buyers their tens of thousands. The farmers alone have been growing poorer, have been losing their capital, and are at least in as bad a condition as ever they were.

Meanwhile the hopes of many well-meaning men and of would-be benefactors of their species have been rudely shattered. Responsible Government was soon to educate the peasant in the way he should go politically; still, however, talk about a change of ministers is as unintelligible as Greek, or sounds like treason in their hearing. Multiplied churches were to be the means of bringing the consoling and stimulating influences of religion and of culture within easier reach, but worthy members have found that thereby duties have devolved upon them in connection with the spiritual flock in too many cases incompatible with the well-being and the well-doing of the other flock. Doctors being placed as thick as blackberries, the sick were to be speedily healed, or those in pain as speedily relieved, the aggregate comfort of the community being thereby to be largely increased; but farmers have found that for every pain cured by the doctors, a dozen have come in its place, and, worst pain of all, more money has had to be made to pay the fees. By the founding of new villages and the subdivision of large into smaller districts, dispensers of justice were to be made more accessible to long-suffering masters; but instead of these magistrates having become a terror to evil-doers, evil-doers have become a terror to them, while if justice has been brought to every door, this has not been unattended by the escape of bread through the window. Schools were everywhere hailed as the means of bringing the one thing needful to the farmers' children, who were thus sure of becoming comforts and blessings to their parents; but somehow or another, along with much reading and grammar, the boys did not acquire a knack of rearing lambs successfully or an adroitness in the management of *brandzekte;* while the girls, for the flimsy accomplishments of pianoforte playing or flower painting, have bartered a knowledge of the vulgar arts of butter or soap making—boys and girls thus leaving their father and his old-fashioned mate to cope unaided and unsympathised with in their troubles. And, last of all, a plenteous crop of country shops, by supplying his necessities in an economical and convenient way, was to spare the farmer much tear and wear of carts and harness in trips to the still distant town, and was to keep his domestics out of the way of such irresistible temptations as unmeasured bags of sugar and coffee; but little wants kept growing upon the household, and when the wool was taken down to pay for them, the balance to credit was easily carried home; while, by the same means, the opportunities of having a little refreshment, a gossip and a pipe with neighbours, were so facilitated, that in too many cases shopping at the country store soon became the serious business of life.

Meanwhile, also farmers' congresses and cognate bodies, impressed with the conviction that the subjection of agriculture is caused by political evils, are exercised with the needed political reforms. Now if farmers have any special disabilities traceable to errors in our political system, it is in the highest degree

expedient that these should be discussed with a view to their being rectified; and we are free to confess that our political system is not so perfect but what some of the troubles of farmers may be justly attributable to such a cause. But in such discussions there has been a tendency to attribute to such imperfect adjustments a significance which to thoughtful men in other classes has appeared exaggerated and illegitimate, and which has too often diverted men's minds from truer sources of calamity. We remember, for instance, some weeks ago listening to a farmer at a farmers' meeting speaking to a motion that a Minister of Agriculture ought to exist in this country. In the opinion of the speaker, almost every ill, past, present, or prospective, that agriculturists had suffered or were likely to suffer from in this Colony, from bad grass up to locusts and the dreaded Colorado beetle, could have been, and was indeed still to be removed or prevented by the appointment of such a minister. "But what is the use" said the speaker, "of my making known our grievances or our wants? We suffer from one overwhelming misfortune in this Colony, and that misfortune is that we are whites. If we farmers were only black—not painted black, for we are that, but born black—Government would soon take an interest in us; but as we are naughty whites, we are nobody's children, and therefore uncared for." And in addition to this, when they have met together as members or as representatives of a class, presumably therefore to deal with questions affecting them as such, farmers have shown some tendency to discuss questions which do not so affect them exclusively, but which concern them only in common with all the other members of the body politic. In this way they have incurred blame as meddlers and busybodies; they have forgotten that the agricultural interest, large and important though it be, is not co-extensive with the State.

In all probability much of the present depression is to be explained by the fact that agriculture in this country is in a transition epoch. This epoch is marked on the one hand by the passing of that period in which produce could be raised or stock profitably kept by the observance of a rude, simple and primitive method in which rule of thumb practice was sufficient to ensure success; and on the other hand by the near prospect of another period the characteristics of which are increasing difficulties in the way of maintaining production at its proper level, and the necessity of larger supplies of labour, capital, and intelligence to make such production profitable. The problem for solution therefore seems to be of this nature, to maintain and even to increase production, with a gradually diminishing area suitable for our one industry of depasturing sheep, with a diminished capital in the coffers of those who follow that industry, their average intelligence being at the same time not higher than it was when the simple and easier method was all-sufficient. And if this is the problem, it must at once appear that our situation is a very grave one. No adequate solution of the problem is here professed to be

offered, for rightly to handle it, there is need of a much greater ability than belongs to the writer. He will be content to throw out a few remarks, in the hope that others may be induced to reflect upon the question, and thus draw to the subject the interest and attention which it deserves. Into the merits of such suggested restoratives as Fencing Acts, stringent Scab Acts, and Masters and Servants' Acts, &c., it is not proposed to enter. Readers of our Parliamentary debates are already familiar with all that can be said about them. We believe that such measures, if not likely to be altogether barren of result in the present juncture, at all events have had their value over-rated ; but we leave our reasons for saying so to be inferred rather than directly put. Nevertheless it will not do to stand still with our arms folded and to allow things to take their course. The time may have come also when it is necessary that some views which have long been accepted should be reconsidered.

Is it sound policy, for instance, that so many of our farmers, and especially those who have but a small capital, should be the real or nominal owners of large tracts of country ? Doubtless those who have command of a fair amount of capital may be justified in working as large a concern as they can possibly acquire ; but whatever opinion we may entertain on the expediency of large as opposed to small holdings, it can scarcely be sound that men with small capital should invest that in land which has to be mortgaged, at rates which are certainly high when we consider the value of the produce, in order to obtain money for the purchase of implements and stock. Such a system cannot be remunerative unless prices should be much more favourable to producers than they have been. And there can be but little doubt that this system has been very disastrous of late, more especially in some parts of the Frontier. Many, for instance, have in these parts lost all their sheep by disease, and, with them have lost what may be called their working capital. Then, before any endeavour was made to find out the cause of the mortality, these have been replaced by others, or perhaps with ostriches or goats, and by means of money raised on mortgage. The new stock has again been carried off by similar disease, and the farmers have been ruined; they have been victimised because they did not know what to do.

Granting that no one could have foreseen these disasters, which is questionable, with the experience we have now had, would it not be better for those who hereafter meet with such losses, at once to have their land divided into small holdings and sold, one such holding with a suitable grazing patch being retained, which, with the capital thus raised, could be worked to the best advantage until a season of prosperity set in again ? There are hundreds, and perhaps thousands of natives who would gladly buy and who can pay for such small holdings ; while, if there was an invincible dislike to selling, the holdings could for a time be let to tenants of the same class, and if we could but rid ourselves of some of our prejudices and suspicions, we should in all probability find

that such an arrangement would be to the common advantage, for the Kafir in his own country is not a bad agriculturist, and by mixing more with his betters he would improve more quickly and would also all the sooner acquire tastes which would make him a more profitable member of the State.

Further, the cry is for increased population and for white immigrants, but what sort of white immigrants will be tempted to our shores if we have no land to offer them? One difficulty in the way of increasing the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police is that when their time is up, there are no lands on which they can be located, and that there is therefore the danger of the time-expired men swelling the ranks of the loafers. Is it utterly impracticable and visionary—for that is the favourite word with the immovable routinists—for the Orphan Chamber, for instance, or for some large and well-organised land company, or even for the State, to select such holdings and to offer them to immigrants on easy terms?

Must we go on for ever living in a feverish dread of what old women of both sexes call organic change, and which they label "the way to madness?" The reply generally made is that there is no market for the produce. But has this country ever suffered from over production? Would there be more or less comfort in the land if the prices of food were just a trifle lower all round? Besides, railways are costing us millions, and surely we ought to be able to do something more with them than to run a few bales of wool down to port and to bring back a few more notions. But how are we to produce in any abundance when landowners retain four or five times more land than they can manage, when white agricultural labourers refuse to leave their own country unless they can by so doing cease to be labourers, and when our natives are indifferent about hiring themselves for service? Along the routes of projected railways no signs are visible of preparations for taking advantage of them. Further still, we hear it constantly said that the number of sheep-runs no longer fit to maintain sheep, is on the increase; yet their owners continue to work on in the old groove.

If we cannot change with the times, we shall certainly suffer the fate of all organisms that are too rigid and unyielding. Nature, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master; and if she shows signs of becoming dominant under one system, then that system must be changed, and more intelligence must be imported to cope with her blind and apparently purposeless agencies.

(*To be continued.*)

To South Africa.

(1877.)

Land of the three oceans, England's coming Eden,
Earth's long duty-bounden daughter, Heaven's long-decreed on,
Holy Union stalketh hither, thee at length to lead on;
Thee at length looks at and loves,
Thee at length inspires and moves,
Breaketh up at length the rock of rage around thy heart,
Poureth oil in whilom wounds and sorrow in the smart,
And bindeth up thy charms in bonds too brave for common death to part.

Land of the vine and fig-tree, thou art all awearied;
Waiter and watcher thou thereunder, what time ne'er appeared
Over the sea a gleam for thee of love from thine endeared;
She, thy mother, she, thine other,
Thought and bought for son and brother;
Thou, their daughter, was the cast-off, caricatured, accurst,
Thou, the unconsidered, never wast by mother nursed;
A wonder thou art to thyself that God had saved thee from His worst.

Land of the late rejoicing, hope of the new ages,
Bury and set seal upon thy death and sorrow pages,
See at the last how great a good thine equal soul engages;
Comes apace thy bridal hour,
Thou, the beautiful by dower,
Never hast lost the charm which now shall never know remove;
I see thee lift thy jewel-eyes unto thy Sun; unglove
And give thy finger, maiden,—thou, the bridegroom—Empire's latest love.

H.

Graham's Town.

Zafiq Nursery Tales.

THE STORY OF THE CANNIBAL MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

THERE was once a man and a woman who had two children, a son and a daughter. These children lived with their grandfather. Their mother was a cannibal, but not their father. One day they said to their grandfather, "we have been long with you, we would like very much to go and see our parents." Their grandfather said, "Ho! will you be able to come back? Don't you know your mother is a cannibal?" After a time he consented. He said, "You must leave at such a time that you may arrive there in the evening, so that your mother may not see you, only your father."

The boy's name was Hinazinci. He said, "Let us go now, my sister." They started when the sun was set. When they arrived at their father's house, they listened outside to find out if their mother was there. They heard the voice of their father only, so they called to him. He came out, and when he saw them he was sorry and said, "Why did you come here, my dear children, don't you know your mother is a cannibal?"

Just then they heard a noise like thunder. It was the coming of their mother. Their father took them inside and put them in a dark corner, where he covered them with skins. Their mother came in with an animal and the body of a man. She stood and said, "there's something here, what a nice smell it has!" She said to her husband, "Sohinazinci, what have you to tell me about this nice smell that is in my house? You must tell me whether my children are here." Her husband answered, "what are you dreaming about? They are not here."

She went to the corner where they were, and took the skins away. When she saw them, she said, "my children, I am very sorry that you are here, because I must eat people." She cooked for them and their father the animal she had brought home, and the dead man for herself. After they had eaten, she went out.

Then their father said to them, "When we lie down to sleep you must be watchful. You will hear a dancing of people, a roaring of wild beasts, and a barking of dogs in your mother's stomach. You will know by that she is sleeping, and you must then rise at once and get away."

They lay down, but the man and the children only pretended to go to sleep. They were listening for those sounds. After a while they heard a dancing of people, a roaring of wild beasts, and a barking of dogs. Then their father shook them, and said they must go while their mother was sleeping. They bade their father farewell and crept out quietly, that their mother might not hear them.

At midnight the woman woke up, and when she found the children were gone she took her axe and went after them. They were

already a long way on their journey when they saw her following them. They were so tired that they could not run. When she was near them, the boy said to the girl, "My sister, sing your melodious song; perhaps when she hears it she will be sorry, and go home without hurting us." The girl replied, "She will not listen to anything now, because she is in want of meat." Hinazinci said, "Try my sister, it may not be in vain."

So she sang her song, and when the cannibal heard it, she ran backwards to her own house. There she fell upon her husband and wanted to cut him with the axe. Her husband caught hold of her arm and said, "Ho! if you put me to death who will be your husband?" Then she left him, and ran after the children again.

They were near their grandfather's village, and were very weak when their mother overtook them. The girl fell down, and the cannibal caught her and swallowed her. She then ran after the boy. He fell just at the entrance of his grandfather's house, and she picked him up and swallowed him also. She found only the old people and the children of the village at home, all the others being at work in the gardens. She ate all the people that were at home and also all the cattle that were there.

Towards evening she left to go to her own home. There was a deep valley in the way, and when she came to it she saw a very beautiful bird. As she approached it, the bird got bigger and bigger, until at last when she was very near it, it was as big as a house, (*i.e*, a native hut).

Then the bird began to sing its song The woman looked at it, and said to herself, "I shall take this bird home to my husband." The bird continued its song, and sang, "I am a pretty bird of the valley, you come to make a disturbance at my place." The bird went slowly towards her, still singing its song. When they met, the bird took the axe from the woman, and still sang the same song.

The cannibal began to be afraid. She said to the bird, "Give me my axe, I do not wish for your flesh now." The bird tore one of her arms. She said, "I am going away now; give me what is mine." The bird would not listen to her, but continued its song. She said again, "Give me my axe and let me go. My husband at home is very hungry, I want to go and cook food for him." The bird sang more loudly than before, and tore one of her legs.

She fell down and cried out, "My master, I am in a hurry to go home. I don't want anything that is yours." She saw that she was in danger. She said to the bird again, "You don't know how to sing your song nicely, let me go and I will sing it for you." The bird opened its wings wide, and tore open her stomach. Many people came forth, most of them alive, but some were dead. As they came forth, she caught them and swallowed them again. The two children were alive, and they ran away. At last the woman died.

There was great rejoicing in that country. The children returned to their grandfather, and the people came there and made them rulers

of the country, because it was through them the cannibal was brought to death. The girl was afterwards married to a son of the great chief, and Hinazinci had for his wife the daughter of that great one.

[I first heard the above story from a Tembu child, and concluded that it was nothing more than a Tembu version of the common Kaffir story published in one of the numbers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for 1875, under the title of "The Runaway Children, or the Wonderful Feather." But I have since been led to doubt that such is the case, though there are several strong points of resemblance between the two. The actors are the same, viz., a cannibal woman, a boy, a girl and a bird. The axe (or cutting instrument of the natives which has been replaced by the axe) enters into both stories. But the narrative differs in every way, and as both these stories are sometimes told by the same person, we may conclude that they are distinct from each other. The story here given is not one of the best known among the frontier clans. Among fifty or sixty children, drawn together from different parts of the country, to whom I repeated it, only two had heard it before at their own homes. The one which follows is pretty generally known, and is decidedly one of the best told to little folks.]

THE STORY OF KENKEBE.

There was once a great famine in a certain country, and the people were obliged to eat wild plants to keep themselves alive. Their principal food during this time was nougwes (*Hypoxis*, page 385, "Harvey's Gen. S.A. Plants"), which they dug out of the ground. There was living at that place a man called Kenkebe, and one day his wife said to him, "My husband, go to my father and ask him to give us some corn." The man said, "Yes, I will go."

So he rose up early in the morning, and went on till he arrived at his father-in-law's village, where he was received with every mark of kindness. A very large ox was killed for his entertainment. It was so large that it was six days before it was all eaten. His father-in-law asked of him the news. He said, "there is no news to tell to friends. All the news is this, that at my home there is not a grain to be eaten. Famine is over our heads. Will you give us some corn, for we are dying?"

His father-in-law gave him seven bags, *i.e.*, skins of animals dressed entire, full of millet, and his wife's sisters went with him to carry them. When they came to a valley close by his home, he told his sisters-in-law that they could now go back to their father. They said, "how will you be able to carry all these bags alone?" He replied, "I will be able to carry them all now, because we are not far from my home." So those girls went back to their father.

Then he carried the bags one by one, and hid them in a cave under a great rock that was there. Afterwards he took some of the millet and ground it. When it was ground very fine he made it into

cakes just like nougwes. Then he dug some nougwes out of the ground, and went home to his wife. He said to her, "there is a great famine at your father's also. I found the people there eating themselves."

He told his wife to make a fire. Then he pretended to cut a piece of meat from his thigh, and said, "so are they doing at your father's village. Now, my wife, let us do the same." His wife cut a piece from her leg and roasted it. The piece that Kenkebe put on the fire was some that he had brought home with him.

The little boy of Kenkebe said, "Why does my father's meat smell nice in roasting, and my mother's meat does not smell nice?" Kenkebe answered, "It is because it is taken from the leg of a man." After this he gave to his wife some nougwes to roast. He took for himself some of those he had made of corn. The little boy said, "Why do my father's nougwes smell nice in roasting, and my mother's do not smell nice?" Kenkebe said, "It is because they were dug by a man." After eating, he went outside, but he had dropped one of his nougwes by the fire. When he went out, the boy found the nougwe. He broke it in two and gave half to his mother. He said, "there is a difference between our nougwes and those of my father." His mother said, "Yes, my child, this one is made of corn."

The next morning, just at the first beginning of dawn, Kenkebe got up and went away with a pot in his hand. The boy was awake, and saw his father go out. So he called to his mother, and said, "Mother, mother, wake, my father is going away with the pot in his hand." So she got up, and they followed after Kenkebe. They saw him go to the cave, where he took some corn out of one of the bags and began to grind it. Then they went on top of the rock, and rolled a big stone over.

When Kenkebe saw the stone coming he ran away, but it followed close behind him. He ran down the valley, the stone kept running too. He jumped into a deep hole in the river, down went the stone too. He ran up the hill, up went the stone also. He ran over the plain, but whenever he turned to look, the stone was there just behind him. So it continued all that day. At night he reached his own house, and then the stone stopped. His wife had already gone home, and had taken with her one of the bags of corn.

Kenkebe came in crying. His wife said to him, "Why do you cry as if you were a child?" He said, "Because I am very tired and very hungry." She said, "Where are your clothes and your bag?" He replied, "I was crossing a river, and I fell down. The stream took my mantle, and my bag, and my kerries, and everything that was mine, away with it." Then his wife gave him his mantle, which she had picked up when he was running away, and she said to him, "You are foolish to do such things. There is no food for you to-night."

The next morning Kenkebe rose early and went out to hunt with his two dogs. The name of the one was Tumtumse, and the name of the other was Mbambozozele. He found an eland with a young calf, which he drove to his place. He cut an ear off the calf and roasted it in the fire. It was fat, and he liked it so much that he cut the other ear off and cooked it also. Then he wished to kill the calf, but he said to himself, "If I kill this calf I shall not be able to get milk from the eland."

So he called his two dogs, and said to the one, "Tumtumse, my dog, if I kill this calf, will you imitate it and suck the eland for me?" The dog said, "No, I will bark like a dog." Kenkebe said, "Get out of my sight and never come near me again, you ugly, useless animal" He said to the other, "Mbambozozele, my dog, if I kill this calf, will you imitate it and suck the eland for me?" The dog said, "I will do so."

Then he killed the calf and ate it. He took the skin and put it upon Mbambozozele, so that the eland thought it was her calf that sucked before Kenkebe milked her. But one day the dog was sucking too long, and Kenkebe wanted him to leave off. He tried to drink just a few drops more, when his master got angry and struck him with a stick. Thereupon the dog began to howl, and the eland saw how she had been deceived. At once she ran after Kenkebe and tried to stick him with her horns. He ran one way and the eland ran after him, then he ran another way, and still the eland chased him. His wife came out and saw him running. She cried out to him, "jump up quickly on the big stone." He did so, and the eland ran with such fury against that stone that it broke its head and fell down dead.

They then cut the eland up and wanted to cook it, but there was no fire. Kenkebe said to his son, "Go to the village of the cannibals that is on that hill over the valley, and ask for some fire; but do not take any meat with you, that they may not smell it" The boy went, but he hid a piece of meat and took it with him. When he got to the first house he asked for fire, but they sent him to the next. At the next they sent him further, and so he had to go to the house that was furthest away. An old woman lived there. The boy gave her a little piece of meat, and said, "do not cook it till I am far away with the fire." But as soon as the boy was gone, she put it on the coals. The smell came to the noses of the cannibals, and they ran to the place and swallowed the old woman, and the meat, and the fire, and even the ashes.

Then they ran after the boy. When he approached his own house, he cried out, "Hide yourselves you that are at home" His father said, "my son is saying we must gather wood that will make coals." His mother said, "No, he is saying we must hide ourselves." The boy cried again, "Hide yourselves." Then his mother hid herself in a bush; an old woman that was there covered herself with ashes, and Kenkebe climbed up into a tree, with the breast of the

eland in his hand. The boy slipped into a hole that was by the side of the path.

The cannibals came to the place. First they ate the eland. Then one of them said, "Search under the ashes." There they found the old woman, and they ate her. Then he said, "search in the tree." There they found Kenkebe. He cried very much, but they would not spare him. They ate him and the breast of the eland. Then the wise one said, "look in the bush." They looked there and found the wife of Kenkebe They said, "we will eat her another time," and so they took her home with them. They did not look for the boy.

The woman made a plan to escape. She made beer for the cannibals, and they all came to drink. They sat together in a big house, and drank very much beer. Then she said, "can I go out?" They said, "you can go, but come back quickly." She said, "shall I close the entrance?" They said, "close it." Then she took fire and put on the house, and all those cannibals were burned to death. So the woman escaped, and afterwards lived happily with her son.

T.

Victoria East, December, 1876.

The Land Tenure of the Colony.

Five years after the occupation of the Cape by the Dutch East India Company, in 1652, the first distribution of land to European settlers took place. The peninsula, extending as far as Salt River and the sandy waste forming the isthmus separating Table Bay from False Bay, comprised the whole Colony. The exact number of settlers at that time was 144—one hundred of these being paid servants of the Company, ten burghers (citizens or freemen), six married women, twelve children and the remainder a few convicts and slaves. For the advancement of agriculture, in order to raise the needful supplies for the Company's ships, the burghers were placed on the grounds skirting Table Mountain which were granted to them *in freehold*, or "full property." At the outset they were, for a few years, exempted from the payment of all taxes; but subsequently they were liable to an assessment, the Company exacting a tenth of what they raised from their lands, as well as that all their produce or stock should be disposed of at such prices as the Company considered "fair and reasonable."

Adjacent to these freehold properties, or cultivated lands, there were patches of ground which were given, as an addition, *on loan* for pasturing stock or other purposes, but which still remained the property of the Company.

As the settlement extended, larger places were granted for grazing purposes, subject generally to a small annual payment or "recognitie." These "loan-leases" or "request places" were usually issued upon the description of the applicant, without previous inquiry by the authorities; but all contained a condition that the lands should not be "too near" to the Company's farm close to Cape Town, although the situation of some of them was beyond the Gouritz River, more than a hundred miles away!

How the European population thus spread, without plan or order, during the past century may be inferred from the remarks of Governor Janssens in 1804. Writing to his friend, the Baron van Hogendorp (who had consulted him on a scheme of introducing emigrants from Holland), Janssens drew the following picture of the irregular manner in which the country was colonised:—

"Anyone desiring a loan farm, selects the spot he deems suitable, plants his mark, and puts down his name for it, for a while to make trial of it, or to see whether anyone has ground for objection, if not, he gets it on loan, on an annual permission. The rights thus possessed, extend a half-hour in all directions round his mark. From these circumstances, from the sterility of the dry ground, and the nakedness of the hills it results—that a population of about 20,000 (Hottentots and slaves not included) have *almost occupied the whole country*. It is evident that each person wishing to establish himself, sought for a place where there was an abundant supply of water. Few of these were to be had, that had not been secured in the first instance. . . . . In later days spots were taken with avidity where there was water for only a part of the year. . . . Many persons have three, four, five or more farms. From this mode of allowing farms to be selected it arises that *much ground remains, and must remain undisposed of.* For instance, a mark stands an hour-and-a-half from the next. The intermediate space is too small for a farm, and though anyone should be content with it, it would be unfit for the purpose, as, almost to a certainty, the water will be found within the bounds of the adjoining farms. The want of farms is already so great, that hardly a rill of water issues from a hill, provided it runs constantly, but a farm is taken there on loan. On my journey many hundred applications were made to me for lands as well beyond the boundaries, as in places within them, where corn could be sown, or cattle kept for a part of the year. Of those remaining within the limits very few could be granted without 'injury to the neighbours.' Here you have a brief sketch of the character of the country. Were there disposable land in the interior a few people might derive from it an indolent subsistence, but it would return nothing to the absent proprietor. . . . Of all the articles that can be produced here, there is nothing, in my opinion, more likely to answer than the introduction of Spanish sheep. The wool that has been grown is of superior quality, and capable of becoming our best export."

Besides the grant of freeholds and the occupation of the loan-places before-mentioned, another tenure also existed during the Dutch Company's administration of the Colony. This was a system of quitrent leases, limited to fifteen years, at the termination of which period (unless the lease was renewed) the lands reverted back to the Company, the out-going tenant, however, receiving a proper valuation for any buildings or plantations.

When the British Goverment took over the country, one of the early Governors, Sir John Cradock, considered that the loan tenure was injurious to the public interest, inasmuch as it maintained an uncertainty with regard to proprietorship which prevented the holders from applying their means to such improvement and cultivation of their land as they would do in case they had no right of re-assumption to apprehend. It was then resolved in 1813 to grant to the occupiers of all lands on loan, who chose to apply for the same, their places or holdings on "perpetual quitrent"—an annual payment, dependent on the value and circumstances of the land—which is the essential feature of the present land laws of the Colony.

Such, in brief, is a re-capitulation of tne different tenures of landed property at the Cape from the earliest period to the present time.

Our attention has been directed to this subject by a very interesting report contained in the Blue-book recently issued by the Surveyor-General, Mr. A. de Smidt. It contains a *fac simile* and copy of the different forms of grants issued at various times, and also a valuable memorandum prepared by Mr. L. Marquard, Examiner of Diagrams, giving the substance of the correspondence between Governor Cradock and Sir John Truter on the origin and rights of loan-places and quitrent grants.

The first title to land on the freehold tenure, it appears, was issued in 1657, but no registry, survey or deed of conveyance was made until 1685, when our admirable Colonial Deeds Registry was commenced. "These freehold grants," says Mr. de Smidt, "were upon no fixed principle as regards payment. In some cases payment was demanded; in many cases they were made in consideration of services rendered to the Government, and in some cases gratuitously, so far as the title-deeds themselves show. The conditions attached to these grants were in most cases very stringent. For instance, the grantee was obliged to deliver into the Company's magazines the tenth of the harvest of grain; to allow thoroughfare, in the majority of cases without compensation; he was compelled to cultivate to the full extent of the capability of the land, to plant trees, and prohibited from cutting the latter unless he planted other trees in their stead. For breach of any of these conditions the land was forfeited. There are very few instances of grants in absolute fee simple; the words "vollen en vryen eigendom" (full and free property) are indeed used, but the tenure was burthened with what must have been, even in those days of patient submission to rigid paternal rule, irritating and difficult conditions."

The following is a translation of the "Earliest Property Title":—

"By the Commander and Council of the Castle of Good Hope, at the Cape of Good Hope, has been granted and allowed, as by this is granted, allowed, and given to Jacob Cloeten, of Cologne, free burger at this place, at his request, in full property, certain piece of land situated in the great field on the pass between Table Bay and False Bay, behind the Table, and eastwards of the Bush Mountains on the other or east side of the fresh river called Liesbeek, bounded on the north by the uncultivated lands between Steven Jansz and this Jacob Cloeten, to the south by Harmen Remaijenne, to the west by the said Liesbeek, and to the east by the sandy and waste land, with the view to the above and the mountains of Afriea on the other side, straight east, to the north and west to the south on the south side (broad, one hundred and ninety-five roods), and on the north side, almost of the same extent, but becoming a little narrow on account of the river (broad, one hundred and seventy-seven roods), on the east end, south-south west, and north-north east (eighty roods), and also on the west side of the said river south to the west and north to the east (fifty-seven roods), thus making altogether twelve thousand square roods, or twenty morgen of land, as is shown by the pertinent drawings made of it in the above figure, No. 9, by Pieter Potter, the Company's surveyor; with authorisation, by virtue of this, to sow on the said piece of land, wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, beans, rice, and other grain, and to take full possession of it and keep it; and this without the least taxes, for a period of twelve years, expeet the little eorners and nooks of land situated along the river-side, whieh he shall, in addition, have in loan, and shall remain the property of the Hon. Company; but, like other free men, he shall be at liberty to use the same for gardening, &e., and also for building his house and barns on, after the survey, to be made by the said Company's surveyor; provided that he shall not be allowed to sell, let, or allienate any part of it, nor any uncultivated land in his possession, and that also with the knowledge and with communication of the Hon. Commander and Council aforesaid in the place of a bond of hypothecation; and, also, that he, like other free men, further, after the expiration of the aforesaid twelve years, shall remain subject to pay such impositions and duties; also, that he shall allow all sueh public roads, as by the authorities here, with the approval of our Lords principal, may be made on the same, or hereafter still may be planned or ordained to be constructed for the service of the Hon. Company and the common good; he remaining bound to keep and watch all such redoubts and watch houses as have already been made by the Hon. Company for the protection of the lands of the free men, and may still be made; everything subject to the approval and pleasure of our Lords and Masters aforesaid."

Below stood: Given in the Castle Good Hope, adj., 10th October, 1657, and was signed J. van Riebeek, and on the margin was the seal of the Company in red sealing wax, under which stood: By order of the above-mentioned Masters by me, and was signed Abraham Gablena, Secretary.

Concordat,

(Signed) J. C. de Grevenbroek, Secretary.

Mr. Moodie records that Jacob Cloeten, to whom the above grant was made, was very favourably noticed by Van Riebeek. He was one of the most respectable colonists of the time; none other cultivated so much land. In 1664, he was illegally fined, without being even named in the indictment, for an offence confessedly committed by others (perhaps in his employ), but who could not pay like him. In 1668, again, he, in common with others, was convicted of the heinous offence of "buying cattle from the natives at five times the rate paid by the company." He was then not only fined in the large sum of 50 rix dollars, but also sentenced to the "infamous punishment" of flogging, although the lash was remitted, at the intercession of good friends.

In the year 1732 the tenure of quit-rent was introduced under authority of a notice or placaat issued by "Our Lords and Masters," the Company. The main principle of this tenure was that "de Heer behoudt zyn recht," which means that the Sovereign remained the rightful lord of the soil so long as no part of it was granted in absolute freehold. The term of the quitrent leases was fifteen years, and the rent varied according to capability; but the ordinary rate was from four to six skillings (2¼ pence) per morgen. With respect to this tenure, Fiscal Truter states in his letter to Deputy Colonial Secretary Bird, dated 11th February, 1812, "Quitrent is not resumable annually, but expires at the end of fifteen years, after which the Government has the right to resume the land without paying anything more to the tenant than the value of the buildings and plantations." The leases were made renewable for the same term by two successive Regulations, dated respectively 4th April, 1747, and 11th May, 1762. There was not the same systematic registry of these leases as became the practice in the beginning of the present century. From the 1st January, 1808, during the government of the Earl of Caledon, the lands on this tenure were surveyed and a lease, with a diagram annexed, formed the record (exactly as in the case of the Freehold Tenure), a duplicate of which was issued to the lessee. In 1821 there were two hundred and seven holdings of this description, but since the operation of the law for the conversion of all revertible tenures no renewals have been allowed; but the tenures were converted, in a few cases, into freehold, and in the great majority of cases into perpetual quitrent, on the same terms as were prescribed with regard to loan places in the Proclamation of 6th August, 1813.

The system of "Loan Freeholds" or "Perpetual Loans" *(Leenings eigendom)* was authorised by instructions issued by Governor-General Imhoff in 1743. In terms of this tenure the area formerly held on loan within a circumference of three hours' walking, and which was by the Proclamation of 1813 defined as equivalent to three thousand morgen, was reduced to sixty morgen with a reserve of the same annual rent as a recognition of the supreme rights of the Sovereign; and it may be easily conceived that

the grantees, habituated to the use of the larger extent, in almost every case continued such occupation, and in many cases claimed the right to do so. They averred, with some show of reason, that the greatly reduced extent was accepted on the understanding that pasturage for the cattle required to comply with the obligation to cultivate the land to the full extent of its capability could not be found within the measured limits, as the local circumstances were not favourable to the making of artificial meadows.

The following is a copy of the grant of a perpetual loan-place :—

HENDRIK SWELLENGREBEL, Councillor Extraordinary of Netherlands, India, and also Governor on account of the United Netherlands' East India Company at the Cape of Good Hope, &c., and this Council make known :—

That, according to the qualification granted us thereto by His Honour Governor-General Gustaaf Willem Baron van Imhoff, and the subsequent approval of their Honours the Chamber of seventeen, have granted, ceded, and given, at her request to Maria van Alewijk, widow of Pieter Jurgen van der Heijdi, certain cattle farm, according to a resolution of the 16th February of this year, and we grant, cede, and give in full property by this the said farm, measuring sixty morgen and three hundred and twenty square roods, extending E.S.E. towards Hartebeest Kraal, W.N.W. towards the farm of Andries Jonker, N.N.E. towards the Woeste Mountains, and S.S.W. towards Zoetemelks River, with power and authority to sow, plant, and build on the said farms, and also afterwards, being disposed to do so, to sell, let, or alienate it by communication with the authorities here, provided she be bound, besides her corn or other land, to allow for her own benefit, as well as that of the inhabitants, the use of a common wagon road, as also a thoroughfare at least three roods wide ; and, also, instead of the chopped wood, always to plant again in the ground young oak trees or any other wood ; and besides, on this condition, that she shall not only for this grant pay an annual recognition of twenty-four rix-dollars, but also, as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the property to the Government or the Hon. Company for the proprietorship of the farm, a sum of three hundred guilders Indian valuation, or two hundred and forty Caroly guilders ; and she has further to contribute the tenth-part of the grain she shall reap, on forfeiture of the land granted, if she be found to have transgressed this order ; or if she shall not cultivate the land in accordance with the edicts, in which case the authorities shall be at liberty to take away the said land from her again and give it to any other person—the Hon. Company still reserving to themselves the right and power, if they consider the said farm to be necessary for their use and service, to take it back to them at any time or against a proper valuation, she being further subject to such taxes and duties, and obliged to allow such public roads as are fixed by the authorities here, or might hereafter be fixed for the Service of the Hon. Company and for the common good.

Thus granted and given in the Castle Good Hope, this 14th of March, 1746.

(Signed) H. SWELLENGREBEL.

Notwithstanding the uncertain and precarious character of the "loan" tenure, the tenants seem to have felt themselves tolerably secure in their possession, and employed their industry and pecuniary resources in the building of homesteads and other improvements. The buildings were called the "Opstal," and the sale or bequest of the Opstal was indirectly allowed by the Government by the imposition of a transfer duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; but though the buyer of the Opstal was permitted to take over the lease, he obtained no legal right to the land, which continued to be held on the same tenure, resumable for public purposes, and with no obligation on the part of the Government to compensate the tenant for his improvements, or even to recoup him in his outlay in the purchase of the Opstal. "It was never allowed to any man possessing a loan-place to sell or transfer it, but only the premises or Opstal. The grant of a renewed lease was, however, never refused to a purchaser or legatee. The confidence of the loan-tenant did not consist in the certainty of any actual right, but only in the hope of meeting with the indulgence of that Government which as yet did not deem it necessary to make use of such right for the public good." This clearly indicates the relation between the Government and the loan-holder. "In point of fact" (says Mr. De Smidt), "there are several instances of resumption of loan places on record. Some of these were on the ground of public necessity or convenience, and others on the ground of breach of condition of loan. When it was decided to establish 'Drostdyen,' *i.e.*, Landdrosts' residences, at Tulbagh, Uitenhage, Graaff-Reinet, and Jan Dissel's Vley (now Clanwilliam), the loan-leases of these places were revoked on indemnification to the holders for their improvements. Also on the ground of breach of contract I find a case of resumption noted by Fiscal van Ryneveld, viz., the loan-place 'Onder Kluitjeskraal,' in Tulbagh, forfeited for neglect to pay the rent."

When the great measure of granting land in perpetuity was introduced in 1813, Sir John Cradock declared in his Proclamation: —"I feel the highest gratification in giving effect to these beneficent and paternal designs of His Majesty's Government, and persuade myself that the gratitude of the inhabitants of this Colony will be equal to the value of the inestimable gift extended to them on the part of the Crown, which by graciously offering for their acceptance a perfect title to lands that enables them to provide for their children and descendants, and dispose of them as they please, grants to them, in fact, possession of an estate, and the high character and station of 'a real landholder.'"

The following is a copy of the earliest grant of this nature :—

I do hereby grant on Perpetual Quitrent unto Joseph Davy, a piece of two morgen and thirty-six square roods of land, situated near the Uitspan-place, at the Liesbeek's River. Extending north-west towards the land of Mr. Truter, south towards the land of Mr. Blankenberg,

south-east towards that of Mr. Dirk van Renen, and east north-east towards the buildings of Mr. Shencke, as will further appear by the above diagram, framed by the Surveyor, on condition that the road between this land and the place of Mr. H. Truter shall remain free and open of his punctually paying, or causing to be paid, at the expiration of every twelfth month, from the date of these presents, unto the Receiver-General of Land Revenues, the sum of two rix-dollars for each morgen of the land thus ceded to him, and be bound (according to the existing laws of this settlement) to have the boundaries properly traced out and the land brought into such a state of cultivation as it is capable of, within the first three years, previous to the expiration of which period this lease will not be transferable; the land thus granted being further subject to all such duties and regulations as either already or shall in future be established respecting lands granted under similar tenure.

Given under my Hand and Seal, in the Castle of Good Hope, this First day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twelve.

(Signed) J. F. Cradock.

This title corresponds exactly with those of a later date, and is to a great extent a modification of the former system, much of the phraseology usual in property grants, from the earliest times, being retained, and no special reference to the Proclamation of 1813 being made in them; but a general proviso occurs in all quitrent grants and in every deed of grant of whatever tenure, as follows:—"The land thus granted being further subject to all such duties and regulations as either are already or shall in future be established respecting lands granted under similar tenure."

The meaning and effect of this clause have given rise to much discussion. It has until lately been considered in the case of perpetual quitrent grants to render the land subject to the Proclamation of 1813, that is, to confer on the grantee all the privileges and render him liable to all the reservations contained in that proclamation. The chief of these reservations consists in the right expressed in the fourth clause on the part of the Government to make roads and to take material for that purpose without compensation. This right was freely exercised in the construction of public roads and railways, and submitted to without opposition by the owners, until the question was raised in the Supreme Court in the suit between De Villiers and the Cape Divisional Council to recover damages for an alleged trespass on the plaintiff's quitrent land, situated in the Cape Division, and removing gravel.

The majority of the court (Judges Denyssen and Fitzpatrick) held that the burthens imposed by the Proclamation of 1813 did not apply to original quitrent properties such as the land in question, but only to "loan-places" converted into "perpetual quitrent;" while, on the other side, the Chief Justice was of opinion that the duties mentioned in the grant were intended by the grantee to in-

clude the right of the Government to take gravel from the land for road purposes. The Surveyor-General remarks that the effect of the Court's decision, if not reversed in the appeal to the Privy Council, will be to augment enormously the cost of railway construction in this colony in the payment of compensation for ground and materials taken on quitrent lands—that is to say, lands granted originally on quitrent.

Stray Thoughts.

We shrink at bee or nettle's sting,
And nerveless quake
At shadows on a moon-lit lake ;
A look will make us sigh or sing.

And all is changed at seeming chance,
For what are we
But atoms on the boundless sea
Of time and circumstance,

Tossed by the current of the hour,
Passion or pain,
Yet with the heaving motion gain
The knowledge of resistless power

Within for good or ill—the leaf
In crimson falls,
The emerald moss on mouldring walls,
Or massy cave and sea-beat reef,

To one is all it seems, no more,
Another's eye
Hath landscapes vast whose outlines lie
Like shadows on a distant shore.

A sweet-scent bud, the dawn-bird's wail,
A lightning flash,
A surging ocean's frenzy crash,
And writhing 'neath life's scourging flail,

Again vibrates the soul—or bright
Eyes glisten; gleams
Of faces only seen in dreams
Flash like a meteor through the night.

We are and seem not; noblest lives
Are masked ; the lid
Was burnished, yet Pandora hid
Beneath it all that soothes or strives.

Z.

A Perilous Ride for a Wife.

In the year 1836 I was a gay and somewhat thoughtless stripling in the employ of the firm of Wilmer & Co., in Cape Town, having shortly before bade adieu to Old England for a season, to hunt for the fickle favours of Dame Fortune in South Africa. At that time the Cape was very different in many respects from what it is now, for it was the half-way station between England and India, as the Suez Canal was then not dreamt of.

Although of gentle birth and good education, I was not born with a silver spoon in my month, and as the youngest son of an officer's widow with a large family, I had no prospect of much pecuniary aid from the family estate. The crush of competition among the starving thousands of the "genteel" professions was even then beginning to make itself felt in England. I accordingly resolved to try my luck in a sphere where there was more room. Having bid adieu to my widowed mother, who dismissed me with tearful eyes, a good outfit, £50, and her blessing—all she had to give me, poor soul—I left London one foggy day in November, in the good ship "Flying Squirrel," bound for the Cape. Never did a ship more belie her name, for after a voyage of eighty-one days, during which I suffered inconceivable horrors from sea-sickness, we at last anchored in Table Bay. I went ashore as soon as possible, and being furnished with excellent testimonials to a cousin of my mother, I was warmly received by him, and introduced without delay to the senior partner in the firm of Wilmer & Co., at that time the principal merchants in the city.

Mr. Wilmer was a ruddy-faced portly gentleman of the old school. He gave me a seat in his office as assistant bookkeeper, at a salary of £8 per month, which was at that time a very fair remuneration for such services, promising me, if I discharged my duties faithfully, to increase it to £10 at the end of six months. With that courtesy which always characterized his dealings, he invited me to dine with him on the first Sunday after I entered his service. He lived in affluence and comfort in a fine old roomy house, in what was then the best part of the town—in the Heerengracht. I went and was much charmed with the cordiality of my reception The old gentleman seemed to take a fancy to me, for after that I was a constant guest at his table. So things went on for about twelve months; my salary had been increased and I was in very comfortable circumstances.

Almost from the time of my first visit I had been greatly struck with the affability, gentleness, and beauty of Christina, the only daughter of my employer; and she on her part was by no means wanting in a hearty reception of me whenever I was invited to her father's house. It will not, therefore, surprise my readers to know that within a very few months I was desperately in love with the kind and gentle girl who had always shown herself my friend since my introduction to her. Aware that she was a reputed heiress, and that

she had long been sought in marriage by the colonel of one of the regiments then stationed in Cape Town, a man of good family, with a private fortune, and greatly esteemed, I felt from the first that it was a piece of sheer madness on my part to cherish a hope of ever making her my wife; for how could I expect that I, only a humble clerk in her father's warehouse, could succeed in ousting such a formidable rival. Still, like the moth that flutters round the flame until by an unguarded swoop it is pulverized in a moment by the scorching of the lambent light, I could not tear myself away from the house of my beloved, although the colonel, who, I am certain, never guessed the real state of my feelings, was visiting there three or four times a week. I fell into a most unamiable frame of mind. Two ideas incessantly possessed me: the one that without Christina's love, no matter to what future position I might attain, my heart would feel a dreary void, the incurable pang of isolation from the object of my love; the other the apparent impossibility of my ever leading Christina to the altar.

But "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and one day when I was sitting at my desk more miserable than usual, for the next day was a public holiday and I dreaded the torture of its weary hours in my solitary chamber, Mr. Wilmer entered the room in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. His face was haggard beyond description, he trembled violently, and could hardly speak. Scarcely aware of what I was doing I seized him by the arm, and pushed rather than drew him into his private office, forcing him into a chair The first thing I did was to administer a glass of the strongest brandy at hand, which brought the colour back to his blanched cheeks, and appeared to restore his self-control.

"Arthur," he said, speaking very low and rapidly, "I fear I am a ruined man. That rascal Smerensky, our shipping clerk, has bolted, and I believe broke open the safe last night and took with him the cash-box and bank-notes and the letters of credit which I had to send to England in a month's time to take up Smith & Co.'s acceptances."

"How much has he taken altogether?" I inquired.

"At least £20,000, which it is impossible for me to replace, and even if I could do so I fear I should not be able to get the money in time enough to prevent the ruin of my credit."

"Are you sure," I asked, "that Smerensky went off yesterday?"

Mr. Wilmer was unable to answer this; but, on inquiring at Smerensky's lodgings, we found that he had not been home for three days, and that therefore, probably, he had four days' start of us. This arose from the fact that Mr. Wilmer had been nearly five days absent from the office on a visit to his son in the country, and the safe being kept in the old gentleman's private office the audacious robber had effected an entrance through the skylight, and had from the Saturday night till the Monday morning in which to accomplish

his purpose undisturbed, for Mr. Wilmer always carried the key of his private room in his pocket, and there was no one resident on the premises. The Cape Town police were not then so numerous or so active as they are now, and I knew that to place any reliance upon their discovery of the criminal or which way he had gone, would be as useless as looking for clover in a field of barley. There was no doubt that Smerensky had forced the safe, for close by it Mr. Wilmer found a very curious antique seal, which the Pole wore upon his watch-chain, and always refused to part with, saying that it was an amulet given to him by his mother.

Mr. Wilmer covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. I had, however, the courage of despair, and a thought flashed across my mind, which, with the sanguine ardour natural to youth, I immediately turned to a practical account.

"Mr. Wilmer," I said, "I know no more of this affair than you do; but why not follow Smerensky and recover your stolen property?"

"Would it were possible! No one knows where the scoundrel has gone, and who could find him?"

"I will."

"You, Arthur?' responded the old man, with trembling but eager voice. "Why, if you do this and succeed, you can ask me for anything?"

"Might I ask you for leave to pay my addresses to Miss Wilmer?"

A curious light shone in Mr. Wilmer's eyes, and a smile, in spite of his agitation, overspread his features as he answered slowly: "With all my heart, you shall have my leave; and if you can place in my hands within a month what the rascal has run away with you shall be my partner also; but it seems to me impossible that you can succeed in so doubtful and perilous an undertaking."

"By no means" I replied, "but you must supply me with funds —the expenses will be very heavy."

"You shall have all you want," said my employer, "though I fear it is a waste of money. When do you start?"

"To-night, I hope, for I think I shall be able to find out in a few hours which way Smerensky has gone."

Indeed this was a matter of no great difficulty, for Cape Town was then very small and the facilities for getting away from it, except in the direction of the sea, few and far between. The arrangements were thereupon concluded; Mr. Wilmer, at my special request, undertaking to give Miss Wilmer a full account of my aim and object, under promise of secresy of course. I shook the old man warmly by the hand, and having been supplied with the requisite funds, partly in cash and partly in drafts on our up-country agents, I started for home, which was not far from my office.

A few minutes sufficed to collect the few articles I actually required for my journey, and I sallied off to a part of the town where I knew I could find the men for my purpose. In a few words I explained to

them that I would give £50 to the first who brought me information as to when Smerensky had last been seen leaving the city. A description of him was unnecessary, for he had been some years in Cape Town, and his hook-nose, beetle brows, and shuffling gait were as well-known as the South-easters. I had often wondered why such a sinister-looking foreigner had been kept so long in the employ of such a keen man of business as Mr. Wilmer, but the Pole had no indoor work, or at all events very little, to do, and his knowledge of all the languages of maritime Europe was invaluable at a period when linguistic acquirements were rare at the Cape.

It was about five p.m when I left Mr. Wilmer, and by ten o'clock that night I received positive information that Smerensky had sailed from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth in a small but swift coaster, and would probably reach Algoa Bay before I could by any means overtake him. By eleven o'clock I was in the saddle, armed with a pair of loaded pistols, a powder horn and bullet pouch, and a piece of catgut. The latter article may seem to have been unnecessary, but its use I will explain hereafter. I also slung a rifle over my shoulder, and stuffed my pocket with rifle cartridges. In my top-boots, long over-coat, and leathern cap, I could defy the weather, and I had bought the best horse procurable in town, which I had to give a "fancy" price for, on account of his great speed and endurance. I had not neglected to get the necessary powers to travel armed and to arrest the thief, and I was nerved to the utmost exertion, for I felt that on the result of this enterprise depended the whole future of my life. I was young, strong, and active, and I knew that, if I failed, no other man in the Colony could catch Smerensky. A brilliant moonlight shone on the road as my horse's hoofs clattered along the streets, and a few minutes took me out of the municipal boundary. How fervently I prayed for the success of my quest it is hardly necessary to chronicle, or how earnestly I longed for a contrary wind to detain the "Susan Jane" along the coast, so that I could forestall her at Port Elizabeth.

You wonder, perhaps, good reader, why I did not put the authorities on the track of my quarry. It was because I knew that nobody but myself was sufficiently acquainted with Smerensky to be able to detect the man under the disguise or disguises he was sure to assume as soon as he got fairly away from Cape Town. He spoke both Dutch and German so perfectly that his Polish nationality would have never been detected from his accent, while his knowledge of English was so great as to enable him easily to impose himself upon the country people as a stranger from England. But I was well acquainted with him, and especially with the wonderful trick he had of disguising his voice, for he had considerable power in that direction and was an expert ventriloquist.

The road to the Interior in those days was not what it is now. The only pass in the mountain-range was the Franschhoek Kloof, which was made during the administration of Lord Charles Somerset,

and named the Cape Simplon. Not a single river along the route was bridged ; and frequently the so-called main road was furrowed with ruts, or rather chasms. The perils of travelling would seem incredible without the testimony of one's own eyes as to its dangers. Riding very hard across the tedious and heavy Flats, I reached Field-cornet Hugo's under the Franschhoek Kloef the first evening, and there got explicit directions as to the path before me. Traversing the Pass next morning I pushed on and entered the Swellendam district, which then included Caledon, Robertson, and Riversdale. The inhabitants of the farms everywhere gave me a hospitable reception, forage for my horse, and food for myself, for which they refused to receive any pecuniary acknowledgment, but they were evidently as displeased as they were astonished at my haste and anxiety to push on from stage to stage. " Een van de Gouvernments menschen " was the conclusion they came to respecting me, and which I encouraged, when these good fellows gave me a parting shake of the hand, and in their hearty way wished me a " plezierig rij." No adventure worth speaking of happened until the evening of the third or fourth day. I was told I could reach the Gouritz River by night ; but a heavy rain was falling, and darkness set in so early that I feared I had lost my way. At length, the distant noise of rushing waters assured me I was on the right road ; and as I gained the heights overlooking the river I could discover the broad and powerful stream before me. Some lights, as from a dwelling, or an outspan fire, now and again glimmered, apparently from the opposite side of the river ; and I fired off my rifle at intervals with the view of calling the attention of anyone who might be within hearing, for I had been warned of the danger of crossing in the dark, more especially when the water was in any height and force. All my attempts to direct notice to my position seemed fruitless, and I determined to take my chance of crossing on horseback Scarce had my plucky steed plunged in than I found him rapidly carried away by the powerful current ; the trunk of a tree floating past, caught against my leg, brusing and cutting it, and nearly dragging me off my seat ; but my gallant horse plunged himself free, and after a while I was able to land him on the sandy banks, close to where the lights I had seen were burning. As I led my poor exhausted nag up to the spot, I felt that I had experienced the most narrow escape I ever had in my life ; and the occupier of the dwelling, who had been a resident there for many years, assured me that never had he known of an instance of any man or horse escaping with their lives from the river in such a state of flood as it was then.

The long and hurried ride, and the exhaustion of crossing the river had told upon my horse ; he was no longer the mettled charger that had trotted with me out of Cape Town ; and I had to leave him with a farmer, the worthy Eckiel Müller, who willingly gave me in exchange a hardy-looking animal, which he guaranteed in his expressive way as a *canniet doodnie*, and right well-pleased was I

with him. He kept along at an untiring though not very speedy gallop day and night, with only short intervals of off-saddling; and four days afterwards,—the seventh from my starting,—I reached Uitenhage, and on the following morning was at the "Baai," as the Boers named Port Elizabeth.

Port Elizabeth was a very different place then from the Cape Liverpool of to-day. A few straggling houses playing at hide and seek in a wilderness of sand, and hardly a blade of grass to be seen, constituted the now famous seaport. Although I had performed my journey with the utmost speed, the little coaster had outstripped my horses, and on arriving at Algoa Bay I had the mortification of finding myself nearly two days behind the schooner. A casual inquiry or two resulted in my finding that a person answering in height to Smerensky, but not in general appearance, had purchased a cart and four fleet horses, and engaged the services of a well-known Hottentot whip to drive him up country at a certain sum per day, no mention being made of where the journey was to end, or for how many days the man would be required. I learnt also, beyond all doubt, that the two men had with them a small but very heavy parcel, and that they were travelling armed to the teeth. However, I had no time to lose, for if my game got into the preserves of the native tribes before me, a judicious expenditure of ready money in bribes would secure their safe concealment for any length of time, or, more likely still, pay their fare along some underground railroad to Natal or even further into the Interior.

It was a part of my plan that no one but myself should have any hand in the capture of the stolen property, for I had risked everything that I held most dear. With one man I could easily deal, but how to manage two was the difficulty, as I might be shot down by one while the other was driving the horses. My only chance was to follow the spoor as rapidly as possible, and to come up with Smerensky and his associate unheard and unperceived by them. To do this was more difficult than overcoming any of the numerous obstacles which I had already vanquished, and I had not an hour to spare. At last my plans were laid. I slipped round to the store and purchased a box of blacking, a Kafir blanket, a hammer, some nails, and a piece of felt. Then I returned to the house where I had just dined, and with great difficulty persuaded a farmer, who had come down to the port with his wagon, to give me a lift for a few miles to a farm-house where I was informed I could buy a fresh horse. At nine o'clock that night we started, reaching the farm-house at breakfast-time next day. I had cashed a draft at our agents at Port Elizabeth, which gave me sufficient cash for all my purposes. When we arrived at the farm I soon made a bargain for an animal that his owner declared he would not have sold to anyone else for £100. It took me some time to find out the reason of this, for a more awkward-looking animated bone-bag I have never seen. At a little distance off you could hardly distinguish him from a camel. His giraffe-like neck, his round

back, which had a decided hump on the spine, his spider legs and huge feet, combined with his fearful stride when in motion, all impressed one with the conviction that animals of his pattern could belong to nothing but a species of disorganized dromedary. The hair was completely worn off on several parts of his body, the small amount of tail which he occasionally wriggled to show that he was not deprived, as the spectator might think, of the rudimentary portion of a caudal appendage, was reduced to almost a hairless stump, and to crown all there was one peculiarity about him which nobody could ever account for, a peculiarity which filled a white man with surprise and wonder not unmixed with merriment—it was a severe strabismus. It was the uncontestable fact that he squinted. But he was docile, sure-footed, and hardy, and when once in motion was said to be able to run down an ostrich. I found he was rather hard-mouthed, and as he had a jaw as tough as a rib of whalebone, I would not venture to ride him until I had fixed a very strong curb to his bit. He could jump like a springbok, swim like a dog, and run like a camel, but I venture to say that seldom, if ever, in the history of horseflesh has such an extraordinary nondescript disturbed the brain of any Alderman Gobblin after a hearty banquet. The squint, which was at once his greatest peculiarity and most comical singularity, was also an irremovable mark of his identity, which, in a country where horsestealing was pursued by the natives as rather a pleasant pastime than anything else, was not altogether to be objected to: besides, this squinting horse was looked upon by the superstitious natives as "betoovered" or bewitched, and they would none of them have him at any price: as to stealing him they could never get near enough to him for that; for another of his eccentricities was his unconquerable aversion to black or coloured people, caused no doubt by his keenness of scent, as he had a nose like a rat and strong odours always made him restive and uneasy. His colour was yellowish grey and his height about sixteen hands. I have been very particular about describing this horse, for I had him for many years after this and a better servant no man ever possessed, although till his dying day, when the lids closed for ever upon the weird, squinting eyes, I could never look at his face without a laugh. To his speed, endurance, and pluck, and his indomitable courage, I owe all that is most dear to me in this world.

Having saddled up I started again in pursuit. When about ten miles distant from the farm I dismounted and found that the saddle was galling my horse's back, so I placed my spare blanket underneath it and rode on. It is needless to relate all the obstacles I had to encounter; suffice it to say that my extraordinary horse continued on mile after mile, at a pace which could not have been less than seven miles per hour, over a heavy and broken country. Rivers he swam like an otter, and his great weight and strength of barrel enabled him to obtain a sure footing in scrambling up and down the banks of rivers which a first inspection of his queer lanky legs went hard to disprove. They looked more like sticks of sealing wax than anything else

But on close examination it was seen that the muscles and sinews were incredibly hard and compact, which accounted for the great length of his stride, or, more properly speaking, hops over the ground; his gigantic strength in the hind quarters enabled him to jump more than a yard further than any horse I ever knew could. On the evening of the third day occurred what I, adopting the language of Oliver Cromwell with regard to one of his great battles against the Royalists, have always called my crowning mercy. The most terrible hail storm that had ever visited the district, swept over the country with unexampled fury. For many years after the farmers used to relate how hail stones as large as eggs destroyed vast numbers of sheep and cattle, and killed many native servants on the open veld. During this storm, myself and my horse were providentially under the shelter of a cave in the mountain side, but Smerenksy and his companion were overtaken by it in the open plains, and two of their horses killed.

Inquiring as I went on among native wayfarers, I found out the precise direction taken by the fugitives, and I started off on their track.

On the evening of the fourth day from that of the storm, I came in sight of a cart drawn by two horses, and containing two men, one of whom was lashing the horses at intervals. I immediately saw that by taking a short cut and crossing a river I could overtake them just as they were entering on a very rocky piece of country. This manœuvre would give me the additional advantage of not being seen by the runaways, as the ground fell very considerably between the route they were taking and that which I saw was best for me. I was now sure of coming up with my quarry at the utmost in a few hours, for both myself and my horse had been refreshed by a long sleep that afternoon, which I judged indispensable for both of us I dismounted and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in shoeing my horse's feet with the felt which I had bought for that purpose. This was a wrinkle I had got when I was a boy from the "adventures of a famous highwayman," who by this means was enabled to approach his victims noiselessly. Having accomplished this task by throwing my horse by main force on a soft hillock of sand, and tying his feet together to prevent his kicking my brains out, and then nailing on the felt, I resumed my journey, but before doing so put fresh powder to my pistol pans and examined my rifle. My horse was now trotting briskly and without the slightest noise over a stony country, and in two hours, as I judged, I should come up with the cart.

Having gone a few miles further I dismounted, blacked my hands and face and slipped my head through a hole which I had cut in the blanket. The conspicuous colour of my horse I could not help, but as the moon was up it did not so much signify since that part of the country was full of stones of yellowish colour. My horse was rapidly cutting down the distance between us, and in a few minutes I should be alongside of the cart. My heart jumped audibly in my bosom, and I was quivering from head to foot with excitement and anxiety. A few

moments more would in all probability terminate the existence of one of us three men. Nearer and nearer my horse drew to them, when with one plunging bound he cannoned against the near side horse, causing him to fall on his knees and stop the cart. Instantly, quick as thought, one of the men drew a pistol and fired at me point blank. The ball grazed my shoulder, carrying away a piece of the blanket. Ere the man could fire again I had returned his shot, which took effect on the unfortunate Hottentot, the ball entering at his mouth and passing out at the back of his neck. With a yell like that of an exorcised demon he fell back dead in the cart, tumbling over his companion. The horses were kicking and plunging fearfully, but I placed them *hors de combat* by shooting one though the head and hitting the other with the butt end of my rifle. Meanwhile Smerensky, for I could plainly distinguish his features, had freed himself from the weight of the dead man, and had sprung from the cart and confronted me. With a roar like that of a wounded tiger he sprang towards me, levelling a second pistol at my head, at the same time a blow from the butt end of my rifle knocked the pistol from his hand and discharged it in the air. "Stand and deliver, Smerensky," I cried, "or the pressure of my finger this moment sends your guilty soul to judgment."

"Are you man or devil?" he roared in German.

"I arrest you," I cried, "for burglary in Cape Town when and where you know. I am fully prepared for any resistance you may make, and if you offer to raise your hand or to stir from that spot, I will shoot you down like a dog. I have shot your companion and killed your horses and will kill you next. You know me. I am Arthur Jermyn, and have pursued you from Cape Town, riding day and night on your track. I want you to come back with me, and I want what you have robbed your employer of." "Never!" he roared, and rushed again at me. I fired and broke his jaw, but he thrust savagely at me with his long knife, cutting my right leg and slightly wounding my horse. I did not dare dismount, for I knew that if I did, he, an ex-Polish lancer and a most accomplished equestrian, would be on my horse in a moment and vanish instantly. I did not want to kill him but to take him alive, so again struck him with my rifle butt, this time on the head, and stunned him. I then immediately dismounted and tied his thumbs together behind his back with the piece of catgut I had brought, in such a way that he could not possibly get loose or away from the small but mighty bond, without tearing his thumbs from their sockets. Then binding up his face I put him into the cart from which I had removed the dead Hottentot, and sat down to reflect.

What was I to do? By hard riding I might yet be in time to save Mr. Wilmer from ruin, for I had found all the securities inside the parcel in the cart. I wanted two horses to harness to the vehicle. My steed would not carry two persons, and was already showing signs of exhaustion. If I placed Smerensky on my horse and led him, going on foot myself, I should never reach my journey's end in time. For-

tunately, the horse I had knocked on the head had recovered from his fright and was again available. I removed the harness from the dead horse and managed to attach my own, together with the other. Smerensky was senseless for some hours, and lay bound hand and foot at the bottom of the vehicle. I had loaded my pistols again, and let him see that I wore them so in my breast. He could not escape, and his hands and feet were too securely bound for him to do any mischief.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the astonishment of the inhabitants as we returned. A few words at each house explained all.

On arriving at the first magistrate's place I procured a guard of two white men, who escorted the villainous Pole to Algoa Bay by easy stages, for his broken jaw could not be touched and gave him inconceivable pain. I was told that several times on the journey down he attempted to commit suicide, in different ways, and would have succeeded had he not been carefully watched day and night by his escort. I pushed on at once to Algoa Bay, and was so lucky as to find a vessel just starting for Cape Town. An offer of £50 to the captain prevailed upon him to wait twenty-four hours until my prisoner arrived and was put on board, together with the recovered securities, which the captain took charge of. He was a very worthy Scotchman, well known to Mr. Wilmer, and was thunderstruck when he heard my story. We had a quick run down to Table Bay, but were obliged to keep Smerensky in the hold, and ironed, as he tried to jump overboard Anxiety and the fearful strain on my body and mind had quite prostrated me, and I did not lift my head from my bunk until we reached Cape Town.

On the very day the mail left for England we anchored in Table Bay, only two hours before it started. Old Wilmer had seen our special signals, for we were agents for the Isabella, and rushing down to the landing place almost flew towards me, as I held out to him the parcel I had brought.

"What have you done?" he almost gasped.

"All is here." I replied, "You have not a moment to lose. Quick! quick! the mail will leave almost directly."

Then he turned deadly pale, but recovered himself, and turning to one of the clerks who had accompanied him, he bade him attend to me, and having wrung my hand disappeared up Heerengracht with the parcel. He was so beside himself with excitement and surprise that he never even asked what had become of Smerensky. Without loss of time I dispatched a messenger to the authorities, and two trusty guardians of the municipal peace soon came down with orders to look after my Polish acquaintance, and to introduce him to the Tronk without delay. That worthy had to be conveyed to the shore at the bottom of a boat, for he was so frantic that he would have thrown himself into the sea, and must soon have sunk, because I knew he could not swim a stroke. Despite his ravings and strugglings, he was conveyed ashore,

cursing, and blaspheming fearfully; and as he would not walk but tried to kick his escort, he was considerately put into a cart, and carried into durance vile to await his trial.

Leaning on the arm of the clerk referred to, I crawled rather than walked to our office, and found Mr. Wilmer gone to the postmaster to get him to send a parcel for him as a favour, because the mail at the Post office was closed. After waiting about an hour, during which I suffered all the pangs of suspense, Mr. Wilmer returned. He was in a state of great commotion, alternately laughing and crying like a hysterical woman. Then he would get up and dance around me, wringing my hands, calling me all the endearing names he could think of. At last, to my utter surprise he finished—yes he really did—by grasping me to his breast and hugging me as I should imagine an old American grizzly bear would embrace a foe. Then for some time he would be unable to utter a word, and it was not until we had disposed of two or three bottles of champagne (then a very expensive and rare wine in the colony), that he found control over his voice.

"Tell me all about it!" he cried. "Tell me all about it! How did you manage it? Where did you catch him? and what have you done to yourself? for you look more like a ghost than a human being."

I replied faintly, that I would tell him all about it by and by. The excitement, however, had been too much for me, and when I saw how overjoyed my old friend was, and heard him ejaculate, "Thank God, I am saved!" I could hear no more and sank back fainting on my chair.

Then came a long, dreary blank, and when I woke, I found myself in a bed. A sweet low voice said, "He's better now, papa." Something moved me to put my hand to my head; it was wrapped in a wet cloth, and altogether I felt very ill. A confused, dizzy feeling overpowered me, but I was revived by a strong cordial which a friendly hand poured down my throat.

"We shall soon be all right again," said a grave but not stern voice, which I fancied I recognized as that of Dr. B—— of Cape Town, "but we mustn't move and we mustn't talk: we must lie quiet and do as we are told. We are still very weak from the fever."

Languidly turning my head, I caught the eye of Dr. B—— fixed upon me. With a great effort I said, "Where am I, and what is the matter with me?"

"You are in our house, Arthur," replied the cheery voice of Mrs. Wilmer.

"And you have had brain fever, and we were afraid you would die!" said the same sweet low voice that first addressed me.

Turning round I saw the beloved of my heart at the bedside. She gave me her hand, which I raised to my lips.

'If you promise not to talk," said Mrs. Wilmer, "Christina will stay with you for a bit, while I go and look after your jelly."

My eyes said "yes," and in a moment I was alone with Miss Wil-

mer. For a long time neither of us spoke. Then gradually, and like the remembrance of a long-forgotten dream, the mist seemed to clear away from my brain : I tried to collect my scattered senses, and made an effort to sit up. Gently, but firmly, Christina's soft white hand was laid upon my own.

"You must not move!" she said, "If you do I shall go away. Besides, you promised to be a good boy and yet you begin by disobeying me and breaking your promise. Lie still now. In a few days I hope you will be well enough to get up."

"But my head?" I asked.

"Yes, I know," she laughed. "We had to get it shaved, and keep wet towels on it. Your hair will soon grow again now that you are better." I winced at this, for I was very proud of my curly black hair.

"But you must take your medicine now," said Miss Wilmer, and the next moment she had poured a very nasty mixture down my throat, and laughed heartily at the wry face I made over it. Then she sat down and read to me from the local paper (there was but one in those days) an account of my exploits, rather overdrawn, perhaps, and coloured very highly in some parts of it; but news was a scarce commodity at the Cape then, and the editor was glad to make the most of such a godsend to our dull town as my adventure was to him.

As I listened, every detail came back to me; and long before she had finished, I had turned round in the bed towards the reader, when I saw for the first time that her eyes were red with weeping, and that she was pale as a lily. I noticed also that she tried, but in vain, to conceal the tremour in her voice, and that she frequently turned aside her head that I might not see her emotion. I essayed to speak to her, but her agitation unmanned me, and at the end of the story of my exploits she, as she suddenly lifted her eyes to mine, saw the tears trickling down my cheeks, for I did not try to hide them

"Arthur," she said very softly, "you are naughty again. If you don't stop crying I shall go. You'll make yourself ill again."

I tried to raise the ghost of a smile, but could not. But there we sat, hand in hand, both silent, although our eyes were talking. Then Mrs. Wilmer came in and insisted on feeding me with the jelly, I did not want any, but took some to please her.

About five o'clock in the afternoon old Wilmer and his two sons came in. George, the eldest, came straight up to the bed. "Arthur," said he, as he grasped my hand in his broad palm, "I can't tell you how much I thank you!"

"And I," said Frank, as he came to the other side of the bed, "can't thank you as much as I would. I must leave that to Chrissy!"

She blushed like the dawn of a summer's morning, and playfully pinched Frank's arm, but she looked rather pleased, I thought.

"Arthur," said the old gentleman, "you know I can't tell

you a quarter of what I feel about the service you have done me and mine. I can never repay it. But we will talk of that when you are better, and if my old eyes don't deceive me very much, I think the same day that saved my fortune will make yours, and accomplish the dearest wish of your heart and now, I must say, also of mine!" Then he turned to Miss Wilmer, and said, "Don't let him talk and don't talk too much to him. People who have had brain fever must be kept quiet."

I need not tell you that it took many weeks before I was thoroughly well again. Strong as I naturally was, the pursuit and capture of Smerensky, combined with the exposure I had undergone, had brought on an attack of the most virulent brain fever, which must have carried me off, had it not been for the unwearied attention and kindness I received from Mr. Wilmer and his family. At last I was fairly recovered, and able once more to attend to office duties.

Ah! strange human nature! Strange heart of mine! During all this time I had never once talked of love to Christina. We were constantly together. The colonel had nearly ceased his visits, and I knew that I was loved almost as much as I loved. My darling and I talked about every subject imaginable except our loves. Even the tender passion, as it afflicted our friends and acquaintances, we conversed upon freely; but with regard to the affection which each knew that the other reciprocated, we maintained an obstinate silence. I was too timid to confess it, and she was too shy to mention it. But the old proverb says "Murder will out," and so it had to be in my case. I shall never forget it. I had taken up my abode permanently with the Wilmers, which they had compelled me to do by the simple process of transporting, while I was ill, all my personal effects from my lodgings to the room—Christina's room as I afterwards found out—which I was occupying as an invalid in their house. It was at the dear girl's own suggestion that this room had been given up to me, as it opened upon a verandah at the back of the house, and was cheerful and airy.

Well, one evening we were sitting in this verandah, just after dinner. The family had gone out to visit a neighbour, and Christina had stayed at home to keep me company, as I pleaded that I had letters to write—an ingenious but transparent excuse for securing her society that evening, as I told her she would not be at all in the way, and that I hated to be alone.

The evening shadows had deepened into darkness, and still we sat talking. Christina had her guitar on her knee and was playing that beautiful and plaintive air, "La dove prende." The music of the divine Mozart seemed to give me courage. I asked her if she knew the duet "La ci darem la mano," from the same opera. She immediately began to play it and I to sing. When it came to the second part I asked her to join in, but she could not. Then occurred one of those awkward silences which happen occasionally in the best regulated families. How long it would have continued I do not

know, if a large black rat had not dropped upon her foot from the verandah overhead. She jumped up with a scream, and in a moment I had set my foot on the more free than welcome visitor and crushed the life out of him.

Christina was trembling all over. I had caught her in my arms, and her beautiful head, with its ample dower of lustrous black curls, had sunk, quite naturally as I thought, upon my shoulder. The ice was broken now, and a few words sufficed to relieve my pent-up feelings of the wild torrent of words of ardent love which had been hanging on the tip of my tongue for so many weeks past unable to find utterance.

Then I heard from the lips of her I loved more than anything else in the world, what I had long known was the true state of her feelings towards me. She told me that she had always loved me, that since she had become acquainted with me she had steadily discouraged the colonel's advances, in which she had been backed up by her mother with whom I had been always a special favourite. In a few words she told me of the intense pain she had felt during our separation, from the thought that I might fall by the hand of the desperate Pole who, she was certain, would make every effort to get clear off with his ill-gotten booty. She told me also how she alone, of all her family and friends, had believed I should successfully accomplish the capture of Smerensky. She told me of the frightful sufferings she endured during the ten days that I was tossing about in the wild delirium of brain fever, and how her spirits revived when at last I was pronounced out of danger. She told me how I lay babbling of the sunny plains of India, where indeed I was born, of the green fields of England, and of the games and studies of the dear old school at Harrow where I passed my youth. She told me of the delight with which she had, day by day, seen health returning to my cheeks and strength to my limbs. She reproached me tenderly for having so long concealed from her the passionate love she knew I felt towards her, and wondered, in the innocent simplicity of her heart, as many of her sex have often done, how it was that a man who did not scruple to face the pistols of a desperado and to swim rapid and swollen rivers, should not have courage enough to woo a harmless girl whose only feelings towards me had ever been those of the deepest affection. There in the glorious moonlight of our Southern Hemisphere we stood and plighted our troth and exchanged certain confidences which do not concern anybody but the giver and receiver. We stood there so long that we did not observe ourselves to be the cynosure of the admiring eyes of the whole family, who had returned and, wisely considering that, under the circumstances, more than two would not be company on the verandah, kindly refrained from interrupting us.

The rest of my story is soon told. Within a week from that date I was admitted a partner in the firm of Wilmer & Co., and within two months Christina became my wife; and as I stood beside her at the altar, I knew that her heart was brighter and purer than even

the sunlight which illumined her eyes, or the rich lace veil in which her noble features were enveloped. There was but one drop of bitterness in my cup that day—that my dear mother was not present at the ceremony. But I had written in ample time beforehand to apprise her of the coming happy event and knew that at the moment when the priest joined our hands in that most happy and sacred of unions where "both hearts and hands combine," my beloved mother in the silence of her chamber, was lifting up her heart to God in prayer that His choicest blessings might descend upon her darling son and his angel wife.

Smerensky was never brought to trial: disappointment, rage and despair, had all thrown him into a high fever, under which he sank so rapidly that all efforts to save him were useless. The articles which I had abandoned with the body of the dead Hottentot when I caught Smerensky, I afterwards heard had been found by the Field-cornet of the district, who had buried the body of the Hottentot near the place where the things were found.

My adventure was a nine days' wonder, but my conjugal happiness has been permanent.

I am an old man now, with children and grandchildren about me, and although time has silvered the locks of my dear helpmate, and I am as grey as a badger, I have never once, thank God, had reason to regret the way in which, forty years ago, I undertook the perilous ride which gained me my wife.

A Natal Ode.

'Jamque dies, nisi fallor, adest quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum—sic dî voluistis—rabebo."

VIRGIL "ÆNEID" V., 49.

"The very source and fount of Day
Is dashed with wandering isles of night"

TENNYSON—"IN MEMORIAM," XXIV.

Once more comes round that favour'd hour,
  Which gave you birth;
Which saw your pure young soul alight,
  Like snowflake on this earth.

Comes round that honour'd day, which, each
  Succeeding year,
Beholds your sweet expanding life
  Towards its fulfilment near.

When last it came, rejoiced was I
  To mark the day;
For new-born Hope within my breast
  Shed its reviving ray.

But now, alas! it brings but gloom,
An aching chill;
The good I dreamed has disappeared,
And left a vague, dread ill.

'Tis said the mariner of yore
Would find an isle
In some new clime, where azure skies
And verdant scenes e'er smile;

Would note the little paradise
Upon his chart,
To guide him in his future course
To busy port or mart.

But when he traversed next those seas,
No longer there,
Its absence weird would awe his soul
And plunge it in despair.

In place, perchance, some rock unseen
Would sink his bark;
A victim to the floating isle,
Unknown his fate and dark.

So live I, like this mariner
(My landmark gone),
In this sad weary voyage of life,
No hope to steer upon.

I strike against the stern hard rock
Of cynic mood;
And sink amidst relentless waves
Incredulous of good.

But, oh! Latona's son, who rul'st
Nine muses o'er,
Who first didst see thy native light
On Delos' errant shore

Oh! grant that these few feeble lines
Such power may hold,
That my dear maid may be to me
Just what she was of old.

CLIOPHILUS.

9th October, 1876.

On Thread and Tape-worms in Sheep.

By W. Bisset Berry, M.D.

I have recently been furnished with two samples of thread-worms from sheep. One sample was supplied by a farmer residing on Bontebok Flats, who obtained them from the *manyphis* of a sheep, which showed signs of disease and was slaughtered for examination. The farmer informed me that these thread-worms were lying on the folds of the manyphis so thickly as almost to cover the surfaces of the folds. The worms were literally in thousands. They were preserved for me, by my suggestion, in glycerine. The other sample was handed to me by Mr. Hellier, of Queen's Town, who obtained them from a distance preserved in spirit. The worms in both bottles proved to be identical in species. Most of them were about three-quarters of an inch long, tapering to a point at both ends from about the middle of the body, where they were about as stout as a good sized pin. To the naked eye they looked exactly like the small thread-worms, well known to parents as tormentors of children, and not unknown to the physician as sometimes met with in the human adult. Examined with magnifying power, thread-worms from the sheep present some differences from those seen in mankind, differences, however, which are perhaps more interesting to the helminthologist than important to the agriculturist. They present the generic characters of the *Oxyuridæ*, which belong to the Nematode group of internal parasites. Oxyuris is a bisexual worm, which may be found in any or every part of the intestinal canal, and which produces innumerable minute eggs which do not appear to develop in the host, but are carried out with the dung. Though these worms have been known to men of science for more than two thousand years, the history of the development of their eggs after expulsion from the host, and the manner of their re-introduction are still unknown; but analogy would lead to the belief that the eggs, for months after expulsion, undergo changes, and are again brought back, though still in an immature state, with the water or food. The presence of thread-worms in the intestines does not appear to have the same grave significance as the presence of fluke in the liver has; still, when they are present in large numbers, and particularly when they occupy in myriads such an important part of the economy as the manyphis, they seem to cause, as they did in the case of the sheep slaughtered on Bontebok Flats, a very similar condition: dropsical swellings appearing, the wool deteriorating, the flesh looking flabby, and death not infrequently supervening.

When thread-worms are known or suspected to be present in the stomachs of the sheep, the solution of salt is recommended by veterinarians as a cure. Great difficulty and not a little risk to sheep life seems to attend the administration of this solution. Several farmers

have told me that all the sheep to which they had given the salt solution had died almost immediately; while the process of pouring the solution down the throats of the animals is always a very troublesome one. I would be glad to see the following method of giving the solution tried :—A gag made of hard wood, about six inches long and half an inch thick at the ends, rounded and smooth or covered with leather, and having a rounded opening in the middle about half an inch in diameter, should be placed in the sheep's mouth. The ends of the gag should project on either side between the jaws, the rounded opening should be in the middle of the mouth above the tongue, and in a line with the gullet. It should be retained there by the operator and an assistant. Then an elastic tube, like a catheter, should be passed through the rounded opening into the gullet, and, being guided by the fingers of the left hand from entering the windpipe, should be gently pushed down as far as it will easily go. To the end still projecting out of the mouth a Higginson's syringe should be attached already freed from air by being charged with a portion of the solution to be administered, when the proper quantity of salt solution should then be slowly and gently injected. In some such way as this the salt solution can be safely and speedily carried to the stomachs, and the temptation to administer it, for expedition's sake, in too concentrated and irritating a form, avoided. Little good can be done by giving strong solutions of salt; and half an ounce dissolved in twelve ounces, or a small beer bottleful, of tepid water, should answer every requirement.

Neither is this occasional use of the salt solution to supersede on any account the daily use of salt as an indispensable article of diet and as a valuable *Oxyuridæ* or thread-worm killer.

And, in my opinion, salt is not to be trusted to entirely. In addition, though perhaps subordinately, to this article, flockmasters should devote attention to the cultivation of aromatic herbs such as sheep will eat, and such as are known to have a generally stimulating and even a worm-killing effect within the whole digesting apparatus. The lethal power of the drug called *Santonine* over thread-worms in the human species, which is one of the few generally admitted facts in therapeutics, affords a hint which may be of some value. This drug is obtained from nearly all the species of a genus of plants, *Artemisia*, and notably from the *A. Santonica*, which grows abundantly in Russia. In this Colony this genus is well represented by the *A. Afra*, the African wormwood, which must be well known, for I often find it used as a domestic remedy in various disorders. Dr. Pappe, formerly Colonial Botanist, in his "Enumeration of South African Medicinal Plants," says "the whole of the wormwood has a strong, balmy smell, and a bitter, aromatic but nauseous taste, owing to a green essential oil which it contains. . . . . Its efficacy as a vermifuge is generally admitted." Belonging to the same natural order of plants, and having similar properties, is the common tansy of Britain, long favourably known and, where not indigenous,

often cultivated on account of its worm-killing virtues. There is another species of this genus (*Tanacetum multiflorum*) growing in many parts of this colony, the *worm-kruid* of colonists, which is equally efficacious, and concerning which Dr. Pappe says, "It grows very abundantly in sandy soil, close to the sea shore." I have been told that sheep will eat the wormwood (*Artemisia*) readily, but I have never heard that they will eat the *worm-kruid* or tansy. Flock-masters can easily find out whether sheep eat these plants or not; and if they do, the propriety of cultivating these herbs extensively and of allowing sheep to eat of them periodically will be apparent. But if sheep will not eat these plants, the farmer may still cultivate them for occasional medicinal use, when salt, instead of being dissolved in plain water, as already recommended for injection into the stomach, may be dissolved in an infusion of one or other of these herbs. For such a purpose, a suitable infusion may be prepared by pouring a gallon of boiling water upon one pound of the recently dried herbs, letting it stand for an hour. Twelve ounces of this infusion may be used as a solvent for the salt. In his work on *Entozoa*, Cobbold mentions an Indian plant, the *Keera-mer*, as an excellent thread-worm killer. This is a plant of the Birthwort genus (known amongst botanists as *Aristolochea bracteata*). It is given in the form of infusion, but, as the plant seems to lose much of its virtue by being kept, perhaps it may be worth while cultivating it in this country. If the qualities ascribed to this genus of plants by the ancients really belong to it, some discretion would have to be shown in administering it in the case of ewes and lambs. I give prominence to these few details because I am convinced that there is now no royal road to health in stock. On the contrary sheep-farming has become an industry which can be made remunerative only by an intelligent, careful, and *persistent* attention to the laws of life.

Tape-worm is too familiarly known to need any description. It is now of very common occurrence in sheep of all ages in this country. I am not aware that salt, in anything like possible doses, has any power as a tape-killer. The male fern, especially in the form of a liquid extract, which can be bought of any respectable druggist, is one of the most approved tape-killers. The utility of this preparation, however, is seriously impaired by its costliness; for about twenty shillings worth of this extract would be needed to dose a hundred sheep. By those who do not consider this cost too high, a fair trial should be given to the liquid extract of male fern. The animals to be experimented upon may advantageously be shut up in an enclosure and fed on pumpkin pips for one day before the drug is given. For use, take a drachm and a half of the liquid extract and shake it up in a small vial with two ounces of a *newly made* solution of gum. The gum of the mimosa will do. Or take the same quantity of the extract and shake it up with the yolk of an egg and afterwards add a little milk. Pour the draught so prepared slowly down the throat. A cheaper and valuable remedy is the bark of the

fresh root of the pomegranate. Half a pound of this root-bark should be boiled in a gallon of water to one half; and two wineglassfuls of this decoction would be a dose. In all probability this medicine will have to be given two or three times in twenty-four hours to be successful. Pumpkin pips are known to be such a valuable tape-killer that no farmer should throw away the inside of a single pumpkin. I have treated tape-worm in man with these pips successfully. They are all the better for being bruised before being given: and, as recommended with the extract of male fern, so should they be given as food while the pomegranate decoction is being used. Ostriches affected with tape-worm should be confined for a few days and fed with pumpkin pips. For tape-worm in these animals I have tried the extract of fern, Kousso and Kamela, in large doses without any effect. In an American medical journal there lately appeared a notice of the successful treatment of tape-worm in a man by carbolic acid, after failures with extract of male fern and pumpkin pips, singly and combined. Five drops of the pure acid were given three times a day in a little water. The treatment was kept up for some days. A like quantity of the acid, or even rather more, could be given to an ostrich.

I would remark that when stock are infested with parasites, farmers cannot be too particular in causing all dung to be thoroughly destroyed by fire. The carcases of all animals dying from any variety of worm disease, and the offal of all such as may be slaughtered for use, should be buried or cremated. On no account should such centres of propagation be left unattended to.

For some years the periodical burning of grass has been going out of fashion. Certainly grass fires are neither so general nor extensive as they used to be: and we sometimes see people charged criminally for this alleged offence. In my own mind, I cannot help attaching some significance to the circumstance that the decadence of this practice of grass-burning, and the alarming spread of parasitic disease have occurred together. Something more than a mere coincidence may be here. The evils of grass-burning are serious and many, consequently the practice of it is not to be lightly encouraged. But the sudden, widespread, and almost unique success in the struggle for life achieved by the various forms of parasites in this country, points unmistakably to an equally sudden and widespread change of environment, by means of which, at some period or another of their unascertained metamorphosis, these parasites have escaped agencies which formerly acted as adequate checks upon their disastrous increase. That the neglect of grass-burning has been the single cause of the worm plague is not to be believed; that it has been an important factor in the production of the evil, and that an opposite line of action may be found essential to its eradication or diminution, there may, however, be some grounds for asserting.

Queen's Town, 21st December, 1876.

P.S.—Two days after posting the foregoing note to the Editor of the *Cape Monthly*, I had an opportunity afforded me of verifying an opinion I have long held, to the effect that the mutton of this country contains a "measle," or Cysticercus, which, when incautiously eaten by man will communicate to him the common tape-worm of South Africa, viz., the Tænia mediocanellata. Some years ago I was called upon to report upon some pork which was exposed for sale on the public market here, and which I had to condemn as measled. This pork had been fed by a farmer who was widely and favourably known as a careful, scrupulous and energetic producer. He had never seen measled pork before, and was naturally very much annoyed by my report, telling me that he did not believe me when I explained that pork so measled would produce tapeworm in the consumer. However, he did not stop here, but, with true Baconian instinct, took the pork home and gave it to some dogs that he knew to be free from tapeworm, and which he carefully guarded from all sources of infection until a sufficient time elapsed, when, fortunately for science, he saw enough in his *post-mortem* examinations to remove his scepticism. From that time anything connected with tape-worms had plenty of interest for him. I renewed my acquaintance with him some months ago when he was mentally exercised as to the sudden and, in several instances fatal, occurrence of tape-worm in young calves from thoroughbred and imported stock. Drinking as these calves did from the little river which flows past this town and carries down with it much that is objectionable, he attributed the appearance of the tape-worms to this cause. I could hardly coincide in this opinion, but asked him to bring to me any specimen of tape-worm he should thereafter meet with in any of his young stock. Accordingly, on the day before Christmas, he turned up with about a pint of tape-worms which he had just removed from the intestines of a four-months' old lamb which he had slaughtered for the morrow's dinner. He had begun to think that the doctor's ideas about the development of tape-worm from measled pork were in need of correction, inasmuch as calves and lambs are in the matter of that favourite food, as guileless as any Israelite.

Now I had long known for certain that even very young lambs were often affected with tape-worm. I had examined several, but, for the reason apparently that the worms had been roughly removed from the living host, I had always failed to find the head of one; and, unless that part has been under his microscope, it is almost impossible for any one not a specialist, to make out the species in a trustworthy manner. I was of opinion that the species of tape-worm so infecting lambs was the Tænia mediocanellata; but I hesitated to express such an opinion, inasmuch as the authorities were against it. For instance, Dr. Cobbold, at page 238 of his *Entozoa*, after stating his own opinion that the measle (cysticercus) of the T. mediocanellata is to be found only in veal and beef, thus proceeds:—"In all probability, other animals are not liable to harbour the cysticercus of

the T. mediocanellata; for Leuckart also tried to infect a sheep (to which he administered about sixty proglottides), but on examining the flesh after the lapse of eight weeks, he failed to detect the presence of a single cysticercus vesicle. Again at page 75 (Appendix) of his smaller work "Human Entozoa," Cobbold says:—"I think all candid investigators will in future admit that the human body is the exclusive home and the legitimate territory of at least two species of entozoa—one of these forms being procured, as is generally allowed, by our eating pork, the other, as is not generally known, by our eating beef,"—that is to say, the Tænia solium and T. mediocanellata. While in the same work, a little further on, the same writer, with perhaps an unconscious bias, says he believes that an armed cysticercus, taken from the interior of a mutton chop and sent to him by a friend for examination, represents a distinct form of tape-worm, either his own T. lophosoma, or a species altogether new to helminthologists. But my doubts on this interesting point were now dissipated; for in the mass of tape-worms brought to me from the slaughtered lamb, I was fortunate enough to find four perfect heads, all of which with a linear magnifying power of 100, I found to be the hookless, proboscis-wanting heads of Tænia mediocanellata.

But how comes T. mediocanellata in the bowel of the lamb? The commonly received opinion, as already indicated, is that the measle is swallowed while still viable, along with the veal or beef in which it is located, and, finding its proper nidus in the intestine, develops there into the perfect tape-worm. This may be truth, but it is not the whole truth. It can scarcely be supposed that in its still earlier and embryonic, or pre-measle stage, the parasite comes into the intestine of the lamb along with the water it drinks or the grass it eats, and that, once there, the measle-stage is quickly passed, the perfect tape-worm being the result. For not only would this supposition be in direct contradition to the ascertained history of its metamorphoses, but, if I am correctly informed, segments of sexually mature tape-worms are shed by lambs too soon after their birth to admit of these metamorphoses having taken place in the interim. There being no escape from the opinion that there must be an intermediate host for the measle, nor from the fact that the lamb does not eat any portion of that host, I incline to the belief, which I shall hold until a better one appears, that the embryo of Tænia mediocanellata passes into the stomarch of the sheep, that the juvenile parasite, being there freed of its envelope by the solvent powers of the gastric juice, bores its erratic way into the tissues, or into a blood vessel by whose stream it may be carried to the remotest parts, there to be developed into the measle; that in the case of ewes in lambs these vagrants find their way into the gravid womb where they meet in the first instance with a structure which permits of the perfection of the measle-stage, but which structure becoming in the ordinary course of intra-uterine development the

intestine of the fœtus, thereby allows the final passage of the parasite from the measle-stage into the tape-worm even while the lamb is unborn. In some such way as this is the occurrence of tape-worms in the intestines of recently born lambs to be accounted for; while in the case of such as do not show them until the fourth month or later, their presence in all probability is to be accounted for by the passage of the vagrant parasite, either by boring, or along with a blood current into the udder, from which, after a time, the measle is dislodged and swallowed by the sucking lamb, thus again reaching the intestine, where, in due course, the perfect tape-worm will be found.

From these marks two useful hints may be obtained; the one consolatory to the breeder, the other cautionary to the eater of mutton. Consolatory is the probability that it is the hookless and not the hooked tape-worm that infests the lambs, inasmuch as the former is much more easily dislodged from its lair than the latter. Cautionary is the very strong probability that the measle of Tænia mediocanellata lurks in our table mutton; wherefore such as would gladly escape such unwelcome guests, will do well to see to it that their chops are rather over than under-done; for the viability of cysticercus ovis resists not efficient grilling. W. B. B.

Song.

Gay voices rose in melody,
As up and down the wave-lashed strand
We paced, a gay and youthful band,
And gazed upon the moonlit sea;
I saw three letters on a wall—
Three pencill'd letters—that was all—
But, ah! It was enough for me.

The beating waves fell mournfully,
The stars looked dim, the moon grew pale;
The song subsided to a wail,
Or so it seemed to me,
A sweet wan face, pale—pale—and fair—
All haloed round with golden hair—
Was all that I could see.

I tread the paths she trod before;
The paths her childhood loved to roam—
How thick the rushing mem'ries come
Of hopes whose date is o'er.
And from the card her features start,
Her eyes seem gazing on the heart
Which mourns her evermore.

PLORATOR

Trans-Gariep Courtships.

I SUPPOSE we may take it for a fact that every nation and people have some distinctive characteristics or local habits which become an universal feature. Even the countenance is not unfrequently a safe indication of latitude. Englishmen, it is alleged, have a partiality for beef-eating, while sour kraut sounds purely of Saxon dietry. The dandified Frenchman can be distinguished by his *tout ensemble*; and the Yankee can be picked out of a crowd, not only from the assimilation of his beard with that of the goat, but also from the nasal twang which seems inseparable from his talk. Our Republican friends north of the Orange River, if they do not boast of some particularly-defined type of features or national vagaries, rejoice, at least, in some peculiarities distinguishable from that of more advanced communities.

Courtship in the Trans-Gariep territory is reduced to zero, as far as regards the poetical or romantic sentiment affecting the mass. No troubadour ever touched guitar to his lady-love in Boerdom. To serenade under the lattice of the hallowed bedroom where his Saraha or Rachel lay would be to qualify the eccentric swain for a residence on Robben Island, at least in the eyes of the simple-minded burghers of the Free States. The nativity of the muses is as far from them as are the two poles. An elopement would be looked upon as a presage of the end of time, and a Gretna Green held in as much dread as is that historical region which is said to be warmer than the Cape. The amorous youth who becomes a candidate for hymeneal honours hides all display of the tender passion under a calm, undemonstrative surface. No quick pulsation of the heart—no flurried mien, no nervous anxiety betrays his hopes or fears—no artistical arrangement of the moustache, no adjustment of his scarf; but there he will sit, inquring from herself how many sheep or goats his unimpassioned Saraha possesses If he has just arrived, his horse will be led up and down in front of the house, to show the fringe and tasselled drapery of his saddle, for in this respect he is as vain as a Spanish Don; and scarcely will he have overcome his unemotional greeting, and quietly seated himself on a veld stool or hard-bottomed chair, when he whips out a small comb from his jacket pocket, and begins his toilet in the *voerhuis*. The history of almost all nations point to—through the worship of the Golden Calf—the mating of youth to old age. However suicidal the sacrifice is, the Free State can record her instances of this power of Mammon.

Not many years ago, in a small township of the Republic, the writer witnessed the union of a summer blossom and a winter leaf. It is true the bride could not be called a Venus, nor could the bridegroom justly be dubbed a Bluebeard, though twice he had draped his hat, and tried to mourn the loss of departed spouses; and

from his apparent indifference in wooing a third, he seemed equal to the occasion of adding to the number of those who had gone; and yet Richard was himself again—not the slightest index of feeling was manifested in his stoical face. The many inflictions of Job, converged into one great calamity, would seemingly hardly have exacted a sigh from this withered bridegroom. Equally unmoved by the merry laughter of youth, or the smile of beauty, his life had become dull and Boerish. As to her, it was merely a bartering of youth and freedom to share in the herds and flocks of her patriarchal husband. A similar instance was that of old Klaas, who had well nigh reached his seventieth summer. Klaas was one of those thick-set semi-Doppers, whose ablutions were about as seldom performed as that of a Palestine Jew, and whose unkempt hair would have taxed the ingenuity of Mr. Penfold to have defined a parting. Klaas was rich after the manner of the ancient Hebrews, for on his broad acres grazed vast herds of cattle. His *inamorata* was a tall, somewhat stately widow of about half his age, a toiling, thrifty woman, possessing a rare amount of shrewdness, which merged itself into low cunning. During the life of her first husband, she rather despised old Klaas as an odd specimen of the *genus homo*, but now she laid siege to this antique flockmaster. The advances on both sides for a time were of a passive nature, for old Klaas was constitutionally nervous; but Meetje kept her speculative organ on the land and the lambs, bowed herself to the force of circumstances, and did sacrifice unto Klaas. The courtship was devoid of a single spark of sentiment. On an old fashioned *rustbank* the two would sit bolt upright, with one palm overlapping the other, in the most listless, apathetic manner; not a word would escape from either of them for considerable intervals, and their speechless, rigid attitude might have been taken for models of phlegmatic indifference. At length the colossal bulk of Meetje would edge nearer to old Klaas—for she might have answered to the description of fair, fat, and forty—which the old fellow would recognise by heaving a deep-drawn sigh, but whether it was in anticipating coming joy, or in apprehension of some pending danger, it was difficult to construe; a subdued glance over the left from old Klaas towards the bride elect was about the only external sign of reciprocity, and thus hours and days passed, till Mammon secured its victim.

A similar sameness characterises the match-making of the beardless striplings of our northern Republics, who take a wife with as little ceremony in the wooing as many have in the purchase of a horse. Scholastic acquirements do not burden the brain in Boerdom, and writing, as an art, is but little practised. Until recently a *billet-doux* was about as great a stranger in the house of a Free State rustic as a costly fan or fine painting would be. To master the mysteries of the *vraagboekje* was about the maximum attainment aspired to, hence the young ladies grew up in bucolic innocence of sensational novels, and the emotional acting portrayed of some favourite hero or

heroine was as little known to them as the histories of the first Napoleon or Mary Stuart. There may be bliss in this primitive ignorance, but if Byron's Phœbe be taken as a not unexceptional representative, he would be a bold philosopher who would assert that acquaintance with the highly-wrought passions of dramatic writing would but mark the folly of wisdom. The blank, aimless, monotony of such lives are spent in one dull round of eating and sleeping. To them time has as little value as it had to Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island, and marked by about as few episodes. The age of puberty is barely reached, when some neighbour's son, whose teeth are longer than his beard, considers his Eden requires an Eve, and in the most simple off-handed manner intimates the fact, and suggests to his future bride the amalgamation of their stock in a joint proprietorship. No formal trammel of civilisation pervades the atmosphere there; no interchange of presents, no premature development of poetical genius displays itself in the dedication of sentimental twaddle to relieve the surcharged feelings; and even that almost universal symbol—the wedding ring—is dispensed with in the majority of cases. Ante-nuptial contracts and marriage settlements are considered as unnecessary in such engagements as winning the affections, and making provisions for the future. A tent or outside room is apportioned as a residence, and with 100 sheep and a few cows the young couple start life, whilst the boy-husband, relying on his hardy pony and trusty rifle, keeps his larder in a similar state to that of the widow's cruise of oil.

Not many years ago, the writer had pointed out to him a married pair in the Free State whose united ages amounted to twenty-nine. The young wife was a young mother, and her age was but fourteen. As to her capabilities of house management, and taking upon herself the early cares of paternity, I will leave the fair portion of my readers to criticise the first, and question the propriety of the second. This may be an exceptional case as to youth, but fifteen and sixteen years are by no means singular ages for Free State girls to get married at, for then they are often grown into big, buxom women, while their chosen lords are generally but a very few years their seniors.

It would be easy to assign a cause for such an effect. Isolated, exclusive habits are forced ingredients of farm life, all the more vitally apparent in a country where the profession of the land surveyor is supplanted by the brisk trot of a company of Boers in the allotment of a farm. Miles upon miles intervene between the farmstead, visits of neighbours are periodical undertakings, and the arrival of a stranger is held as an advent of importance. Thrown back on their own untutored resources of amusement, made companions of and fellow-workers with the parents from infancy, the mushroom-like qualities of the girls bloom into womanhood with tropic fertility, and the first adventurous candidate for the Benedictine order finds that nature and local circumstances have predisposed this

prairie flower to a change of name, without much change of social condition.

It would be useless to mourn with the poet—

> "That the saddest sight of all was a gay and girlish thing,
> Cast aside her maiden gladness for a name and for a ring,"

for this overgrown child, of a semi-civilized state, knows naught of gaiety—the romping, laughing, girlish days of European maidenhood have no counterpart, or even equivalent here. The metamorphosis is sudden—the days that should have been devoted to decorating the handiwork of the German artisan have scarcely dawned, when they are cast aside for the matronly duties of attending to the first-born. The hypothesis that these early marriages have caused deterioration in the present colonist I will leave for the biologist to decide. Climatic influences, doubtless, plays its part with the youthful Dopper and others, who embrace wedlock in our neighbouring Republics; and, recognizing the prevalence of the fact, the natural deduction is an effeminating tendency of the race. M.

Life.

Toiling always, reaping naught,
Never finding what is sought,
Life with all unrest is fraught.
Pain with joy walks hand in hand,
Casting shadows o'er the land,
A mysterious, mocking band.
Love draws but a fitful breath:
Hate soon steals her rosy wreath.
Life springs forth from ghastly Death.
How to part the tangled thread,
Which before me now is spread,
I cannot tell. In pious dread
At the footstool of my King
I will leave all questioning,
All my vain unravelling.

Mu.

Picturesque Holland.*

A RECENT writer in one of the leading newspapers of Cape Town in attempting to describe Holland said :—"It is known that Holland produces every year prodigious quantities of cheese, butter, and herrings, with something considerable in the way of cattle, and out of the profits of such commercial undertakings, Mynheer continues to cut more dykes and build more dams, to erect quaint summer-houses on the banks of his canals with 'Lust en Rust,' written over the door, to smoke innumerable pipes and to drink copious potations of schiedam."

If there were any doubt of the writer's utter ignorance of the Dutch and their habits, it would be removed by the last words of the passage quoted. For the fact is that, with exception of the lowest classes, the Dutchman never smokes pipes and never drinks schiedam. The Dutchman smokes cigars, and if young England and young Africa were to appear in the streets of Holland with their pipes in their mouths, they would attract as much attention as a Dog Rib Indian in his native costume. Gin and water, the favourite beverage in so many other countries, is an unheard of liquor in Holland. The respectable Dutchman takes no gin except in the shape of bitters before dinner. I still vividly recollect how completely a Cape gentleman knocked the breath out of the body of a hotelkeeper in Holland, when he ordered him to bring in gin and water for some friends who called on him in the evening. That Cape gentleman, on that occasion discovered, what the writer just quoted has not yet found out, that the Dutch esteem gin and water rather less highly than the English our Cape wines; and that we must not judge a nation by the witty stories circulated about it. Visiting a country, forming personal acquaintance with its people, afford a safer means of arriving at correct conclusions.

And this is what Mr. Henry Havard, the author of "Picturesque Holland" has done. He did not go for the purpose of verifying stories about Dutch pipe-smoking and gin-drinking, but he undertook the journey because he found a most extraordinary statement about the Netherlands in a German Handbook of Geography. In that handbook he found the Netherlands described as forming part of Germany, a doctrine which to him sounded so strange, that he determined to see before he believed. He went and the above mentioned book is the result. It is a thoroughly French book. It does not appear whether it was originally written in English or whether it is a translation, but in either case, the language and style are French. Here and there a little less enthusiasm and exaggeration would perhaps have been desirable. Those who have seen the towns of Hindelopen and Enkhuizen will agree with me when I say that one must be

* "Picturesque Holland." By HENRY HAVARD: London, R. Bentley & Son, 1876.

gifted with a rather lively imagination, if he calls those towns "royal cities;" this we find on page 10, and if we read, on the very next page, of "cows, buried up to their middle in herbage," we involuntarily think of the *granum salis.*

The Dutch words and names occurring in the book are somewhat better spelt than in other English works, but there is still room for great improvement in this respect. If the author had asked his Dutch fellow traveller Baron de Constant Rebecque to revise the proof sheets we would not find "Jabriek schoof" (page 247) for Fabriekschol, and a score of similar mistakes or misprints. The greatest fault of the book is that it says too little of the manners, customs, and mode of life of the people, and contains too minute descriptions of old buildings, fortifications, and especially churches. Lovers of antiquity may find all this interesting enough, but ordinary readers do not care to have the description of every village church and every cathedral to be seen in the provinces of Friesland, Groningen, Drenthe, Overyssel, and Gelderland. These church descriptions become so tedious and tiresome that the reader is brought to regard lines as the following as an oasis in a desert; (page 149) "The Lords of Heiden in the good old times enjoyed a curious privilege. Each newly-married peasant who became a father before the regular time—that is to say, whose wife increased the population in less than nine months after the nuptial benediction—had to work for the Counts of Heiden for as long a time as they were in advance of the prescribed period. As these things, it appears, happened pretty frequently, the Lords of Laarwoud had always a numerous company at work on their estates. It was certainly very hard upon the poor husbands thus to render them responsible for the caprices of nature."

To attain his object, namely that of ascertaining the relationship between the Dutch and the Germans, Mr. Havard had to direct his steps in the first place to the Dutch provinces bordering on Germany, and this is one reason why his book is not so interesting as it otherwise might have been. Of the Holland *κατ' ξοχην*, of the heart of Holland, he says nothing. The provinces of North and South Holland and Utrecht, which contain the most populous cities, and the most remarkable institutions, are not noticed. Yet he finds even in the most northern and border districts enough to admire and to praise. In an out-of-the-way village in the province of Groningen he finds a school so admirably conducted that he cannot forbear saying: "It would be well if French villages were thus happily provided." (page 133).

Later on (page 163), he tells us of his visit to the penitentiary or Veinhuizen, an agricultural colony, where persons convicted of mendicancy are detained. It is situated in a desert, but 100,000 acres of the desert have been reclaimed, and are now under high cultivation. Vagabondage is thus put an end to. Those guilty of it are converted into useful citizens, and the country profits by their labours. One cannot help thinking why in every country in the world something

similar is not established, and why steps should not be taken to make the loafers and beggars of Cape Town cultivate the Cape Flats. By such a course they would be rescued from degradation, and the Colony would be benefited.

At Groningen he notices the Deaf and Dumb Institute, which ranks there in importance to similar establishments in Europe (page 103). It is only excelled by those in Paris and St. Petersburg. A long and interesting description is given (page 238 to 399) of an institution near Zutphen, called "Nederlandsch Mettray." Its inmates are children who have committed offences for which they are not responsible, owing to their tender age, and also orphans. Here also the principle is "to improve the earth by man, and man by means of the earth." The children are chiefly taught gardening and useful trades. At the Cape juvenile offenders are cast in prison, brought into daily contact with hardened criminals, and naturally, at the expiration of their sentence, they are worse than they were on the day when they received their sentence; and most of them are ruined for life by the teaching and example of their fellow prisoners. A similar establishment for older lads convicted of more serious crimes is noticed by the author (page 260). It is the Kruïsberg near Doetinchem, and a little further on (page 263) he mentions the Kolonial Militair Invalidenhuis, near Arnhem, which seems to be a little paradise for the old invalids, where they enjoy a well merited rest after the fatigues and perils of the battle-field and of the East and West Indian Colonies.

As was stated before, the origin of the book was Mr. Havard's desire to become acquainted with the feelings entertained in the Dutch border districts towards the neighbouring Germans; and to find out whether the language, the customs, the pursuits, and the sentiments of the Dutch were such as to justify the assertion that they are not a different nationality, and that they virtually do form part, or ought to form part of the German Empire. That a Frenchman of to-day should be elated at discovering that the Dutch claim entire independence of Germany, and object very strongly against being annexed and swallowed up, is easily understood. The instances he gives of the want of cordiality between the two nations, are not always very striking and not always very appropriate and well chosen. But the fact will not be denied by any one acquainted with Holland and the Dutch. The spirit of independence is still as strong as ever it was. And I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that if matters came to such a pass that annexation of Holland became unavoidable, if it were left for the Dutch to choose they would infinitely rather be annexed to France than to Germany,—to Germany, which is but another name for Prussia. It is not exaggeration to say that the Dutchman hates Prussia—hates Bismarck. Bismarck is to the Dutchman the personification of despotism, and in Holland despotism never found favour. On page 134, Mr. Havard tells us that at Nieuw Schans he was informed by a Dutchman that formerly

Germans used to cross the frontier and work on the Dutch farms. But since 1866 it no longer happens. The German labourers are no longer civilly received, and the relationships between the borderers are altogether broken. "All is now Prussian," and this wrought the change.

On page 250 he says that the manufacturers of Almelo formerly were in the habit of paying their workmen in German coin. Some years ago the workmen refused to receive German thalers any longer, and struck. "Their patriotism," says Havard, "was stronger than their personal interests." On page 274 he speaks of a splendid estate, the Biljoen, near Arnhem, which was sold some years ago and bought by a German. "A foreigner arrived on the scene, a German, devoid of any love of art, of country and of nature. The precious treasures were dispersed to the four winds. Trees, a century old, were cut down, and the old manor converted into a common dwelling, and the forest became a desert. 'Only one of them came into the country, and yet you see everything is destroyed,' remarked M. van T——, 'imagine what would happen if our poor Gelderland were invaded by a number of them!'" On page 291 he says: "Water is not much drunk in Arnhem. 'I taste that water!' said one to me; 'when I think that, may be, Germans have bathed in its coolness,—ponah—it makes me sick!'"

The proofs Mr. Havard gives of the antipathy existing between Holland and Prussia, may be thought to have a touch of the trivial and the ridiculous about them, but the fact of its existence is, for all that, indisputable. The Holland of to-day may seem shorn of its pristine glory and power, it may indeed possess "very little current history," it may seem an easy thing and a charitable act to annex it to some great power, but when the attempt is made to blot out that nation, to rob it of its liberty, it will be seen that the motto of the town of Nynegen, is still the motto of the United Netherlands: "*Melius est bellicosa libertas quam pacifica servitas.*" Though it was in an after-dinner toast, Mr. Havard did not overdraw when he said: "The old Batavian blood is in full flow on your blessed soil, and the good heart of this country beats in unison with those of all her children! And yet the individuality of this heroic corner of the world is disputed. Men have said that it was part of a great whole, without reflecting that it was itself complete, an indivisible unity twice conquered by your ancestors, first from the elements and then from foreign domination. And where would justice be if a capricious stroke of the pen, wielded by a fanatic savant, or if an unscrupulous political reign could extinguish the sacrifices and the holy immolations of ages?"

F.

Reminiscences of the 1834 War.*

The following morning, Major Gregory started for Graham's Town with the greater part of the patrol, while the rest, who were nearly all of them Lower Albany men, were left at Bathurst with the double object of protecting the village from being destroyed, and to guard the cattle.

This duty, as the larger portion of the cattle belonged to our family, we, as in duty bound, willingly undertook, though we longed to be in a more stirring and active position, for I must say the unprovoked inroad made upon the colonists by the Kafirs had aroused a feeling within us to pay them back again for their cruelty and destruction of the lives and property of the settlers in such a manner as they would not forget in a hurry. To stay at Bathurst therefore, and turn cattle-herds day and night for weeks, was to us very dull work, when preparation was being made to invade Kafirland and fighting was going on in many parts of the country; and what made things more tiresome was we had no men to spare to ride expresses, and our communications with Graham's Town were few and far between.

One day when we were all anxious for news, as we had been evry quiet, and we had heard nothing for some time, we were startled with the booming of cannon in the direction of the Fish River, near Trompetter's Drift. Shot after shot kept echoing over the hills during a good part of the day, letting us know that a fight of some kind was going on, but with what result we could only guess, though we never for a moment fancied that our troops and burghers were doing otherwise than giving the Kafirs a licking.

It was some days before we heard the news that the Kafirs had been attacked in the Fish River bush by the troops and burghers, who had killed a number of Kafirs, though not without some loss of life on our side; that a number of cattle had been taken by our poeple, and that one of the officers fresh from England, who had never before seen so many cattle in one lot, exclaimed "Surely there were enough cattle in that lot to pay all the colonists' losses."

About this time we got a reinforcement from town to our little band at Bathurst. A Captain Forbes and his company were sent down, and some of the Lower Albany people taking advantage of the military escort, came back from town.

Not many days after, the Kafirs made a real attack upon the cattle kraal, and by creeping up quietly had succeeded in removing some of the posts of the enclosure, when they were discovered and fired upon by one of the sentries. As only one shot was fired they called to each other to rush in and drive out the cattle, and were rushing in through the opening they had made for the purpose, when

* Continued from the *Cape Monthly*, December, 1876.

the other men on guard came up and gave them a volley knocking over some of them. At this there was a great cry of "koka" which is a pretty sure sign that some one is hurt, as it is only when a Kafir is wounded that from a sort of inherent or natural propensity for falsehood, he tries to make you believe by singing out "koka" that he is all right. No sooner did the Kafirs find out that they would have to fight for the cattle, which it seems they hardly expected, than they at once ran away, taking their wounded with them. The cattle, with the noise of the Kafirs and the flashing and reports of the guns rushed down toward the house so thick that there was some difficulty in getting through them, the guard-house being in the cattle enclosure, so that by the time the rest of the guard got through the cattle the Kafirs were out of sight. The next morning we found by the blood about the opening that they had made in the kraal and also upon their spoor in running away, that some of them were seriously damaged. One dead Kafir was afterwards found in the direction they fled. Whether more than this one was killed we never heard except that some time afterwards the body of a Kafir was discovered in the bush with some dry meat that appeared to have been roasted lying near him, also a tin containing water, showing he had been unable to follow his companions, and they had left him to his fate after providing for him as I have stated. It was supposed by those who found him that he had not been able to help himself to either the food or water kindly provided by his friends. How long he may have lived all alone in this helpless condition is one of the things that remains untold. It was, however, one of the sad effects of war even in a mild form, such as we had it at Bathurst; and such almost unknown suffering must have frequently been the case in the wooded and rugged kloofs of the frontier, where small fights, as I have said, in detail, were of almost daily occurrence.

After the Kafirs had failed in their attempt on the cattle kraal they gave up annoying us and things were much more quiet than we liked, for the people bagan to grow careless, and often wandered away from the village to their houses and gardens to look for vegetables. Some of the houses had not been burnt by the Kafirs, though they sometimes slept in them. They did not care to set them on fire as it would have betrayed their movements and shown us where they were,—a thing they took particular care not to let us know if possible. The cattle were always guarded by a party of mounted men, and a part of these men frequently went some distance from the cattle to seek for Kafir "spoors" which we used to find at times, but seldom more than two or three—just a few Kafirs lurking about in the hopes of getting hold of a few stray cattle or a horse or two; but we took good care they never got any stray cattle, and these Kafirs must often have had a hungry time of it poking about in the bush. Finding the people were daily getting less careful in their visits to the gardens, we were under the necessity of going in for a hoax or

false alarm to frighten them, as we felt sure some of them would get killed; so we devised a plan which we carried out in a most successful manner. The house and enclosure where the guard stayed with the cattle at night was about two hundred yards from the church, and the plan of alarm was as follows:—Half a dozen of our men unknown to the sentries on cattle-guard were sent round to a ditch and bank about fifty yards from the cattle kraal. The spot was selected the day before. The bank faced the kraal with the ditch beyond. These men on taking up their position began firing over the kraal and the bullets went whizzing from them over the church. The sentries in the kraal returned the fire, not knowing but what it was Kafirs attacking them. Our men, of course, kept behind the bank, putting up the muzzles of their guns, and fired over the kraal. This firing was kept up by the sentries until the rest of us came up, when a regular volly was fired, of course, in the air; in the mean time Captain Forbes and his company turned up to help, Forbes crying out "Where are the rascals?" He was soon made aware of their whereabouts, as some more shots were fired from the bank, and the shots went whizzing over our heads high in the air, Forbes remarking "the fellows had got the wrong range." He then called out to us to charge. This we were quite ready for and all those up to the secret charged the bank and ditch, and as agreed upon as soon as we got there our men joined us and we fired a few shots across the field beyond, and then returned and reported the Kafirs had fled from the trench without waiting for us to come upon them, and that we supposed from the position they had taken behind the bank, none of them had been killed that we could see. This was not very satisfactory to Captain Forbes, who wished some of the rascals had been killed. Forbes and the men from the church then went back, though before he went back the sentries were ordered to be doubled. This we promised to attend to. The next day an express was sent to town with an account of the affair, and the Graham's Town papers had quite an exciting description of the brilliant affair at Bathurst. The next day Kafir "spoors" were seen in all directions, and there was no more going to the gardens to forage for potatoes or other vegetables, so the attack had the desired effect, and people shouldered their guns and buckled on their bandoliers and pistols and looked as fierce as though they intended doing something desperate.

A few days after, we received the news that the Governor Sir B. D'Urban, and Colonel Smith, were almost ready to enter Kafirland with the troops and burghers. This quite upset all the Bathurst arrangements, as the greater part of the young men there at once said they would go as volunteers to Kafirland. Not caring to prevent this move in any way, as we had resolved to volunteer ourselves, we sent our cattle back to the farm with some of the brothers and a few Basutos we had in our service, and who stuck to us manfully all through the war and did good service. The rest of us (four) stayed

to join the "Bathurst Volunteers," as they styled themselves. After seeing the cattle sent away, we bid adieu to Bathurst for a time, and under the orders of my brother William, who was made captain without pay or commission, we started for Graham's Town, which we found barricaded and guarded as though in a state of siege. We took up our quarters in the town for a short time and provded ourselves with such things as we required for our use in the field. While in town, we almost lost our Captain in a strange way. Going along Bathurst-street one night to where our parents were staying, he was challenged by a man on guard, who called out "Who goes there?" he replied "A friend," and walked on, "Who goes there?" was repeated again in double quick time. He then replied in a loud voice "A friend," at the same time he heard the man cock his gun. He then said "Are you mad, or what is the matter with you?" to which the sentry replied "Law! I nearly shot you." "It was just as well you did not try, or I would certainly have shot you; but could you not hear me say I was a friend in plain English?" "I didn't hear you, sir; I'm deaf." After this we came to the conclusion we would be safer in Kafirland, and shortly after this we started to join the invading force who were encamped near Fort Wiltshire. From here as the slaughter cattle were getting short, a large patrol under Colonel Smith crossed the Keiskamma in the night, and at day-light the next morning we came upon a lot of Kafirs, and cattle Shooting a few Kafirs, and taking about three hundred head of cattle, we returned to the camp the same evening with them, which quite set up our Commissariat Department with beef, many of the cattle being in fine condition for killing. One of my brothers was taken ill with fever and had to be taken to the hospital at Fort Wiltshire, and another brother had to stay as nurse, there being no regular hospital there at the time; so William and I were all of the brothers left to go with the volunteers, or, as we were now called, the "Corp of Guides." Soon after this the invading force broke up their camp in the night and proceeded towards Kafirland. On passing by Fort Wiltshire, my brother and I left the rest of our party and went to say "good bye" to the two brothers we were leaving at the fort. We obtained admission and said good bye, and were just going out of the gateway in the grey dawn of the morning when up came Colonel Smith, "Hollo, you d—— confounded rascals, what are you doing here? Come to see your poor brother, I suppose. How is he? God bless him." To this we replied we thought he was somewhat better. "That's all right, now go and join the rest of the men of your corp, you will find them with Sir Benjamin Durban." So away we went and soon joined the "Corp of Guides." This corp being composed of Kafir traders or young farmers, knew as much about riding in military order as a lot of Kafirs, and we often rode in anything but an orderly manner. On the line of march as we were going quietly along the road, up came Colonel Smith. "Halt! Stop! for I do not think

you know what 'halt' means. Fall in three and three." So we at once got into threes as well as we could, and rode on, but sometimes a bush or more than one threw us out of order, so we were not very successful in keeping up a proper military form. "There you go again, all in a heap like a lot of sheep or bucks; well, if you ride like that the Kafirs will shoot or assegai you all in a heap some fine day; but I'll learn you how to ride before we get back, see if I don't." I have left out some portions of the speech as not necessary to the sense. After this, to please the Colonel, where the ground admitted of our doing so, we used to ride as directed, and he used to swear at us sometimes, and say "We were good fellows and were beginning to see the value of order and regularity." The army halted for a few days at what is now called Fort White, near the Debe Neck. That night a Kafir creeping up to have a look at us was shot by one of the Corp of Guides. From here part of the invading force entered the Keiskamma Hoek, expecting to have a brush with the Kafirs there, but the Kafirs, though we passed a number of kraals, were nowhere to be seen except an odd one here and there who called out from the hills above, asking us "What we came there for?" Did we not know that the country and cattle belonged to them, and why were we all come there to be killed; and such like questions. Finding no cattle or Kafirs we began our return back down the Keiskamma toward the mission station of "Burn's Hill." On the way down we saw a small lot of cattle on a ridge beyond the river and Colonel Smith called out, "Now, Bowker, your men are the fellows for cattle, go and take that lot and as many more as you can find." So Bowker with about ten others crossed the Keiskamma, and took the cattle on the ridge. When looking over towards the bush we saw a considerable number of cattle just below us. The footpaths we found trodden quite soft with Kafir "spoor;" so we concluded that these cattle were a trap set for us. Brother William said to me, "Shall we go down, and get that lot?" I, who had just come on all the Kafir spoor showed them to him, and said, "If you wish never to get back again we can go." To this he replied he had not quite made up his mind to do that, but regretted all the men had not come, though he said in excuse he supposed they thought we were quite enough to take such a small lot of cattle. So we turned back with the first lot we had taken to the troops, and we had hardly turned round when we heard quite a yell of disappointment from the Kafirs in the Hoek below. When we got back Colonel Smith wanted to know if those were all the cattle we could find. We said no, we had seen a large lot in the Hoek beyond us, and "Why did you not bring them?" To this my brother replied "We did not care to leave ourselves there, or we might have tried." While the colonel was speaking, some Kafirs came out on the ridge where we took the cattle from, and asked us "Why we had not come and taken the other lot below us?" We answered we were not blind, but would come for them another day. As we went down the

river the Kafirs fired at us, and were very impertinent; said we were going away with only a few cattle, and if we did not take great care of them they would have them back before we got to the camp. Shortly after passing Burn's Hill the Kafirs shot a young man of the name of Lloyd by firing from the bush. He was not killed on the spot, but was mortally wounded, and died a few days after from the wound as the ball which had injured the back-bo ne could notbe extracted.

B.

Notes of the Month.

NEW BOOKS.

Among the new books issued, the Life of Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, and Canon of Chester Cathedral, will be heartily welcomed by the public. His bio grapher is Mrs. Kingsley, who allows him to explain his motives and tell the story of his life by his own admirable letters, which have much of the charm and vivacity of his writings.

Kingsley was a West countryman, bred and born. Speaking to Mr. Francis Galton in reference to his book on "Hereditary Genius," in which the Kingsley family are spoken of, he said, "We are the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and had every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quiet, extraordinary, practical, and administrative power." He was born of these parents at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, on the 12th June, 1819. As a child he was delicate and precocious, and began to preach sermons and write poems (examples of both of which are published) between the the ages of four and five. His parents left Dartmoor when he was eleven, and removed for a time to the Fens of Lincolnshire, then in something of their primæval state. From thence they went to the lovely village of Clovelly, in Cornwall, where the family remained till they removed to the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, in 1836. The influence of the fen scenery can be seen in his works, and of Cornwall he himself said to his wife, "Now you have seen Clovelly, you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

Having studied at Cambridge and taken holy orders, he was offered the curacy of Eversley, and went there in 1842. He was twenty-three when he settled down among the country people, and he soon won great power over them. "He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. From knowing every fox-earth on the moor, the reedy hover of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word of sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher." He lived in a small thatched cottage in the roughest fashion, meanwhile going through much inward struggle in which he fought his doubts and gathered strength. His marriage to Miss Grenfell and his appointment to the Rectory of Eversley came nearly together, and soon after—in 1846—his life of St. Elizabeth, begun in prose in 1842, was finished and published as "The Saint's Tragedy." This poem at once gave him a literary position. Bunsen regarded it and "Hypatia" as the most important and perfect of his works. In the same year of gloom and distress in public affairs "Yeast" appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*. His contribu-

tions to "Politics for the People," his letters signed "Parson Lot," and the active sympathy they showed with the popular discontent, exposed him to much misapprehension even from friends. His health became affected by the anxiety caused by remonstrances from well-meaning people on one hand, and on the other his profound feeling for the agricultural poor in that time of general distress. He made, however, many friends about this period, among them Bishop Stanley, Archdeacon Hare, Sir Arthur Helps, Mr. Hullah, Mr. Froude, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, and Mr. T. Hughes. A little earlier than this he had come under the influence of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, whom he speaks of as his "master."

Another very strong influence on Kingsley's mind was that of Mr. Carlyle, whose works laid the foundation to which Coleridge's "Aids" and Maurice's writings were the superstructure. His personal communications with Mr. Carlyle seem to have begun about the time of the publication of "Alton Locke," respecting which work the following characteristic letter was written by the sage of Chelsea, in acknowledgment of a copy sent as soon as it was out:—

Chelsea, October, 31, 1850.

It is now a great many weeks that I have been your debtor for a book which in various senses was very welcome to me. "Alton Locke" arrived in Annandale, by post from my wife, early in September, and was swiftly read by me, under the bright sunshine, by the sound of rushing brooks and other rural accompaniments. I believe the book is still doing duty in these parts; for I had to leave it behind me on loan, to satisfy the public demand. Forgive me, that I have not, even by a word, thanked you for this favour. Continual shifting and moving ever since, not under the best omens, has hindered me from writing almost on any subject or to any person.

Apart from the treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like and be grateful for in the book: abundance, nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude*; by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow: so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one! "Saunders Mackaye," my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed, I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him—his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura. In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features; but neither of them is worked out into the "Daughter of the Sun" she might have been; indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with "Saunders;" and the impression is of a fervid creation still left half chaotic. That is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white.

Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present: any time within the next two centuries, it is like, there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist; like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be. I stipulate farther that you come and see me when you are at Chelsea; and that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamour of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory.

Yours with true wishes,

T. Carlyle.

This criticism seems to have had its effect. In later works Mr. Kingsley did resolutely temper his fire, and did better, if not the best that was expected of him. The controversies which were provoked by "Yeast" raged even more fiercely over "Alton Locke," and Mr. Kingsley found refuge from them in parochial duties, in the vast private correspondence his books brought, and in

further literary effort. "Hypatia" was published in 1853, and was followed by "Alexandria and her Schools." All this time multitudes of strangers came to the village church to hear him, and he was constantly called on for all kinds of public work His wife says of these public appearances that he seldom returned from them without showing that so much life had gone out of him, "not only from the strain of brain and heart, but from the painful sense of antagonism which his startling mode of stating things called out among his hearers, and of which he was keenly conscious at the time." He was one of those men who must express what he felt.

Mrs. Kingsley, in these volumes, supplies us with an intermediate verse which her husband wrote with the two well-known verses beginning "My fairest child." The lines were written in 1856, and addressed to his niece, but the second verse has not been published until now:—

My fairest child I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy down;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakspeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast for ever
One grand sweet song.

The Cape Colonist (Miss Byrne), who made her *début* as an authoress, last year, in the two volume novel, "Ingram Place," published by Messrs. Longman & Co., has now completed another work, entitled, "Power's Partner," in three volumes. We have not yet seen a copy of the work in the Colony; but it is thus reviewed by the *Academy*:—"The style lacks calmness and strength, yet there is much feeling, and an almost unlimited supply of words. The hero is an old clerk in an office, who is wrongfully accused of stealing, and sent to prison for the fault of another. When he is set free he goes to the Diamond-fields, and really becomes dishonest and cheats his partner by keeping a prodigiously large diamond to himself. With his ill-gotten gains he becomes a millionaire in five years, and gives fashionable parties in Dublin, to which his former partner comes, accompanied by the man who has wronged him in bygone times. The passion for wealth, produced by an undue and morbid susceptibility to the deprivations of poverty, is as strong in Miriam Dwyer, the daughter, as in her father, the convict clerk, and very nearly wrecks her life; but she rises superior to it at length, and does tardy justice to the man whom her father has cheated. The story is a dreary one, and, we think, chiefly so on account of the morbid way in which poverty is regarded in it. Poverty need not be the degradation which this writer makes it appear; it may have its hardships, but they need not necessarily debase the nature, and it will only be an unmitigated evil as long as those who have to bear it regard it as such. If the style of this writer was pruned and restrained, she has talent enough to produce a much stronger story than "Power's Partner."

OSCILLATION OF THE ROTARY AXIS OF THE EARTH.

Our respected contributor H. W. P., sends us the following note:—

For a long time past I have had a feeling, rather than a conviction, that, in order to account for some of the geological phenomena of the earth's surface, a translation or oscillation of the rotary axis could alone be satisfactory. And recently I have observed that amongst European geologists there is a growing tendency in the same direction.

The discovery of fossil remains of animals, far removed from the zones in which, when living, such animals could have existed, has in a great measure given birth to this idea; and the fact that large deposits of coal exist in regions far removed from the latitude in which vegetation is sufficiently luxuriant to supply the materials from which coal is understood to be derived, naturally suggests that the localities in which they are now found must at one time or other have been under the influence of a tropical climate, and, if so, the reasonable inference must be that these localities have been removed from their original position by oscillations of the rotary axis.

To my mind there appears to be nothing unreasonable in such a hypothesis, for if we go back in imagination to the assumed origin of the world, there can be no difficulty in conceiving such occurrences. The earth, it is supposed, is formed from a condensation of gaseous vapours by precipitation or congelation. The ponderous matter thus derived gradually accumulating to form a globe comprising air, earth, and water, each separated from the other by their various densities, under the action of axial rotation (throwing off force) and the force of gravity to the centre. The solid material would naturally, as it accumulated, take the form of a spheroid having its greatest diameter at the equator, where at last would be formed an elevated belt of dry land rising above the water, and sloping off to lower levels towards the north and south. This natural, or, so to call, primitive form, I imagine was afterwards broken up into irregular surfaces by oscillation of the rotary poles; by which means the original equatorial belt of dry land was placed in a position of resistance or antagonism to the force of rotation, and the force and direction of the tidal currents producing in consequence that irregularity and unequal distribution of land and water which now exists.

Another fact that would seem to favour this supposition is, the position of the magnetic axis, which is divergent from that of rotation. That the true north and south poles should not be also the magnetic poles is inexplicable, unless the oscillation of the axis of rotation be admitted.

The view I take of it is doubtless very theoretical, and may be wide of the truth; but there is something in it very like inductive reasoning. For instance, I cannot conceive it possible that the earth can turn on its axis with such velocity as it does, without external friction, such as to induce electricity in it and its atmosphere, much in the same manner as electricity is generated by a cylindrical electric machine, the fluid from which conducted round certain dense bodies, induces in them various effects of magnetism. By analogy, therefore, I imagine that the electricity caused by the friction of rotation, circling round the dense nucleus of the earth must induce magnetism in it, the poles being co-incident with those of the rotary axis. Now if this idea be admitted and that magnetism was induced in the earth during the period of its original consolidation, it is obvious that a divergence of anything less than 90° from its original position would not deprive the axis of its magnetic character, although it might modify it. Slaty cleavage and the divisional planes in crystalline rocks appear to me more explicable under these views than any other. They appear to have some subordination to magnetism and yet must have taken effect under the influence as well of the great forces of gravity and rotation. Of course I imagine many oscillations, whether gradual or sudden, to account for the upheaval and derangement of the stratified deposits, now forming mountain ranges and valleys, with lakes, rivers, and estuaries, &c, as well as for the otherwise unaccountable position of many coal deposits and fossils.

H. W. P.

BAINES' MAP.

We have been favoured with a copy of the map which is to accompany the late Mr. Thomas Baines' book on the Gold-fields of Southern Africa. This is incomparably the best geographical work on South Africa that has as yet been published. It is compiled from the late traveller's own observations, assisted by

Messrs. J. Chapman, Henry Hartley, Captain Elton, St. Vincent Erskine, E. Mohr, R. Jewell, A. Bellville, R. J. Miller, and other friends, and has been issued under the supervision of Henry Hall, Esq., from the excellent establishment of Mr. Stanford, Charing Cross. The whole of the territories from the Cape to the Zambezi are represented with a fulness of topographical detail which gives a thoroughly complete idea of the country; and the various localities in which gold has been found are marked in colour,—extending from Zululand through the Transvaal, and the Kingdoms of Lobengula and Umzila, to the auriforous districts of the Zambezi—the Monomatopa of mediæval geographers.

A PLAGIARISM.

Several correspondents have directed our attention to a gross case of plagiarism committed by the contributor of the verses "A Scene in the Desert." which appeared in the last pages of the January number of the *Magazine*. The composition, which was handed to us as original, we now find has been made up (with a few verbal alterations) of J. C. Mangans' translation of Freligrath's "Gericht des Reisenden," and Dr. A. Baskerville's translation of Freligrath's "Lowenritt;" the first three stanzas from the former and the remaining stanzas (not including the fourth) from the latter. It would be improper to withhold from our contributor the discreditable notoriety which is his due. His card bears the address,—A. H. Nellmapius, Royal Portuguese Vice-Consul, Pilgrim's Rest.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME HUGUENOTS.

The origin of this name is curious; it is not from the German *Eidegenossen*, as has been supposed. Reguier de la Planche accounts for it as follows:—"The name *huguenand* was given to those of the religion during the affair of Amboyse, and they have retained it ever since. I'll say a word about it to settle the doubts of those who have strayed in seeking its origin. The superstition of our ancestors, to within twenty or thirty years thereabouts, was such that in almost all the towns in the kingdom they had a notion that certain spirits underwent their Purgatory in this world after death, and that they went about the town during the night, striking and outraging many people whom they found in the streets. But the light of the Gospel has made them vanish, and teaches us that these spirits were street-strollers and ruffians. At Paris the spirit was called *le moine bourré*; at Orleans, *le mulet odet*; at Blois, *le loup garon*; at Tours, *le Roy Huguet*; and so on in other places. Now, it happens that those whom they called Lutherans were at that time so narrowly watched during the day that they were forced to wait till night to assemble, for the purpose of praying to God, for preaching and receiving the Holy Sacrament; so that although they did not frighten nor hurt anybody, the priests, through mockery, made them the successors of those spirits which roamed the night; and thus that name being quite common in the mouth of the populace, to designate the evangelical *huguenands* in the country of Tourraine and Amboyse, it became in vogue after that enterprise."—*De l' Estat de France.* An. 1560 (Pauth Litt.) S. F.

RAIN-FALL IN THE VICTORIA WEST KARROO.

Mr. S. Jackson, in forwarding a register of the rain-fall in the Victoria West district, sends the following note:—

Below, I beg to hand you a report of the rainfall at Brakfontein, Victoria West, for the last four years. You may perhaps deem the report worthy of a corner in the *Cape Monthly*, since upon the rain-fall depend both the prosperity of the

farmers and merchants in these parts, and the price of mutton in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth :—

	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	Totals.
January	1·20	·27	·67	5·35	8·19
February	1·98	2·27	1·85	2·69	8·79
March	1·31	1·80	1·23	2·58	6·92
April	·22	·75	·92	·42	2·31
May	1·77	·00	1·55	1·35	4·67
June	·00	·00	1·04	·54	1·58
July	·18	·43	·11	·17	·89
August	·07	·04	·13	·00	·24
September	·09	·05	·00	1·50	1·64
October	·20	·28	·81	·43	1·72
November	2·05	2·44	3·55	·88	8·92
December	·39	2·56	2·89	·00	5·84
Totals	9·46	11·59	14.75	15·91	...
Total of four years...	...	...	...	...	51·71
Average of four years	...	...	...	...	12·9275

It will be at once perceived that the summer is our rainy season, as the winter is yours. But when it rains in the upper country—and so long as it rains there—it very seldom rains here. It follows, of course, that when your rainy season is prolonged beyond its usual time, we invariably suffer from drought.

Again, winter rains in Cape Town are often simultaneous with high north-west wind in this quarter; and our summer rains rarely set in until the Cape south-easters have begun to blow.

From the above figures, it also appears that, as regards the quantity of rain, the months stand in the following order, viz., November, February, January, March, December, May, April, October, September, June, July, August. January, however, would not show so high an average but for an exceptionally heavy fall last year of four inches in the short space of two hours.

I have, &c.,

SIDNEY JACKSON.

Brakfontein, 3rd January, 1877.

Meteorology.

FROM RETURNS FURNISHED BY THE COLONIAL METEOROLOGICAL COMMISSION.

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity, complete saturation equals 100.
					ROYAL OBSERVATORY.						
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	30·119	56·8	63·3	50·9	70·3	20th.. ..	43·4	17th.. ..	1·871	8	80
October	30·049	61·4	69·7	53·8	81·7	24th.. ..	45·1	13th.. ..	1·122	7	75

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity, complete Saturation equals 100.
WYNBERG.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Octobe	29·797	61·0	75·1	51·6	88·0	29th.. ..	46·0	13th.. ..	1·075	4	76
SIMON'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	..	59·8	67·4	54·9	74·0	5th and 6th	50·0	29th	0·630	2	70
October	..	64·6	72·8	57·0	85·0	16th	50·0	10th	1·900	3	67
PORT ELIZABETH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	30·187	58·6	64·1	54·3	71·0	21st	49·0	17th	1·300	3	82
October	30·150	63·1	71·8	56·2	100·5	29th	49·5	1st	0·590	2	75
HUGUENOT SEMINARY, WELLINGTON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	28·722	55·7	68·1	49·2	74·0	6th, 10th 11th 20th & 22nd	41·0	17th	1·320	7	82
October	28·636	63·9	77·3	53·9	92·0	28th.. ..	45·0	13th.. ..	1·070	5	71
WORCESTER.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	29·298	57·2	69·9	48·4	86·0	21st	37·0	17th.. ..	3·350	6	70
October	29·283	63·7	80·0	58·0	99·0	29th.. ..	40·0	13th.. ..	0·400	1	63
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August	28·490	51·9	66·8	35·6	82·0	8th.. ..	29·0	4th, 13th, 19th & 30th	0·420	3	74
Sept. ..	28·425	56·9	67·9	43·4	82·0	1st	30·0	24th.. ..	2·970	12	85
October	28·375	60·7	76·0	45·9	99·0	29th.. ..	32·0	1st	0·450	6	75
GILL COLLEGE, SOMERSET EAST.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August	27·427	53·9	64·3	46·3	77·0	27th..	35·0	13th & 30th	0·400	3	62
Sept. ..	..	56·1	67·5	50·6	83·0	21st	42·0	17th, 24th, and 29th	1·930	10	76
October	27·550	62·3	74·3	55·4	93·0	29th & 30th	43·0	18th.. ..	0·280	3	67
ALIWAL NORTH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
July ..	25·238	38·5	61·4	29·0	70·0	31st	21·0	7th & 8th	0·100	1	77
August	25·143	47·7	67·1	35·0	79·0	23rd.. ..	22·0	4th.. ..	0·370	2	73
Sept. ..	25·082	56·4	75·9	45·7	87·0	21st	32·0	17th.. ..	1·120	6	82
October	25·085	59·6	80·3	48·0	94·0	30th.. ..	38·0	18th.. ..	2·190	6	65

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A Journey to the North.—Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

BY

His Excellency Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B.

I.

Towards the end of June, 1873, I found myself at the bottom of Fleet-street, at that useful and excellent establishment of Mr. Cook, so renowned throughout Europe. I there made inquiries as to the possibility of obtaining circular tickets and hotel coupons for travelling in Norway, Sweden, and Russia. I found, unfortunately, that none of these northern countries were included in Mr. Cook's arrangements. I say unfortunately, because I am both willing and anxious to bear testimony to the great advantages I had derived from them a few months previously, when travelling in France, Italy, and Germany, and I may now add that my subsequent travels in Norway and Sweden showed me how especially useful they would have been in the northern countries of Europe. Most unwillingly, however, I was compelled to leave the office, unsucessful in my application.

The journey which I proposed this summer to make, contrary to the last, which, on the preceding year, I had undertaken in the south-east of Europe, was now to be in its north-west. I was under the impression, as regards the impediments and difficulties that I should meet with, it would not possess many advantages over the former, therefore I had come to the conclusion that I should be compelled to restrict myself as to the same amount of baggage which I formerly did, and hence one of the greatest difficulties which a traveller has in outlying regions must be surmounted. To take sufficient without being inconvenienced is a problem very difficult of solution. It was quite clear that we should require in the wild and almost unknown countries we were about to visit, such as Finland, a commissariat to supplement the rough food which alone we should be able to command. The very form in which our baggage should be taken required care, as our means of conveyance would probably be

carrioles or even pack horses. Former experience, however, taught me that small, strong, and light boxes, and well made baskets lined with waterproof, could not be excelled, and subsequent experience proved its truth.

Rising at daylight on Wednesday, the 2nd July, in company with one of my sons, we embarked with our luggage in a wherry at the Tower stairs. The porters at the wharf and lightermen were very civil and not extortionate, which speaks much in favour of police arrangements on the Thames. We were soon rowed alongside a powerful steam screw-ship, of 1,100 tons, called the *Rainbow*, and immediately started *en route* for Hamburg. We slipped our moorings at half-past eight a.m., the weather being very beautiful, and the captain promising us a fine passage. The vessel was crowded with passengers, mostly Germans. The table was prepared for fifty persons.

I need not here say much regarding the industrial works on the borders of the Thames—they are indeed wonderful to contemplate; but a reflection cannot but arise as to what is to become of all this industry, provided the price of labour in conjunction with coal is to be so augmented in our country as to give even the possibility to foreign nations to undersell us in the markets of the world. The character, moreover, which is now given of our workmen by foreigners, ought to cause some uneasiness; for not only is it frequently stated that they are far more extravagant in their demands than those of most other nations, but that their work is less well executed. In this I allude especially to the repairs of ships—Danish shipwrights are said to receive three shillings and sixpence a day of twelve hours, whereas those on the Thames receive eight shillings a day of ten hours; the work of the former bearing a fair comparison in quantity as well as quality with that of the latter.

The docks, so lately the admiration of the Shah in Shah, were full of shipping; Greenwich Hospital looked as stately and beautiful as ever, and Blackheath shone with the morning sun. At Gravesend lay moored the two handsome steam-yachts attending on the Cesarewitch. We now passed the *Mermaid*, a steamer of one thousand tons, her funnel just above the water; she was sunk by the *Copenhagen* a few weeks' since, it was said through mistaken signals. The forts on the banks of the Thames from their position and strength, appear most formidable, particularly those of Tilbury on the north side of the river.

Soon after passing Southend we found ourselves well out at sea and left the treacherous Goodwin sands behind us, steering north-east for the coast of Hanover.

The education of English officers is frequently disparaged by their countrymen; but where do you travel without meeting some men of that profession who are practically seeking knowledge and information? Amongst our passengers was Major Prendergast, who commanded one of the very smartest of the native Indian irregular

cavalry regiments, and who did good service in the Indian Mutiny. He was now on his way to Russia for the purpose of observing the military forces of that country, especially the Cossacks, which troops coincide in many essentials with those in the east, which he himself commanded. There were also some Danish officers from their West Indian settlements.

At two o'clock on the following day we sighted Heligoland, at too great a distance, however, to see much of the island. It is stated that no horse exists on this island, a deprivation which must be felt by His Excellency the Governor, who was distinguished for having carried dispatches right through the Russian Cossacks, in the rear of Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, and was looked upon as one of the most gallant horsemen in the British army.

Heligoland, or Holy Island, is about fifty miles from the Elbe. Its sterile appearance somewhat belies its name. Small as it is, it is said to be still diminishing, and in the course of time, may cease to be an eye-sore to our great German neighbour, commanding, as it does, the entrance to the Elbe. Batteries, it is said, are now being erected on Heligoland. It may be looked upon as a position of much importance, standing as it does in so prominent a position as regards the new harbour—Vilhelms haven—which the German Empire at so much cost, have lately constructed opposite to the English coast, on the German Ocean.

We now gradually approached the low coast at the entrance to the Elbe, and steaming slowly we entered the mouth of that river. The pilot informed us that the sea on the shallow water during the strong S.W. winds ran mountains high, pointing out to us some dangerous sand banks which lie off the entrance as the cause. He assured me that if ever I found myself in difficulties on this coast, the safest place to select for being wrecked upon was the southern, rather than the northern shore, an alternative choice which I had no desire to solve.

In midwinter there is much ice upon the Elbe; ships are not unfrequently caught in it, and sometimes have to pass weeks before they can be extricated.

After passing Cuxhaven and on nearing Hamburg we came in sight of Blankenese or "Plain Nose," a pretty wooded promontory, a favourite resort for the citizens, and where nightingales are said to abound. On reaching the city we traversed forests of shipping in the river, amongst which the small roughly-built boats from Bohemia, with their wonderfully tapering masts and lofty sails were very conspicious. Under the blessings of a city where custom houses are unknown, we avoided the annoyance of "Examination de baggage." Hamburg appears a very handsome city, but it is not so large in extent as might have been expected, under the circumstances of its being so rich and a free town. The Altersee is prettily laid out with villas on its banks. This we visited in a small gondola steamer, but unfortunately proceeded too far up the narrow river,

for although it is very pretty, and adorned with water lilies, yet on nearing Apindorp it becomes little better than a stagnant ditch containing sufficient poisonous matter to cause a pestilence to the entire protectorate. The sum of one million and a half thalers was apportioned to the city of Hamburg, out of the indemnity money paid by the French during the last war. This was according to the estimate that it supplied 5,000 soldiers. Of this money a large portion has been wisely expended in drainage works, and thus the city of Hamburg will be greatly benefited; and but for which works a plague might have broken out from the impurities which formerly existed. On the Alten Lake very pretty Bermudian boats, oak and copper fastened, four or five tons burden, are built. These entirely completed with rigging and canvas, are frequently sent to England, their cost, well finished, being less than £100.

Education appears to be carried on to most practical ends. Boatmen, shopkeepers, and those of the commonest class, all spoke at least two languages besides German, and even the mate of a penny steamer could understand me when I spoke to him in three or four. A great number of young Englishmen are being educated in Hamburg, where they state they bring up youth, especially those intended for a mercantile profession, at less cost, and with more perfect results than any city in Europe.

From the summit of the church of St. Michael we had a good view of the environs, tracing the Elbe which flows beneath the city from the far interior.

The Zoological Gardens contain the usual amount of wild animals, but the Aquarium is noted for its salamander, the only specimen in Europe. It is five feet long, bears the shape of a lizard, with the mouth of a chameleon, and snaps up many perch, half a-pound in weight, in the day. I made special inquiries of the keeper respecting its capability of withstanding fire, he declared that the properties attributed to it by common report were fabulous; at any rate that in Hamburg had not been subjected to the trial, but that it lived almost entirely under water.

The trade in cattle by the Elbe is very great and increasing daily, greatly assisted by the large steamers which ply upon the river, and high prices are now received by the farmers in Jutland for their beasts which help to supply the London market. Every article of foreign manufacture or growth, such as wine, is exceedingly cheap. Money calculations are most intricate. Nominally a Hamburg currency is extant, but the coinage itself consists in that of every country in the North of Europe. This they exchange according to some self-appointed system, quite incomprehensible but invariably disadvantageous to the stranger.

Before leaving Hamburg, we had the opportunity of seeing a funeral conducted according to the long-established customs of the city, the hearse followed by hired mourners dressed in black Spanish cloaks, wearing swords and peculiar hats with drooping plumes.

In Holstein great attention appears to be paid to the cemetery, each grave being planted with roses and sweet-smelling flowers.

On the afternoon of the 4th July we drove over to Altona, which is close to Hamburg, and from thence we started by rail to Kiel, the great naval arsenal of Germany, near the entrance to the Baltic. Kiel is a most excellent harbour; it is two or three miles wide by six or seven long. The entrance, which is not above half-a-mile broad, is well defended by a strong fort on either bank. Friedrich Sort on the west and Möltenort and Loboe on the east. Each of these is mounted with guns of enormous calibre. Kiel is, however, as yet very far from being the Sebastapol of the Baltic, which appellation is sometimes applied to it.

One great difficulty as regards the repairs of ships, is that there is no tide on the Baltic, the only difference of level that is experienced is dependent upon a gale of wind, and then the rise and fall of the water never exceeds three or four feet. The shipbuilding which was being carried on appeared by an English standard to be comparatively trivial.

I was given to understand that the idea of constructing a canal upon a large scale from Kiel to the North Sea, which had been once contemplated had been abandoned; that Count Moltke had given his opinion against it. There is no doubt that it would cost an enormous sum of money. Its length would not be much under fifty miles, and although it would save perhaps one hundred and fifty miles, and the difficulties of the Skagerack and Cattegat, in passing from the Baltic into the German Ocean, yet the dues which must be charged to merchant ships to repay the interest upon the cost of its execution would be too heavy to compensate its advantages. As a military work it might have great advantages, but the outlay which would be required to be expended upon it would far exceed the cost of a war with Denmark, should she attempt to close the passage by Elsinore to the ships of the German Empire.

Now, however, the harbour of Wilhelm Haven, Germany has just completed, will obviate the necessity she felt of having a well-defended Imperial arsenal near the mouth of the Baltic, and probably Kiel will not receive the attention which formerly it was intended to bestow upon it, and the tides in the German Ocean, which are applicable to the new harbour, will remove the serious difficulties which would have been felt at Kiel. It has also been proposed to join the Baltic with the Elbe, near Lubeck, but any such work would be enormously costly, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether any of these plans will be realized. At Kiel, small steamers constantly ply across the harbour to Willhemein and to the lower dockyards, and no doubt it will soon become a place of much consideration.

Leaving Kiel by the night-boat, we arrived at about six o'clock on the following morning at Korsor, in the island of Zealand. This is

a secure little harbour; nature in these seas having plentifully bestowed sheltering nooks for the fishing-boats and small traders, a fortunate circumstance, as the fury of these northern seas in the winter season is proverbial. Opposite to Korsor and the coast of Jutland is the island of Föhr. On both the island and the mainland enormous numbers of ducks are taken by means of the decoy, in which the inhabitants are probably more skilful than any nation in Europe.

From Korsor to Copenhagen the country is undulating and very fertile. The farmers are said to be excelled by none in the world. It is alternately nicely wooded with oaks and beautiful beech trees, and is a delightful railroad journey. Copenhagen appears a quiet city, clean and tranquil, half Dutch and half German. The old ramparts are being gradually removed, giving place to handsome gardens. Its modern defences are being increased in magnitude in a degree commensurate with the calibre and power of modern cannon. Round the citadel are shady walks, the gates to which are guarded by the shortest of soldiers, sheltered by the tallest of sentry boxes. These little men are dressed in enormous grenadier caps, and are folded in the most voluminous scarlet guard-coats. There is much that is very interesting in Copenhagen—many museums and other buildings; but tiresome restrictions are placed with regard to entering them, probably with the intention of detaining travellers in the city. The Thorvaldsen Museum, the Rosenburg, and the Round Tower are unique in their individual characteristics. The Exchange House is very curious, and the interior of the churches strikes a stranger as being very peculiar. Most of them are fitted up with tiers of small boxes resembling those of our opera houses, and reaching almost to the ceiling of the church. The Tivoli Gardens are very well got up, and are the resort of hundreds of people on fine afternoons. We made a pleasant excursion with some friends to Klapendorf, a large forest in which is situated the Royal Palace, which is surrounded by fine specimens of oak and beech trees. It was interesting to see the primitive way in which the inhabitants enjoy themselves in these forests: thousands of persons arriving on the holidays in their wagons, common fires are made by sections, tea-pots are soon in full use, and the evenings are spent in innocent amusements in the country, rather than at the gin-shops in the cities. How much we ought to admire this species of recreation in preference to the sombre amusement which generally takes place in our own islands! At Copenhagen I was received with the utmost kindness by Her Majesty's British Ambassador and by the Consul, which greatly increased the pleasure of our visit. The Danes, though short in stature, are very sturdy in build. They appear to be a well-disposed people, and I can easily believe Mr. Brassey's assertion that those Danish navvies who are employed upon the railway and other works are nearly as good as the English, and are as equally trustworthy in the execution of their work.

II.

On the 6th of July we left Copenhagen for Gottenburg, on the Kattegat, in Sweden. The steamer, a new Swedish boat, was clean and agreeable, and the attendants were all women. On leaving the harbour we had a good view of the forts and the defences on the numerous small islands which protect it, and in two hours we were opposite Elsinore, in full view of the interesting and romantic old castle which commands the channel. The Danes, until a few years since, levied black-mail upon every ship entering or leaving the Baltic, which was seasonably relinquished by a monetary recompense from all the maritime nations in Europe, thus voluntarily indemnifying the Danes for their loss in regard to this feudal custom. We received a kind invitation from a gentleman at Elsinore to visit him, and as the only opportunity of making his acquaintance was on our passage from England to Hamburg, this demonstrates a feeling of friendship towards our countrymen which I do not desire to pass over in silence. At Elsinore the position of the grave of Hamlet has been decided upon satisfactorily to those tourists, no doubt, who are not over-credulous. A handsome compliment was paid by Charles of Sweden to the King of Denmark. The Danish King observed what a beautiful view of Sweden he had from his Castle at Elsinore. "Yes," said King Charles, "but mine is the handsomer, because I possess the view of Elsinore." I may mention that the channel of Elsinore very seldom freezes completely across, but when it does so, the communication between Sweden and Denmark is carried on by sleighs. About seven miles north of Elsinore and on the Swedish coast is the town of Heyganese Here large beds of coal have been discovered, and it is said this town bids fair to rival Newcastle. The pits generally do not average more than 300 feet deep, and the coal is of a superior quality.

On the morning of the 7th July, after an exceedingly agreeable passage, we reached Gottenburg. This town is said to owe its rise principally to settlers from Scotland. It is very clean and handsome. Granite appears to abound, and unceasing energy is displayed to work it. Numberless canals traverse the city, each of which is walled with granite, spanned by substantial bridges of iron. The harbour is good but narrow ; it is deep, perfectly sheltered, and very convenient for the loading of vessels. One of the greatest interests now in Gottenburg is the manufacture of beer and porter which are quite equal to anything made in our own country.

Leaving Gottenburg, we took passage in the canal-boat for Stockholm. We had been strongly recommended to go by the Canal, especially at this season of the year, in preference to taking the railroad, as we should then have the opportunity of seeing the beautiful scenery of Sweden rather than being cramped in the hot railway carriages. The Gotha Canal was commenced more than one hun-

dred years ago, but it was many years before it was entirely completed. It connects the Baltic with the North Sea, but as the locks are short and not very wide, a vessel of comparatively small tonnage alone can pass through it. The steamer in which we took our passage was called the *Baltzar V. Platten*, so named after the great engineer who constructed the Canal. The vessel was very crowded, which by no means added to our comfort and convenience, but gave especial satisfaction to the captain. One of the directors of the company, who was on board, informed me that they were dividing a profit of over twenty per cent. Among the passengers was a party composed of American ladies, without any male relative. They were, however, attended by a negro gentleman, and a story soon got about that he was a person of distinction in the service of the Shah of Persia who had been sent to Sweden to make arrangements for the purchase of iron for the use of the railways about to be made near the Caspian Sea under the auspices of Baron Reuter; and as these ladies kept themselves closely veiled it became current that they were a portion of his establishment. For some time after leaving Gottenburg the scenery is very tame, but as we approached the falls of "Troll hätten" it gradually increased in beauty. At the locks leading to Wenner Lake we decended from our vessel, and during a short hour's walk, while she ascended the locks, we visited the falls. Although they were somewhat disappointing after the eulogiums which had been so freely expressed regarding them, yet they are certainly fine, and though not quite a Niagara, they are well worth a visit. Near the falls is a large paper manufactory where a portion of rags and bruised pine timber mixed is made into a pulp. This is exported in large barrels and used in other countries as the foundation of various papers. Large forests of young trees are now being cut down in Sweden for this purpose alone. We now entered the Wenner Lake, through which we steamed during the whole night, passing, by the light of a bright and full moon, a singular nest of islands off the point of Kollandso. This noble sheet of water is about 100 miles in length, and in some places very broad. It is about thirty feet deep, and very clear of rocks and shoals which so badly encumber our western Irish lakes, rendering them so difficult and dangerous to navigate. The weather was delightfully clear and bright. The day might be said to be continuous, for there certainly were not more than two, or at most three, hours of darkness during the twenty-four. About three in the morning we passed between the islands of "Bromo" and Thorso," soon after which we entered a canal at Sjotorp, which joins lake Wenner to lake Wettern. Here we were detained a considerable time in consequence of our having been compelled to change our steamer, a very inconvenient arrangement of the company. The banks of this canal were lined in profusion with the most lovely weeping birch-trees, beyond which forests of pines surrounded the lake on all sides. All was silent and very wild,

No pretty yachts were dancing over those clear deep waters, and as no mountains surround these lakes to cause sudden dangerous eddies of wind, they are peculiarly suited for the amusement ; but a small amount of wind produces high waves, in consequence of the waters of lake Wettern being so light. After crossing lake Wettern we arrived at the Castle of Wadstena, a curious old Gothic building which had seen many wars. It is flanked by four cupola-covered towers in the style of the Mosque in Constantinople, which they in miniature very much resemble. Soon after leaving Wadstena we reached the great ironworks of Protala. All the coal used in these works is brought from England and carried up by the canal. Nothing, therefore, but the industry of the Swedish workmen, coupled with their contentment for a low rate of wages, would allow any profit to accrue from these works. Immediately above Höningsholm we passed four Monitors and a small steamer of the Royal Swedish Navy. The continuous noise of the steam-whistle caused us great annoyance, naturally, however, lessened by habit as each day advanced. At Sodestelji we came to the last locks of the seventy-four on this canal, and entered upon a fjord leading to the Baltic, and thence threading our way through innumerable islands, we emerged into the fjord which led to the Mälar Lake. Here pretty country villas dotted its banks on all sides as we approached Stockholm. The entire distance from Gottenburg to Stockholm by this route is 370 miles, about 50 of which is canal, the remainder being through the lakes and fjords. The work is exceedingly well executed, the locks being solidly built of fine granite, with which stone this country abounds. There is no doubt that the canal route is very interesting; the scenery is certainly very pretty, if not beautiful, while the fresh air upon the lakes is most invigorating. There are, however, many drawbacks to be encountered, and for the following reasons. In the first place, the boats, as I have before said, in consequence of the contracted scale of the locks, are necessarily very small, and at this season of the year, the only pleasant one for travelling, they are very crowded ; the cabins are hot and disagreeable ; their windows are not more than eight inches square; the meals are not only inadequate but not in accordance with our tastes, for which apparently there was no remedy. The Swedes, however, were surprised at my want of perfect contentment, but which I do not think would be generally shared in, when I mention that our dinner consisted of lemon soup, boiled skate, and fried liver, the latter relieved by a beefsteak, on which no Swedish steel could make any impression. The Swedes do not appear to care for any substantial meal, nor have they any regular hour for eating it. Their delight seems to be in eating snacks. They always commence their meal with dried fish and salted tongue at the sideboard ; this, followed by a tough piece of meat, perfectly satisfies their appetite. They appear, however, to thrive well upon it, and certainly they are a finer race of men than either the Danes or Norwegians. Again, the rattle of the

engines, the steam-whistle, and the heat of the furnaces in this confined space act detrimentally to what otherwise would no doubt prove to be a most pleasurable excursion.

Stockholm is one of the most charming towns it has ever been my good fortune to visit. It is so perfectly described in the guide-books, that it would be out of place for me to enter upon it in detail. I may, however, mention that the palace which stands in the centre of the city is very handsome, and worthy of its conspicuous position; and although it is not so large as the palace at Versailles with its 800 flights of stairs, or the Escurial near Madrid, with its 10,030 windows; yet in possessing 516 rooms it may be classed as a very large structure. The statute of Gustavus Adolphus appears as ubiquitous in Stockholm as the picture of St. Sebastian is in Italy. The statue which I most admired was that of Gustavus III., immediately below the palace. The Parliament House is interesting; in it is displayed the shield and arms of every senator since the year 1561.

The Swedes are improving very rapidly in their ironworks. They imitate with great exactness all our agricultural implements, a most successful example of which I saw in a reaping-machine, the exact copy of one by Hornby, which I was told had been sent over as a pattern. When, therefore, we remember that the workmen are contented with one-third of our wages, and that they possess such excellent steel and iron, it is not to be wondered at if they should run us very hard in the field of competition, more especially when our workmen are so constantly on strike for a higher rate of wages, and so addicted to the evil consequences of the trades' union. The basket-makers in Stockholm appear to have acquired great excellence in that trade, and the bakers produce a rye biscuit which is used all over the country and will keep for months. It is very black, but most convenient in shape, as it exactly resembles a painter's palette, the hole for the thumb giving it a convenient resting place, so that it can be eaten at leisure when on a journey. The stable of King Oscar is a large, lofty, and well-ventilated building; but there is some danger in having so many as sixty or seventy horses under one roof should an epidemic arise. I very much admired the Swedish horses; they are small, but of immense power and substance; and weight-carrying cobs can be procured at Stockholm, at a very reasonable sum, which in England would be considered valuable animals. I remarked a singular feature in regard to the Swedish ponies, that they can be stopped in their swiftest trot by the gutteral sound of phur-r-r-r phur-r-r-r; the only other countries in which I have remarked the same being Ireland and Circassia. It is curious to observe the stifling atmosphere in which the inhabitants of Stockholm delight to live. No window is ever open, and the heat in which a dozen or more clerks will write all day is to a stranger insupportable. One of the most delightful features in Stockholm is the means of movement by the use of small steamers,

which can be hired in this town in the same way which cabs are in most European cities. Thus we passed continually over to the delightful retreat at the Djargarten, where we dined excellently, the band playing during the afternoon enhancing the pleasure to the large parties which we met there. Sweden is in this respect often likened to Venice, although I cannot allow that a trip in any description of steamer can be compared in pleasantness to the *dolce far niente* in a Venetian gondola. These small steamers are universally constructed at lake Wettern, at the large ironworks which I have previously mentioned we passed on the Gotha canal. One very pleasing excursion from Stockholm is Uricksdal, a summer palace of the kings, about ten miles distant. We went there in a vessel called the *Brazen*, a fast little boat, that had been built as a yacht for the Princess, and was beautifully fitted up. On every part of the narrow water to Uricksdal were the summer residences of the merchants, which, however, by the prevalence of mosquitoes were rendered by no means agreeable. Before leaving Stockholm I visited the Drottingholm Palace. It is better worth seeing than Uricksdal. It is on the banks of the Mälar Lake about seven miles distant, and is easily approached in the usual manner by the gondola steamers. In it I especially noted a large saloon, decorated with the portraits of twenty of the crowned heads of Europe, dating from about the year 1854, and which caused to me some reflection. Of these, five have been actually dethroned, and four have lost their sovereign attributes. Some of the stonework of this Palace is handsome, the steps at the entrance being solid slabs, each twelve feet long. Swedish stonemasons do great credit to their art. In summer a curious appearance is presented in the town by the windows of everybody's house, who have retired into the country being washed with white lime, thus giving to the city, at this season, a forlorn appearance. At Stockholm it was necessary to decide upon our future journey, whether we should cross over by the Island of Aland passing the remains of the renowned fortress of Boomersund into Finland, and thus reach St. Petersburg, or by visiting Norway we should pass round the North Cape to Archangel and thence across northern Russia to its capital. We decided upon the latter course which however, it will be seen, we were unable perfectly to carry out, but, visiting Norway and recrossing Sweden, we travelled to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia and thence to the heart of Finland by Wyborg we reached St. Petersburg. We left Stockholm with great regret, retaining very agreeable recollections of the city, the civility of the inhabitants and the pleasing features of the town being equal to any in Europe. We this time took the rail to Christiana in Norway, passing through pretty scenery which much reminded me of Canada. At this season, hay-making was in full activity, their harvest being naturally later than ours at home. We remained some hours at Laxa during the night, where, through the attention of the railway authorities, comfortable sofas were provided for the passengers during the interval of their detention.

About seven in the morning we entered Norway. The country is very pretty, alternately lakes and forests of mingled pine and birch-trees, occasional low hills with pretty country houses here and there; but cultivation does not appear to have made any great advances. In the train we met a curious old Frenchman who spoke many languages and said he had been exiled from his beloved France by that tyrant Napoleon.

On reaching Kongsviger we came upon the River Glammen. This river is of considerable size, but the water was literally hidden from view by the mass of timber which was floating on the stream. We accompanied this river for many miles, and whenever we met it, it was still covered with pine logs, which, indeed, we subsequently found to be the case with every river in Norway, the quantity of timber which is floated down from the upper country being past all belief to those who have not seen it. Although the Glammen is so fine a river, yet it has no salmon in it, as it is impossible for them to run up the river above Frederickstadt, on account of the falls at Shapsbourg, and although, no doubt by good management salmon ladders might be constructed, these as yet have not been resorted to.

(To be continued.)

"E pluribus Unum."

I MET her first by the hazel wood,
As you turn to the left to go down the lane,
Near to the place where the old oak stood,
'Mid acres of level and golden grain.

I watched her there in the early morn,
As the sun was rising above the hill,
While a thrush, from her nest in the gnarled hawthorn,
Warbled a sonnet, and then was still.

I drew yet nearer—but she was shy,
And just turned her head where the sunlight shone,
Oh, the scared surprise in her bright brown eye,—
Fled through the coppice, and so was gone.

I came there often, alas! in vain,
She was so timid, or I too bold,—
'Till the skies of December were dark with rain,
And the wind from the north blew shrill and cold.

But one day, close to that pleasant glade
Whither my feet had learned to roam,
I sought her, and hid in the slumb'rous shade
I found her at last, and bore her home.

With the blood-clots stiffened upon her breast,
With a shadowy glaze on eyes once so clear;
Let me draw a curtain over the rest;
—'Twas the only Partridge we've had this year.

Σ.

The Subjection of Agriculture.

A LAY SERMON BY A FRONTIER COLONIST.

Can nothing be done in the way of encouraging production still further amongst our farmers? In spite of many drawbacks, our home-grown tobacco, wine and brandy are slowly but surely pushing imported samples out of our markets; and the victory would be more complete could our producers but be prevailed upon to take a little more trouble in the preparation of the articles. Similar success would speedily crown efforts in other matters, small perhaps individually, but in their aggregate neither small nor unimportant. The details have often been given of what the Colony could save by the production, even for its own use, of many articles of daily need. When Mr. Froude drew attention to some of our very obvious shortcomings in these things, many of those who were his professed admirers and who sympathized with his mission, retorted that Mr. Froude did but show his ignorance of the first principles of political economy in so reflecting upon us. It was urged that we did not produce these things because it paid us better not to do so and because we produced other things. It was even said that our customs revenue would fall off if we were not large importers! How were farmers who sheared thirty or forty bales of wool to be expected to harass themselves about milk, jams and pickles? Such a reply, however, is not satisfactory. Mr. Froude was shown some of the international-exhibition-like stores of Port Elizabeth, and when he asked for a specimen of the country's manufactures, the obliging showman proffered a quid of boer tobacco, and begged his acceptance of a Kafir knob-stick! One newspaper indignantly asked why the clerk did not show his employer's bales of wool to the anxious inquirer. But Mr. Froude doubtless thought, what a good many more think, that the country which imports almost everything, and exports only one thing, and that not a very valuable thing, cannot be in a thoroughly

healthy position. The reply made to Mr. Froude's criticism would be perfect, were there more amongst us whose time was fully spent in solid work; but so long as there is such a waste of time, and so long as lands on farms lie fallow when they ought to be covered with produce, the reply is irrelevant. And we cannot say otherwise of the reply than is usually made to those who urge upon sheep-owners the necessity of growing winter food. "If we must grow winter food," they say, "we may as well throw up the game, because in Australia and other parts sheep do not require this, and we should be too heavily handicapped to be anywhere in the race." But so long as so little energy is shown, so long as so much time and so many opportunities are wasted, so long as all that is wanted in very many cases for the production of these winter crops is the employment of time which is otherwise frittered away, we must say that the impossibility of raising winter food hath not appeared.

Again, in agricultural matters in this country it should never be lost sight of, that on an average one year in every four will be a bad one. No time should be lost therefore during good years. Every nerve and muscle should be strained to secure the greatest returns. As these pages are being written, the whole frontier is being agitated over the failure of the mealie crop of 1877. By the middle of the year, it is believed that mealies will be at famine prices. "Never mind that," say many, "the scarcity will drive the natives to the Railway works, and Mr. Molteno will have another chance for his Budget by the extra importation of breadstuffs!" This is how we treat a great question; this is how we excuse our own improvidence.

The writer lately was at the farm of a man who, as the saying is, had been thrice ruined. Twice he had lost his stock and had his house burned in war; the third time, just as he thought it was well with him, his sheep died and his farm became unfit for these animals. Then did he find much comfort in those trees which he had planted, and which are aye growing while men are sleeping, and sheep are dying. Only last season his orange-trees had produced 300,000 oranges for sale; he had sold them and could have sold twice as many if he had had them. For several years, and with the help of his family, he had made large quantities of butter, and still larger quantities of jams from apricots, peaches, and Cape gooseberries. He was able every year to sell all that he could make, and latterly the demands were greater than with the utmost industry he could supply. In the matter of potatoes and wheat he found himself similarly situated. He was not coining money, to be sure, but he was living in ease and comfort notwithstanding his labours. There is room enough for many more to do the same thing; all that is wanted is a little knowledge, some patience, and "pegging away." We should soon find other lines in which producers could work with advantage. Why, for instance, should millions of lemons be allowed to rot in orchards, when their juice could be pressed out and shipped to England, as is done in other countries? There is no more certain

truth in connection with the practical politics of a country like Britain than that the foundations of its prosperity rests, not on the millionaires, but on the countless thousands who earn but five shillings a day and who live on them too. How were the French peasants enabled to pay off Bismark but by bringing out the innumerable small hoards made by preserving and sugaring fruits, for instance, or by growing wine which their less provident fellow-beings, in the Cape and elsewhere, have to buy from them? Yet, the French are not a mean though they are a thrifty people. But we are to a great extent the spoiled children of fortune; the spirit of industry and thriftiness is not in the air above us nor in the ground under our feet. From the horse-breeder who, rather than take market value for his animals, will let them die of bots in the veldt, down to the cotter who, rather than let his ill-got-up hams go at less than a dollar a pound, will make an effort to eat them up himself, we are dominated by the idea of the *grande culture*. We are conservative, as "Omega" says, and we wish to remain so.

When we say that the spread of Education amongst our people must be looked upon as an indispensable agency in the rehabilitation of agriculture, we shall doubtless be reminded that this is but another iteration of a well-worn platitude. And yet, when it is part of the problem with which we have to deal to sharpen the wits of those who have some and to give wits to those who have none to boast of, the necessity of encouraging education cannot be lost sight of for a moment. We all admit this necessity in theory, but in matters educational, we are, practically, nearly all infidel. For of the small value attached to education, we have an undoubted practical illustration in the fact that, although, for the improvement of agriculture, we have had compulsory Fencing Acts, Scab Acts, and Labour Acts, and even Prohibitory Liquor Traffic Acts, all proposed and discussed, a Compulsory Education Act has scarcely ever been alluded to out of the four corners of official reports, and this, too, although few such compulsory Acts are so necessary or have so much to recommend them.

One may go into almost any of our colonial towns with the certainty of finding that the persons who take a lively interest in backing up the efforts of the Superintendent-General and his deputies, the teachers, are included within a very narrow circle. Our school committees, instead of having any such conception as that they are part and parcel of our national arrangements for maintaining in its highest possible efficiency the machinery of education, and for enlarging year by year the area of its utility, content themselves with seeing that the financial part of their trust is properly controlled. For the rest, *quieta non movere*, is the ruling principle. How far this lack of vitality in these committees is to be attributed to the blighting influence of that paternal and fostering care which, doubtless, would be pleased with nobler results, this is not the place to inquire; we may just say, in passing, that we do not view with unmixed delight the proposal to extend that same paternal and fostering care over

fresh fields and pastures new. But be this as it may, it is quite evident that those who believe in the value of education and who would desire to see their country rising in the scale of nations, must not relax in their exertions, and, on the contrary, must show even more earnestness than they have done. This must especially be seen to in our towns and villages, which, despite the well-meant efforts to establish country boarding schools, are likely for some time to come to remain the centres of "sweetness and light." A Superintendent-General may plant, and his inspectors may water as best they can, but it is only the continuous, kindly, believing, and resolute exertions of individuals more immediately concerned that can secure the increase.

Now with reference to the particular subject under discussion, there should be, in connection with every undenominational school throughout the Colony, efficient provision made for instruction in matters agricultural. The supply of this desideratum ought at once to be firmly dealt with by every agricultural society; and the condition of agricultural education in their districts should be considered a matter of first-rate vital importance by every agricultural society. The only societies in the Colony that look after particular wants and that try to minister to them, are the religious societies; and if our agricultural societies limit their usefulness to yearly awards of prizes to the most successful producers—in nine cases out of ten the same men every year—they may just as well not exist at all. Their efforts, however, can only be valuable in proportion as they succeed in laying up "life and food for future use," in the shape of raising up a generation qualified to deal with the difficulties that are accumulating on the path. Of that branch of knowledge, for instance, generally known as agricultural chemistry, how many of our farmers or their sons know even the name? What provision has any single society ever tried to make to meet the want? The soil is the farmers' raw material, yet how few of them know anything of its composition or even its physical properties, on which the possibility of turning this raw material to the most profitable uses depends? When they dress their lands, how few even think what these dressings should and should not contain, for the realization of the end in view? How many even of the rising generation of farmers have ever heard of Liebeg, or Boussingault, or Lawes, or have some idea of the nature of the services such men have rendered to the farmers' art? From the numerous jeers that have been thrown upon him perhaps a few may have heard of Darwin, but this will have been in connection with his, of course, very silly and childish, or atheistic theory of man's descent; but along with the jeers, how many of our young men have ever heard one good word for that philosopher's researches into heredity and breeding, which have simply laid all posterity under an obligation? How many of our farmers, we do not say have read but, have even heard of the "Intermarriage" of Alexander Walker, or have any conception of its value to the stock-breeder? In their

ignorance of such authors and their works, is it to be wondered at that so many of our flockmasters still believe that a particular breed of animals has dropped from the sky upon some favoured place beneath, instead of being the result of the conscious, intelligent, and persistent selective acts of men such as all may advantageously mimic, if they cannot carry to a forwarder stage? Or is it to be wondered at that they lose sight altogether of the importance of the truth that a particular animal is just the sum of all the conditions it has undergone? In the branch of physiology, again, how few have a saving knowledge of the laws of life, know the laws by which animals live, move and have their being, understand the food deficiencies of particular pastoral areas, and in what direction intelligence must work for the supply of these?

So long as these and other grave defects exist amongst present and prospective members, agricultural societies may die of inanition, but need not die for want of work to do. The time has not come, neither is the foreshadowing of it to be detected when agricultural societies may rest and be thankful. Young men who as farmers' sons or otherwise have obtained a practical knowledge of their profession, require a course of scientific study to brace up their intellect. This alone can remove that tendency to trust to the rule-of-thumb practice which is so slipshod, and alone can free their minds from the deadening effects of those traditions of a time, gone by never to return, when the possibilities of husbandry in its widest sense were vastly different from what they now are. This, then, is the work of the future for our agricultural societies; and no ordinary obstacles should deter them from undertaking it. And the objection cannot be raised here that the proposed method of elevation comes from without. Self-help is the best help and the only help that in the end fails to demoralize. Agricultural societies consist mainly of farmers. These will enter with spirit into any measures proposed by members of their own class. Let the one or two leading minds that are to be found in every society therefore come forward boldly. Let them show that agriculture has yet a future before it in this Colony; let them show that they themselves have a living faith in the future, not a languid and half-hearted faith. Then will our agricultural societies be worthy of the name, when their influence is perennial and all pervading, when their life is something more than a meteor-like flash in the village sky, blazing for a moment, and then disappearing in the darkness, suspended animation, or death of another year.

And if happily, our efforts to supply youths possessed of knowledge and intelligence should succeed, no efforts should be spared to retain these amongst the rank and file of our agriculturists. For although, as we have seen, the difficulties in the way of successful husbandry have been increasing year by year, we have not taken sufficient care to have the proper men to deal with them. Intelligent youths of farmers' families have been constantly drafted off into other spheres where it was supposed their faculties could have better scope. Parents

and guardians must cease to be guided by the delusion that any youth with a beggared brain is quite good enough to manage a farm. One cause of the subjection is, that we have all too long believed that agriculture is the refuge for the intellectually destitute. We must change our front, and instead of acting as if farms were paradises specially designed by a kind Providence for our intellectual failures, we must be persuaded that the proper management of a farm requires at least as much ability as any other mundane business. And there are indirect ways of bearing testimony to the subjection of the farmer as well as direct ones. As a class, the social amenities of farmers are very much overlooked. From responsible ministers who recommend newly-fledged sbopkeepers by the dozen for the honorary justiceship of the peace, to the almost complete neglect of the long tried and struggling farmer (and it is astonishing how such a man is helped or un-helped by a little notice or an apparent slight), down to the last new-comer from Europe, who sees in the farmer only a man whose tailor is not recently from Regent-street; we are all sinners by commission or omission in this respect.

We have all heard of the good old times when there were in every village a few hospitable and kind-hearted men, beginning perhaps with the magistrate, who thought it no offence against "society," and who found it a real pleasure, to have a few farmers occasionally at their dinner-table. The times have changed, new Kings have arisen "who knew not Joseph;" but the stream of tendency need not be dwelled upon, lest the object of these few pages should be mistaken. Still, however, we think it would be better for all concerned, if those who affect the leadership of "society" in our towns and villages, were in more sympathizing relationship with their neighbours the farmers. Madam may at first object thst the talk during visits is too much "of bullocks;" but after all "bullock" may be made as interesting as the insipidities of the drawing-room, and the spirit of true courtesy that is woman's privilege, if latent for a time, will soon assert itself. In other countries, the farming and the town populations may move in distinct lines without much harm being the result, inasmuch as there are other agencies at work which counterbalance the evils attendant upon such a system. But in this country the compensating agencies do not exist; our farmers are very much isolated, and the effects of this isolation are unmistakable. Further, and we say it with regret, the opinion prevails very widely, and is not unproductive of harm, that a man loses caste by becoming a farmer. We were visiting lately at the farm of a young unmarried colonist who had begun ostrich farming. His dwelling-house was an unpretending thatched cottage. On entering which we found ourselves in a kind of sitting-room, round the walls of which were several glass cases filled with stuffed birds, properly arranged and classified. Some mineralogical and geological specimens, a few books, and maps, testified to their owner being a man of some culture.

"How is it you come so seldom to our village, Mr. ——?"

"I used to come often enough; but I left off because it seemed to me that nobody cared to see me?"

"How do you mean that nobody cared to see you?"

"I mean that no man with whom I cared to exchange a few words ever asked me to his house. Living here with a few Kafirs as I do, it would be a treat to have a decent fellow to talk to occasionally."

"And could you not find that in town?"

"Never in my experience. A shopkeeper from whom I had anything to buy, would tell me about prices, and would be charming so long as I had cash; or the youths who spend their time in the billiard-room were glad enough to patronize me; but everyone else seemed to fight shy of me; I suppose because I was a poor farmer."

"But we are not all shopkeepers or billiard players, Mr. ———. You must give some of us a chance of seeing something more of you. And, by the way, there is a movement on foot to start a museum in the village; will you allow me to put your name down as one of the committee? And we shall require a contribution from you in malt if not in meal, for you are certainly one of the very few men in the district who are likely to assist in such a matter."

"Oh, with all my heart. You can have all these to begin with," said Mr. ———; "and I can promise you many more, for there are many interesting species unrepresented in these cases, and common enough hereabout; but I have not been hitherto a very energetic collector. Now, however, I can collect with an object."

"All right; and perhaps the museum may introduce you to some people who neither wish to sell you goods nor to play you at billiards."

With the bare mention of another matter we shall for the present close these remarks. During last Session of Parliament there was introduced a Bill for the creation of country magistrates. Both in the House and out of it the Bill was canvassed not a little, and it was objected that the farmers from whom the bulk of these magistrates would have to be selected, were unfit to be trusted with any power. They would be tyrannical and drive the few remaining servants out of the country; they would use up all the whip-cord in the country in the manufacture of cats; they would, &c., &c. The Bill was passed, but scarcely a single appointment, if one, has been made under the Act. Now, we have all been reading lately that excellent speech by the Right Hon. R. Lowe, in which speech Mr. Lowe referred at some length and with great power to some of the distinguishing marks or tests of the genuine Liberal in politics, and which, if not altogether original, are at least of value in every time. To our mind, the best of these tests which the hon. gentleman mentions is this, that the genuine Liberal is sanguine in his hopes of human nature, and is more trustful of the good than he

is distrustful of the evil that is in it. And this test is so first-rate, because it is in such complete antithesis to that old dogma of Conservatism—"distrust of the people, tempered with fear." Apply this touchstone to the persons holding political opinions in this Colony, and we are afraid that, what with distrust of the coloured men on the one hand, and the distrust of the farming population on the other, in both cases tempered with fear, there will be few amongst us who come up to Mr. Lowe's standard, while, even in the Honourable the House itself, the really Liberal interest would be in danger of being represented by a "beggarly account of empty benches." Do we think sufficiently on the probable effects of this distrust on those who are so distrusted? Do we reflect that this distrust of the farmers, for instance, makes them suspicious and disgusted with their profession? And do we attach sufficient importance to the fact that, in the case of others also, we shall reap just as we sow? Do we remember the words of the preacher, that a good name is better than precious ointment? And then there is the reflex effect of these distrusts; for there never was a wrong done in this world that has not sooner or later revenged itself upon the wrong-doer. His moral nature becomes perverted; he becomes an unconscious oppressor; he is an obstacle to the final triumph of humanity.

From the German of Heine.

["Das Glück ist eine leichte Dirne,
Und weilt nicht gern am selben Ort,
Sie streicht das Haar dir von der Stirne
Und Küsst dich rasch, und flattert fort.

Frau Unglück hat im Gegentheile
Dich liebefest an's Herz gedrückt;
Sie sagt sie habe Keine Eile
Setzt sich zu dir ans Bett und strickt."]

Good Fortune, that light wench, we know
Would stay not long in any place,
She strokes the hair from off your brow,
Kisses you quick,—then flies apace.

Misfortune has a different way,—
Clings to your breast, nor thinks of going,
"No hurry, dear, no haste," she'll say,
Sits by your bed, and takes her sewing.

H. B.

My First Rhinoceros.

"Well, Antoni, when are we to fall in with these terrible creatures that you have been trying to frighten me with ever since we left Kuruman; I mean the rhinoceroses and lions?"

I put this question to my Hottentot wagon-driver as we sat at our bivouac fire one dark night in that part of the Transvaal now called the Marico, but which, at the time I write of, about thirty-six years ago, was in the possession of the Bawansketze tribe, under the Chief Sebigo. I had travelled to this distant part, which up to that time had never been visited by any European, in order to fall in with the larger game, which at that time abounded there.

We had had almost a surfeit of sport with elands, palas, hartebeestes, and blue wildebeestes, having our wagon loaded with their skins and horns, and were anxious to tackle the larger and nobler game such as elephants, cameleopards, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses which were not to be met with nearer home.

"*Mijn leive Baas*, I can't say exactly when we shall meet with them, but from certain footprints and other marks I met with to-day while looking for the oxen, I should not be surprised if we see some to-morrow, as this pretty park-like country with numerous springs of water and very thinly-peopled is just the veld those creatures delight in."

Antoni was right for once; for that same evening the voice of the King of Beasts was distinctly heard, first in the far-distance in a low gutteral growl which came rolling along like distant thunder, becoming more and more distinct every time it was repeated. It soon became evident that the creature had "spotted" our encampment and was making straight for us. As a precautionary measure we had, in forming our camp, made a kraal of cameldoorn-trees ten or twelve feet high sufficiently large to hold all our oxen and cattle. We drew our wagon into the only gap left, which was the gateway, lighted our camp-fire close to and on the inner side of the wagon and thus made things, as we thought, as snug and safe as possible for the night.

In a little while another voice was added to the first—"but more gruffer and louder," as Antoni said; and then a third and fourth, until we appeared to be surrounded by these formidable creatures. Our horses, which were tied to the wagon, became very restless, and started and tugged at the riems in their terror, pricked their ears, and looked about them in all directions. The cattle started, fitfully rushing from side to side and would have taken to flight if their fence had readily allowed of their bursting their bounds. In order to scare the lions away we set fire to all the dry stumps about us and kept throwing blazing faggots about. After the animals had approached to within half a mile or so of us, an ominous silence succeeded; judging doubtless that the object that they had in view

would be best obtained by creeping up with as little noise as possible. We concluded rightly that the unwonted quiet portended a storm. We got our guns ready and were, with eyes screened from the light of the fire, peering into the dark about, to see any object that might be approaching, when one of our men, a little Bushman named Platjie, exclaimed in great terror, "*Och! Hemel seur! daar is hij —moet niet praat niet, stil zo mij lieve seur.*" His woolly hair seemed almost to untwist itself and stand on end. He closed his eyes with his hands and seemed to have resigned himself to his apparently unavoidable fate. His great fear had entirely unnerved him, and rendered him perfectly helpless. None of the rest of our party could see anything; but just as we began to think that Platjie was frightened at nothing, a slight noise of cracking twigs was first heard, and then the sound of a large object rushing through the air which was succeeded by the bellowing of the cattle in the enclosure, the fence of which was burst through and a regular stampede of the cattle followed for a minute or two, after which the clatter of their hoofs was heard as they tore away for their lives. To follow in the dark was of no use, so we took things as coolly as we could, and after coffee turned in under our "veld kombersen," not, however, before piling abundance of dry wood upon the fire to scare off any other unwelcome visitors that might come. We heard no more of either the lions or the cattle that night. When daylight broke no sign could we see of either, but about three yards from our camp-fire was the spoor of the lion from the spot at which Platjie had first seen it and from which it had bounded over the fence into the kraal. Where he alighted there was a pool of blood and marks of a severe struggle. In looking about we came upon the spoor of the drove, which we followed up until the evening and then found them on the banks of a flooded river. Two of the cattle had been badly torn by the lion but none were killed.

After an early cup of coffee and an eland carbonaatje, we started at daylight next morning in quest of large game. Our party consisted of an old elephant-hunter, a runaway slave from the old colony, Platjie, and three other coloured men. We were all well armed and amply supplied with tin-hardened bullets and other ammunition. We had not been out half-an-hour when from the top of a little kopjie we espied two large rhinoceroses, quietly grazing, less than a quarter of a mile off. The ground between us and the game was covered with long grass with here and there a little clump of bush. The question with us was how best to get to within 100 yards of our quarry without being seen or scented. Fortunately for us the little wind that was stirring was from the animals towards us; some slight inequalities on the ground enabled us to get unobserved to within half the distance, but from that to within 100 yards of the nearest rhinoceros was without any cover for us. The grass was about eighteen inches high, only just long enough to conceal us when lying down, so we were obliged to go on all fours the remainder of

the distance, occasionally dragging ourselves along in the grass on our stomachs. By this toilsome and anything but graceful or agreeable means of progression we reached a little cluster of wachteenbeetjie bush, which was sufficiently large to conceal us whilst crouching.

Here a whispered council of war was held, the order in which our fire was to be given decided, and our guns examined and fresh capped. Fortunately for us the nearest rhinoceros was quietly grazing away from us quite unaware of our proximity to him and of the marks of attention that were being prepared for him. He was a huge black bull of the single-horned kind. As Antoni was an old sportsman, and said to be a dead shot, he was told off to open the ball with a salute from his old "Beesloop," carrying eight to the pound; the order in which the others were to fire was finally arranged, I reserving my double-rifle charge for the last. Antoni took steady and deliberate aim at the back of the shoulder, but just as he drew trigger the animal turned his huge body a little more "tail on," which, as we afterwards found, had caused the well-hardened bullet after striking the blade-bone, to glance off and to run along between the skin and the flesh and lodge under his ear. This tickling thoroughly woke old pachederm up. With a loud shrill scream, he wheeled round to find out from whence the marked compliment came. He was not long in finding out, and when he did he lost no time in responding to our challenge. The bush was too small entirely to conceal our party. On seeing us he charged direct, ploughing up the ground with his horn and with a deafening scream made straight for us. The three men who were to have fired next in order ran for their lives, making for the nearest cover. In vain I called out "Fire! fire!" They did not stop till they found themselves perched on the branch of a tree a safe height from the ground. My coat had got entangled on the formidable wachteenbeetjie bush, or I don't know whether I should have stood my ground as well as I did. However, whether through my own bravery or under compulsion, there I was, alone, within twenty yards of the huge enraged beast. I concealed myself as well as I could, when to my great relief the rhinoceros stopped short when within ten yards of me, having apparently lost sight of us. With a snort and a scream he pawed the ground while sniffing the air in search of us. Here was a chance for me! With as little noise as possible I cleared the twigs away with the barrel of my gun, and took steady aim at the back of the shoulder, as near as I could guess at the region of the heart, as I knew well that unless my shot killed him on the spot I should, in all probability lose my life. Breathless with anxiety I drew my trigger, when, to my horror, the cap snapped. The noise made by this discovered my whereabouts to him. He was in the act of turning towards me, when, quick as thought, I bethought me of my last chance, my other barrel. Click! click! went the hammer to full cock, and with a great bang the hardened bullet was planted just where I wished it to be. Wheeling

several times round on his heels he fell down dead. "Hip! hip! hurrah!!" called out my brave (?) companions from their perch in the tree.

Upon cutting the game up, we found that my bullet had pierced the animal's heart and had dropped into the cavity of the chest. After cutting off the thick part of his hide for sjamboks, and taking off his horn, we left his carcase to the vultures; and thus I met and disposed of my first rhinoceros.

P.

Waiting.

Thou, like a cedar-tree,
Didst cast thy shade upon me.
Wearied and worn,
Beneath thy spreading boughs
My soul found shelter;
Refreshed and strengthened,
She at length pursued her way,
Through life's drear desert;
Thinking of thee she toiled along,
The noon-day sun
Poured his hot rays upon her,
She cared not, for she thought of thee;
Turning at length she looked,
And, looking, longed for thee;
Then backward sped
To reach thine outstretch'd arms.
O'ercome she sinks
Upon the burning sand and fainting cries,
"Oh! come beloved!
Stretch forth thine arms and shelter me!"
Thou hearest not. I pine, I die for thee.
Vain is my cry! thou canst not come;
And I must weary out my days alone.

ψοχμ.

An Acadian Tale of the Olden Days.

The Squaw's Leap.

The boys attending the ——— Grammar School had been looking forward to the holidays with the impatience of boys of all countries and all ages, counting the very hours as they sped into the past, and longing for the last one to come. At length the examinations were over, the prizes were awarded, cheers for the teachers were given, good-byes were said, and with light hearts we were off and away. I was to spend a few weeks with a school chum, whose home was on the bank of one of those broad Acadian streams that are only marked on the best of our maps. In those days there were no rail-roads in Acadia, but we travelled very comfortably in an old-fashioned carriage with leather springs—a vehicle dating far into the past,—and as the sun was setting on the second day we reached our journey's end. Now-a-days it takes only four hours for a train to run over the same ground; but I don't think people are any the happier for rushing about from place to place at such a rate.

My friend's house was close to the junction of the river with a deep bay, entirely landlocked, though seldom used. An island some two miles in length stretched across its entrance, leaving a passage on each side where ships might enter. The river was spanned by a wooden bridge five or six hundred yards in length, with an opening between the central supports wide enough to permit of huge rafts of timber passing down in the spring of the year.

The home was old-fashioned, with its rooms wainscotted with oak and bird's-eye maple, and its bed-chambers lit with dormer windows, which opened in front on a little lawn sloping down to the bay, and behind on a great garden flanked with orchards, beyond which stretched away meadows and cornlands right up to the line of the dark pine-forest. The inmates of the house were old-fashioned too. They were of loyalist blood, the descendants of one of those families that in 1786 migrated to Acadia from the Northern states, after the king had acknowledged the independence of his rebel colonies, and all hope of re-establishing his authority was for ever lost. Being of the same blood myself, in addition to being the chum of the young hopeful of the family, I was warmly welcomed, and immediately felt myself at home.

The days were now no longer than the hours had been before the holidays commenced. One ever-ready source of pleasure was boating, or rather, I should say canoeing, on the glassy bay, or on the broad and gently-flowing river. My friend was the owner of a bark-canoe, made by Indian hands, a perfect little fairy boat, as buoyant as a cork, and not much heavier than a satchel of school books. It was stowed away up among the rafters of a lofty barn when he was at school, but early the next morning after our arrival we got it

down, and were skimming over the bay when the sun rose and threw long shadows of the trees on the island upon the surface of the water.

One day a party of young people and old went up the river on a pleasure excursion. We started from the bridge soon after dawn in three or four boats and my friend's canoe, the last containing a couple of rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed Acadian girls, in addition to my chum and myself. For two or three miles the country on each side was cleared, and was covered with homesteads and cultivated fields; but as we advanced further the pine-woods kept drawing nearer to the river, until at length they had undisputed possession, except where here and there a small clearing had been made by a new settler. The banks were low, and stretched away in an unbroken plain for many miles. But after paddling and rowing for a couple of hours or so, a turn in the stream brought us into scenery of wild and singular beauty. The river narrowed suddenly to half its former width, and flowed with a more rapid current between lofty wood-crowned banks for nearly a mile, when it expanded again so as to resemble a little lake. At one point, in the narrowest part, a sheer precipice rose from the waters' edge, and looking upwards we could see the rock actually projecting over our heads far above. The stream below was dark and deep, and so gloomy did it seem, that we hurried through it as fast as we could. I suppose geologists would explain the whole thing by telling us that a lake had at this place found an outlet through a range of hills, and in the course of ages had worn down a deep channel in the rock.

A little way above the narrow we landed, finding a spot where the trunk of an enormous tree, that had drifted down with the spring freshets, formed a convenient stage from the boats to dry land. The forests of Acadia, unlike those of South Africa, are not filled with undergrowth, hence there was no necessity to make a path for ourselves. We could wander in any direction as far as we chose, but we did not care to go very far. Selecting an old elm-tree with wide-spreading branches, from which a flock of wood pigeons rose as we approached, we opened our baskets of provisions and enjoyed our breakfast in its shade. I have mentioned one difference between the forests of Acadia and South Africa, but that is not the only one. Here, trees of various kinds grow confusedly together; there, each kind of timber stands by itself. For miles—I believe for hundreds of miles together—nothing but pine is to be seen; but with a change in the physical features of the country, there is a change also in its woods. Thus, the ridge through which the river had forced its way, was covered with groves of birch, beech, maple, and elm, while on each side of it the dark mournful evergreen pines ruled all alone.

After breakfast some went gathering wild raspberries, others got up a swing, and a little party of fishers strolled off to angle for trout in a brook at no great distance. Then some of us rambled to the

top of the hill, and had got close to the highest point where the great rock overhung the river, when we met an old man who was well known to all my companions.

Old Gaspard belonged to a class that must now be extinct in the maritime provinces of the Canadian Dominion, though in the far-west many such men could doubtless be found to-day. Even at the time of which I am writing, and that is now a quarter of a century ago, he and two or three others like him were considered as representatives of an era that was rapidly passing away. He was a trapper; a man who knew the haunts and habits of all the wild animals of Acadia;—a man half-savage in his mode of life, and yet as simple and as honest as any child. He was a favourite with everybody,—with old people because he could tell such wonderful stories of past events,—with boys because his occupation had a charm for them, and his disposition was most obliging. There was always a warm chimney-corner in the farmers' kitchens for old Gaspard in the cold Acadian winters, though the nearest approach to settled industry, or to a fixed home that he had ever been known to reach, was to abide in one place long enough to make half-a-dozen pairs of mocassins and ornament them after the Indian fashion.

We invited the old trapper to return with us to the elm where our party had its head-quarters, and he readily consented. He spoke no English, but in those days most English people in secluded parts of Acadia could speak French, just as in this country under similar circumstances, nearly everyone has a smattering of Dutch at command in case of necessity. The old man saluted the ladies of the party with as much politeness as if he had been bred in Paris, and after being solicited to do so, seated himself upon the sward. I am afraid our manners would have been found light in the scale if weighed against his, for we hardly gave him time to draw breath before we began pestering him for a story. We were, however, very properly checked by our elders; but, after partaking of some refreshment, the old trapper himself volunteered to tell us a tale of the olden times, and of the rock near which he met us, which he called "The Squaw's Leap."

"A long time ago," he began, "when I was a youth of eighteen summers, I first visited this spot in company with a party of trappers from beyond the Miramachi. We found the woods hereabouts full of game, for no one had then built houses or ploughed the ground so far away from the old Acadian outposts. The English settlers from the States had hardly got beyond the valley of the St. John, except a few families that had made their homes on the Kenabeekasis.

"There, on yonder knoll, stood the wigwams of a small party of Milicete. You can see what a beautiful site they had chosen, just where they could command a view of the whole of the lake, and catch sight of a canoe as soon as it was out of the narrows. There was never a want of food in their lodges, for I have seen the moose in scores drinking at this stream, and the caraboo was more

numerous then than the red fox is now. Sometimes they would go down to the bay to spear fish,—and beautiful it was to see their canoes dancing by night on the waters, each with a flaming pine torch held aloft.

"We made friends with the Indians, though, of course, our presence was far from agreeable to them. They had a belief that the scent of a white man drove the game from his neighbourhood; and I don't know but what it was true. At any rate, as we did not wish to annoy or disturb them, we went across the lake and camped on the other shore, where we got everything ready against the trapping season. But one day in the Indian summer, when we went to see our friends, we found all the lodges gone but one, for they were afraid to risk the winter so close to us.

"The lodge that remained belonged to a young Indian named the Beaver, and it was the neatest wigwam I ever saw. I have it now before my eyes, just as it stood over there, its frame of poles covered with sheets of birchen bark as white as snow. It was finished off inside with the choicest furs, for the Beaver was an expert hunter, and kept the best of what he caught for himself. It was just the kind of place that a man might dream of sometimes, but which you don't often see when you're awake. For the Wild Rose—that was the name of the Beaver's squaw—had the art of making everything look neat and nice about her; so that I believe there never was another lodge in Acadia so tidy as hers. She had the softest voice and the most graceful form of any Indian woman I ever met, and I've seen a good many in my time, Mohawks and Micmacs, as well as Milicetes.

"Why the Beaver remained behind when the others left we were never able to find out. An Indian don't generally tell you much about his own business, and it don't do to ask too many questions if you want to keep on good terms with him. They were gone, and he was there with his squaw and one papoose. We could see that, and he did not choose to tell us more.

"Not long after this the winter set in, at first with heavy snow-storms, but soon settling down to clear, cold weather, such as best suits the trapper. Our stock of furs increased every day. Sometimes we would take two or three dozen of minks, martens, and common foxes in a single night. The wolves were troublesome, and seemed to know where our traps were set as well as we did ourselves; for they regularly made the round of them, and often robbed us; but we had squared accounts with them pretty well before the thaws of spring.

"During the winter we saw the Beaver nearly every week. We never came this way without calling at his lodge, and were always well entertained. Sometimes we came across him out hunting; and I have met him of a morning carrying his bag full of hares and the papoose sitting on his shoulder. You don't often see an Indian take much notice of his children, but the Beaver seemed different

from the rest of them, for he would play with the papoose just as a white man would.

" The winter passed away, and the spring came. The ice on the lake began to melt, so that we could no longer cross over it as before. At length in a heavy storm it broke up and drifted away to sea, leaving the water open for canoes. There were but three of our party here at the time, for the others had gone with a sleigh to a trading station on the Petticodiac before the thaw set in. I, with two others, remained behind to move the traps during the summer, for we seldom stayed two seasons at the same place, no matter how plentiful the animals might be.

" We had made a dug-out with which we intended to convey our traps and baggage down to the bay, and then during fine weather to paddle along shore to the mouth of another river, which we would then ascend. In those days there was no other way of getting from place to place, except you trenched on the hunting season by moving with sleighs. When the ice broke up we launched the dug-out—though we had no intention of moving yet for awhile—for we were tired of sitting still, and thought we would paddle over to this side and see our friend the Beaver. But before we had got half way across, we saw his canoe shoot out from the shore, and turn down towards the narrows, so we paddled in the same direction.

" You may be sure that a man like the Beaver had a handsome canoe, but you can hardly imagine how much trouble had been taken to ornament it. There was not a single flaw in the bark that covered the frame, and it was put together so neatly that you could not see the joints. Near the ends a star was worked on each side with porcupine quills, and a row of pieces of quill ran along the gunwale, beneath which was a crimson-stained band of plaited birch splints. She was really the most beautiful canoe that ever danced on the surface of yonder lake.

" The Beaver was paddling by himself, and the papoose was sitting a little in front of him. As we came up, the child—he had not seen more than six or seven summers—stretched himself too far over the gunwale and toppled headlong into the water. It happened in an instant, and in less than another second the Beaver had dived into the stream after his child, capsizing the canoe as he made the plunge. The water was nearly as cold as ice, and the current setting down the narrows was strong. We paddled to the spot as quickly as we could, but were too late to reach the papoose when he rose to the surface. The Beaver came up at the same time, his eye caught his sinking child, and with a cry that reached our hearts he instantly plunged again. It was the last glimpse we had of him, for he did not rise the second time. We dropped down the stream with the current, and strained our eyes in vain, for the water was so turbid that nothing could be seen beneath the surface.

" The canoe drifted against some brushwood below the narrows and stuck fast there. As we were paddling back, some hours later, after

having abandoned all hope, we noticed her, and—why, I know not, but I suppose mechanically—we pulled her away and righted her. As we were doing so, something caught my eye under a branch of the brushwood. It was the body of the papoose, cold and dead, the little mocassins still on its feet, and the fox skin vest, ornamented with beads dangling from it.

" We were talking with each other about how we should convey the awful tidings to the Wild Rose, when we saw her coming along the bank towards us. It was evident that she had become uneasy, owing to the lengthened absence of her husband and child, and was now seeking for them. We paddled towards her, but when the dug-out touched the shore none of us attempted to get out, for we were so full of sorrow and so confused that we did not know what to say to the poor Wild Rose.

" She must have seen that we hesitated, for after standing still a moment she sprang towards us. I hid the corpse of the papoose by sitting in front of it, while one of my companions told her what had taken place. She did not seem to understand what was said, for she neither made answer nor asked questions, though I remember to this moment what a terrible look of agony she had. Then I took the corpse of the papoose in my arms, with the intention of carrying it to the lodge, but she siezed it from me, and I felt that her arms were stiff as bars of iron. Stripping off the fox skin, she threw the body across her own breast, and there rose a gurgling sound in her throat, as if she was trying to shriek but could not.

" Then with the speed of a wounded moose she darted away, right up the steep bank, still clasping the corpse of her child. We did not know what to do, but presently we followed, slowly scrambling up after her. In a few minutes she reached the top of the ridge, and then we saw at once what her intention was. We shouted, but only the echo of our own voices came back. Along the ridge she bounded and out upon yonder rock. We tried to close our eyes ; but even yet I fancy I see a dark body falling through the air, and hear the mournful cry which announced that the lone Wild Rose had gone to rejoin her loved and her lost."

A. C.

The Diary of an Idle Hottentot.

By Adonis Jager.

Before entering upon a statement of my daily life for a week, I will introduce myself and family to you, and give you an idea of my circumstances. My name is Adonis Jager, and I was born, my father told me, about the time of the abolition of slavery in the Cape Colony (1838). I cannot say who my mother was, as my father had had, at different times, three wives—though he was never married in the church. The first wife was the mother of several children of varied paternity when he took her. She died of small-pox after my two eldest brothers were born. The second wife I never heard much about, and don't know what became of her. The third wife after having had four children ran away from my father, and is now living with another Hottentot at Graaff-Reinet. My father was killed by falling off an ox-wagon when he was drunk, the wheels passing over his chest.

My wife's name is Doortje. Before I took her she was living with Hans Niemand as his wife, but he got into prison for five years, for partly causing the death of another Hottentot in a drunken affray. I intend to get married in the church some day when I can afford to buy decent clothes. We have six children at home, two girls and four boys—besides these, one infant died of convulsions and one little girl my wife gave away to a friend of hers. My wife is a half-caste, being half Mozambique and half Bushman.

My home is on a plot of ground allotted to me by the Government for which I pay 10s. a year. I live in a straw hut and have a small garden, in which I grow mealies, pumpkins, wheat, potatoes, &c. Occasionally I go out to work among the farmers as a labourer—to help to make walls or dams, to shear sheep, &c. My live-stock consists of one horse, one pig, and six fowls. I have only been in prison once, and that was merely for being drunk in the streets of Colesberg when I went there as a wagon-driver with a Dutchman.

The names of my boys are, Adonis (called so after myself), Danster, Teunis, and Hans; of my girls at home, Kaatje and Griet.

Monday morning.—Rose at cock-crow, had a basin of coffee, lit my pipe and had a smoke. With the first gleam of daylight, noticed a stray horse belonging to a neighbouring farmer near my mealies. Kept my eye on it till it got fairly into my garden, and then sent Adonis and Danster to catch the horse and bring it to the hut. Sent Kaatje to bring my own horse, which had been spanned all night in the kloof. Doortje was busy grinding wheat on a stone to make bread. Sent out Griet to gather sticks and mest for fuel. Adonis saddled up my horse, and having put a quid of tobacco in my mouth, I started to the nearest pound with the farmer's horse. On the road I noticed smoke arising from the hut of Andries Slangveld, a cousin of my wife's, called to greet, and drank a cup of coffee hurriedly;

pushed on to the pound with the horse, for fear that its owner should get up to me before I could get it into the pound—in which case I was only entitled to claim 1s. 6d. for damages, but if I got it into the pound I should get 4s. 6d. Met with Plaatje hurrying on to Andries' hut to get a cup of early coffee. Passed several Kafirs going out to shear sheep among the farmers. As I passed the garden of Kornelis Goedman he came out, and after greeting and asking after my wife, he told me confidentially that a sheep had got among his sheep yesterday (Sunday), the identity of which was doubtful and that to save trouble he had killed it, and invited me to call and take a portion of the meat home on my return. I could not help thinking as I passed on what a thoroughly reliable friend Kornelis is! Arrived at the pound I told the pound-master that the damage done by the horse was fearful. He allowed me 4s. 6d. On my return home, I called at a shop and bought 1s. 6d. worth of coffee, and then asked for brandy. The shopkeeper said he did not keep it, so I said I would take a bottle of Eau de Cologne as my wife was so troubled with headache. Galloped on to Kornelis's and we drank the Eau de Cologne between us, and he gave me a good large leg of mutton to take home, having first lent me a sack to put it in. Got home and cut off some pieces of meat for breakfast and hid the remainder among the rocks behind the house. Gave the coffee to Doortje to roast and grind. When we were at breakfast Frans Boerland, an old chum of mine, arrived. He was on his road home from the town. I noticed that he had two bottles of brandy in his saddle bag and made him thoroughly welcome accordingly. He told me all the news about my friends and relatives in town. One of my uncles, who is a leper, was gradually getting worse; a brother of mine had got married. I asked, "Who to?" Frans said, "I should remember that Bushman girl who some time ago was charged with attempting to poison her master's family—that was my new sister-in-law!" Frans told me that one day the minister of the Hottentot congregation in town (Rev. Mr. M——,) met him in the street and said, "Well Frans, I'm glad to meet you so that I can have some conversation with you about the fearful habit of brandy-drinking which is destroying both your body and soul. Cannot you see, as a rational being, the terrible consequence of this habit of yours?" I said, "Well, mynheer, I don't think you should blame *me*. If brandy is such a bad thing why do you white people make it, and bring it, and tempt us with it? and to tell the truth, mynheer, I don't think I drink more than many of the respectable white people in town, as they drink their two or three glasses a day regularly, and I only get money occasionally, and then I drink mine altogether, mynheer." The minister said he was "rather in a hurry then, but would endeavour to speak about it some other time." Frans then handed one of the bottles of brandy to me, and after helping myself pretty liberally I poured some out for him, and we were soon thoroughly "lekker." What happened during the remainder of the day I have no distinct recollection of.

Tuesday.—Awoke at cock-crow. Felt a dull aching in my head, also that my upper lip was very stiff and swollen. Lit my pipe and had a smoke. As soon as it was light Frans got up I noticed that he was suffering from a black eye, and his nose showed signs of having bled profusely. Doortje had already made coffee, so Frans and I each took a basin of it, and then Frans saddled up his horse, and after a very cordial greeting set off home. I desired him to present my best compliments to his wife and all other friends. Just then I noticed two people going on foot along the footpath that leads to Joe's hut. I sauntered up to them and recognized them as Willem and Saul Veeland two of my own cousins. They were carrying a large junk of beef. I said, "Where did you get that ugly-looking meat?" Saul replied, "We were ploughing yesterday with a span of oxen we received from a Dutchman to train, and one of the oxen was stupid and lay down and would not pull, so we beat it with the sjambox, first one and then another, till nearly midday, and then it died" (loud laughter). "We then skinned it and divided the meat." I said, "What will you say to the Dutchman?" Willem replied, "We shall say it was bitten by a puff adder, and died in consequence." We all had a hearty laugh at Willem; he is a smart fellow! Returned to the hut and sent off Adonis to look for my pig which had strayed. Doortje asked me for some money, as she wanted to buy a bit of print to make a new dress, as the one she was wearing was so patched that no one could tell which was the original pattern. I said I had got no money, and if she wanted money she must work for it like I did. Told Doortje to bring the remainder of the meat from the rocks and cook it for dinner. Sent Teunis to pull some onions up out of the garden to cook with the meat. Enjoyed a long quiet smoke. A Boer came on horseback and asked me to go and work a few days for him to help to dig up his potatoes, and offered me 2s. a day. I said I had no time. He said he had been to every hut in the neighbourhood and found the Hottentots living in a most wretched state, children in many cases naked, and the fathers too idle to earn an honest livelihood, and that when he was young we coloured people were either compelled by law to take service, or we were slaves, and then labour was abundant and reliable. The Hottentots and slaves were respectful, useful and industrious, but since the English Government had given us freedom we were a set of lazy, drunken, impudent, thieving "duivels." In the afternoon my wife's sister Saartje called. She was going to seek her second husband, whom she had not seen for six months. Her first husband, had run away with another Hottentot girl and was living in Graham's Town. I asked her where her little boy was. She said he was too young to be of any service to her, so she offered him to a lady in Colesberg for threepence. The lady said she could not think of taking the child for threepence, but gave her half-a-crown, and said she could come every year and get half-a-crown. Saartje remained all night to rest herself before proceeding on her journey.

I told her I could give no positive information about her husband, but I believed he was last heard of in the Free State, driving a wagon for a Boer who was hawking tobacco and brandy. Dispatched Teunis and Kaatje to the shop to buy threepence worth of tobacco. They brought home a terrier pup Teunis had had given to him. Towards sundown I saw Jan Buffel, a brother-in-law of mine, driving a black cow and calf home. I said "Jan where have you been with that cow?" He replied, "I've been over to that Englishman's farm over there to sell the cow and calf." "It seems a nice cow; why do you want to part with it?" "Well the fact is, I knew it was awfully old; its front teeth are worn down below the level of the gums, so that it cannot survive the winter; but the Englishman was too wide awake for me! When I got there I told him I had brought a nice quiet cow and calf to sell—a capital milker!" He said "Is'nt it old?" "O no, that is only its third calf!" "What do you want for it?" "I'll take £8." "Are you positive it has good teeth yet?" "O yes, it has nice long teeth." The Englishman then handed me a riem and told me to tie the cow to a stone pillar and he opened its mouth and saw that its teeth were gone! Of course, I appeared quite astonished, and said, "Well, I'm glad for my own sake as well as yours that you have looked. I had no idea it was so old. I see it's always as well to examine a thing properly." I had a good hearty laugh at Jan. In the evening my boys brought into my hut several fine cakes of honey-comb they had cleverly abstracted from a wild bees' nest on a neighbouring farm. The farmer was away from home at the time.

Wednesday.—Spent all the morning sitting by my hut in the sun, preparing a goat-skin to make "riempjes" for mending my "veld schoens." My pig got out of the stye in the night and was lost, so I sent Kaatje and Griet to seek it. They brought it back lame as if some one had been throwing stones at it, so I concluded that it had been rationing itself in some one's garden. Heard my wife exclaiming "Mij Heere! Mij Heere!!" I shouted out "What's the matter, Doortje?" "De lelijk hond van Teunis hev mij snuif doos om gegooi, en al de snuif is in de asch geval!" "Slaat hem dood!" Rode over to Mynheer Burgers' farm and begged a little turnip seed of my old Baas. He asked me if I knew anything of the character of Dirk Dekspan who lived near me, as he was thinking of hiring him for a wagon driver. I gave him what I consider a good description of him by replying "Maar Mijnheer, hij is zoo maar een kerel; net zoo als Mijnheer hem ziet, zoo is hij." Teunis and Hans were gathering fuel all the morning. This afternoon I saw a secretary bird fighting with a snake. As it was only 200 or 300 yards off, I went towards it to watch the combat, but the bird flew up carrying the snake dangling from its beak. Jan Wildebeeste came in a great hurry to tell me that Plaatje Blom had died suddenly that morning and I must go over and help to dig the grave, as he would be buried at four o'clock this afternoon. He told me that coffee would

be provided, so I sent Adonis for my horse, and we rode over together. None of the family of the deceased could raise the money to buy planks for a coffin, so we put the body in a mat and buried him in the veld. Solomon Weeskind, an elder in the church, read the service, and we all joined in singing the hymn, commencing "Het leven hier op aarde is kort." After the funeral I asked where Plaatje's widow was, as I did not see her at the funeral, but I found that she had been living with another Hottentot, at Somerset, for several months. I met with two old chums of mine, Willem Fortuin and Cobus Zaaiman. They had only arrived at home the previous day from the convict station at East London, where they had each served three years for sheep stealing. The friends all gave them a hearty reception, as they were such thoroughly jolly fellows, and as Kort Moos truly remarked, "Misfortunes like that of Willem and Cobus might come upon any of us." Gert Dikpens was also at the funeral, and as I noticed that he had some brandy with him I invited him and our two friends from the sea-port to spend the evening with me, to which they all readily assented; but previous to leaving, we all went into the hut where the corpse had been, and coffee was handed round; after partaking of which we shook hands with the friends all round and departed for home. Told Kaatje to kill two fowls for supper, as soon as we got home. Doortje saved the feathers towards making a pillow. Spent a very pleasent evening, but should have been better satisfied if we had not been so short of brandy, as we could none of us succeed in getting drunk. Willem and Cobus gave interesting accounts of the work they had been engaged in while serving their term of hard labour, and of the companions they had had, including Bushmen, Kafirs, Mozambiquers, Hottentots, &c., some who were such desperate characters that they always worked in chains. They said that when they were working there was always a constable over them, with a loaded gun in his hands. Time passed so quickly, that when my friends spoke of going home it was so late that I said they had better sleep in the hut, as my wife and I and the children did not quite take up all the room.

Thursday morning.—Borrowed a gun and went out shooting rock-pigeons. As I shot them I took out the grain from their crops, and sprinkled it on the rocks to entice other pigeons to settle there for me to shoot on my return. Was rather startled by what I thought was the tail of a large snake sticking out of a bush. I fired at it and killed it; but on dragging it out, I found it was an iguana. The number of pigeons that I shot and took home was fifteen. A boy called at my hut after I got home with a message from Jufvrouw van Aswegan that Doortje was wanted at Reitfontein next week to pluck geese. In the afternoon I dug up some potatoes to be cooked to eat with the pigeons shot this morning. Sent Greit to the shop for 3d. of salt and 3d. of pepper. She heard at the shop that there had been a quarrel between two Kafirs at a beer drinking near the mountain, and that one Kafir had thrown a stone at another, and struck

him in the mouth, knocking two teeth out; whereupon the wounded man had taken his gun and shot himself, rather than live to bear the ridicule and contempt of his companions, and especially of the "belles" of the kraal. * * * *

Friday.—Thunder-clouds were rising in the north—Sun very scorching. Occupied all the morning in repairing the pig-stye, as the pig had broken the wall down in its efforts to get out to ration itself. During the morning a black girl called with a message from Mrs. Smith, the minister's wife, that she had some sewing for Doortje to do. Doortje returned with her, and found that Jufvrouw Smith wished her to make a patch-quilt for her, for which she gave her bits of print and needle and cotton, and offered her 3s. Doortje said she could not do it under 5s.; so after some time, Mrs. Smith consented, and told Doortje she could take the work home. As soon as Jufvrouw Smith was out of sight Doortje slipped into the kitchen, and told the black servants to give her some dinner. On Doortje's return she found that the bits of print would make more than one quilt. The boys were out collecting fuel all the morning. In the afternoon Jan Ringhals called on his way home from Middelburg. He brought the news of the death of a brother-in-law of mine. The deceased had been to Hanover in charge of a wagon, and had bought two bottles of Cape brandy in the town, and on his return to the farm where he was working was the worse for liquor, and in jumping on to the wagon by the disselboom his foot had slipped, and the wheels had gone over his head, causing instantaneous death, as there was a heavy load on the wagon. Jan said that the other servants who were with the wagon had buried the body by shoving it into an aardvaark's hole and covering the mouth with stones. I told Jan I was sorry to hear of it, and asked what had become of all the money my brother-in-law had earned at the Dutchman's, to which Jan replied, "He never saved anything, as all his money went to the canteen." Heavy thunderstorm. A pelting shower fell for about half an hour. At sundown several Kafirs passed my hut carrying beef with them. I asked where they got it. They said, "One of their oxen had died of gall sickness, so they were taking the meat home to eat." I asked Doortje where Adonis and Danster were; she said she did not know where they got to, as they were getting into the habit of sleeping just wherever they happened to be when night came on.

Saturday.—Doortje set off early to tell Mrs. Smith that the patches had not come out for the quilt, and that she must give more. Jufvrouw Smith looked very much astonished, but gave some more; so that by Doortje's clever management, she saved enough patches to make a quilt for herself and do some mending besides. Dug up a patch of ground and sowed the turnip-seed I got from Mynheer Burgers on Thursday, as the earth was now soft with yesterday's rain. At noon I noticed that a neighbouring farmer, Mynheer De Wet, had a number of servants plucking mealies off the stalks

in his field, and collecting them into heaps. Doortje was busy a good part of the morning and afternoon patching her old print frock. Told Kaatje to get my Sunday trousers out of the box and give them to Doortje, as they also required considerable patching. Greit told me that one of our fowls was sick and appeared likely to die ; so I said, "Vang het dan, en hardloop gaauw na de winkel toe en verruil het voor kofij." This afternoon three Hottentot women called to see us *en route* to the town, where they were going to visit their friends. They were evidently in walking trim, as each one had a long stick, and had her clothes bunched up round her waist and tied with a "touw" of plaited rushes. They left a little Bushman girl with my wife to be called for some other time. I did not take the trouble to ask to whom the child belonged, and am not sure whether they told Doortje. Took off my shirt and told Doortje to wash it, as I intended to go to church to-morrow. Dirk Dronklap, a brother-in-law of mine, called. He was so "maagre" I scarcely knew him. He explained matters, however, by telling me he had been in the "tronk" for two weeks, every alternate day on spare diet (rice-water), for being engaged in a drunken brawl in town. He said, "Het was alte zwaar zoomar buiten kost te bljven." After dark told Adonis to drive my horse near De Wet's farm, hoping that it may accidentally get to Mynheer De Wet's mealies and have a good feed.

Sunday.—Rose before daylight and went over to De Wet's farm and captured my horse before any of the Boer's people saw it. On arrival at home noticed it was looking all the better for the feed it had had. After breakfast told Doortje to get out my Sunday toggery, and I went to the river and had a wash, as I had not had one since the previous Sunday. When I got back to the hut, donned my best clothes and had a long quiet smoke, and then told Adonis to saddle up my horse. Rode off to church as the bell was already ringing, leaving Doortje to come on foot with any of the children she can manage to rig up. Just before entering church Jan Buffel gave me a quid of very excellent tobacco, which I immediately placed in its proper position in my mouth. Enjoyed the service, felt in a very peaceful and religious frame of mind, which was only interrupted once or twice by one of the Hottentot deacons in the church rather abruptly nudging me and saying, "Yi moet neet zoo banije spoeg op de kerk's vloor." At the close of the service a white man, a stranger, whom I had observed sitting near the pulpit, was introduced to the congregation by the minister, as a "gentleman recently from England," and was called upon to say a few words. He got up and said, "He had been extremely gratified by what he had that morning seen; the marked attention given to the discourse, the earnestness of the singing, and the general spirit of devotion manifested by his fellow Christians of Africa had produced a deep impression on his mind and such as would furnish matter to tell the people of England

about when he returned to his fatherland." When we got out of church I noticed a number of the Hottentots shaking hands with this gentleman, so I went and gave him a very cordial greeting. As I rode home from church Aaron Bokwagen accompanied me, and complimented me on the appearance of my horse, and told me he did not know how I managed to keep it in such good condition. I told him I would not mind swapping with him for his mare if he would give me the foal, but he said that though the foal was with the mare it wasn't his. We called to see an old friend who had been ill for several months, as his hut was not far out of our path. He suffers from "elephantiasis." We found him too far gone to be able to articulate any more, so did not stay long. He made signs, however, to show that he still knew us. At sundown saw a wagon outspanned in the distance and a fire being made. Sauntered over to the spot and found that it was a Boer's wagon. The Dutchman told me that he was going into Kafirland to buy grain, and asked for information about prices, &c. I told him I could give him all particulars, as I knew all the traders. He then gave me a piece of meat to frizzle on the embers, and after the kettle had cooked gave me a beker of coffee. I spent the evening smoking and chatting with the Boer and his Hottentot servants round the fire, and promised to accompany him the following day, to show the position of the various trading stations in Kafirland. As I left for the night the old Baas handed me a beker containing brandy, the contents of which I swallowed, with many thanks.

Maudesley, Lady Grey.

Cowper and Olney.*

A Reminiscence.—No. 1.

We know not whether our African friends and readers care a brass farthing about Cowper, or his whereabouts; whether they would derive any amusement from tracing the footsteps of that man, who wrote for all time, and whose task it was to give delight to thousands. His "John Gilpin," with its humour and its cheerfulness, written in one night at the request of a dear friend during a period of sad melancholy, lay buried for years without due appreciation, until it was chosen as a fit subject for the display of a public elocutionist of high standing and merits. The following reminiscence and remarks

* A neat photograph of Cowper's house (including the dwelling of the writer of this short narrative, and its local surroundings) was sent direct from Olney by its present vicar, the Rev. Langley, some short time since, but it was found inconvenient to have it engraved at the Cape so as to be given with the letter-press. But any one curious to know the exact spot where the "Olney Hymns," "The Task," and "John Gilpin," were concocted, may be gratified by applying to the author of the "Reminiscences."—S. S.

thereon may perhaps share the same fate, and be better relished in the past than in the present tense. With such a hope without any conception as to importance, our memories are taxed as under.

More than sixty years ago it was our good fortune, or otherwise, to have lived in the neighbourhood of Olney,—that little outlandish, but now immortalized spot

> "Where Newton laboured and where Cowper sung."

The old folks and old books called it Oulney, but the moderns, ever alive to brevity and dispatch, drop the u and style it Olney. As the poet left it in 1795, so we must have found it in 1815, or thereabouts. The town (?) was a long straggling place, (more so than Stellenbosch or Wynberg), with a horse-pond at the side of the road, at one end leading to Wellingbro', and a bridge at the other, the direct route to Emberton and Newport Pagnel. That never-to-be-forgotten wooden bridge (although since removed for one of stone), that the poet introduces in the fourth book of his "Task :"—

> "Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
> That with its wearisome, but needful length
> Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
> Sees her own face reflected bright."

Yes, many times when we traversed this bridge from Newport Pagnel* to Olney, we thought it wearisome and could have wished it shorter. By-the-bye, now we are upon the bridge it suggests other matters that it may be as well to introduce here, for the sake of a word or two on the gentleman mentioned below, for no regular method or order will be pursued in tracing these footsteps of Cowper, but a ramble as fancy and memory dictate, and that actually fell under personal observation.

Cowper continues from the above lines quoted by saying :—

> "He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
> With spattered boots, strapped waist and frozen locks,
> News from all nations lumb'ring at his back,
> True to his charge, the close-packed load behind;
> Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
> Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
> And having dropped the expected bag,—pass on.
> He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
> Cold, and yet cheerful, messenger of grief,
> Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
> To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
> Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
> Births, deaths, and marriages; epistles wet
> With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
> Fast as the periods from his fluent quill;
> Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
> Or nymphs responsive, equally affect,
> His horse and him unconscious of them all."

This was an old man (or his representative) that we knew well,

* Pagnel derives its name from Twins born Siamese fashion, and christened Peg and Nell.

his name being Dick Tyrell,* and he continued "a man of letters" long after the death of the poet, but instead of riding as he became older he walked, until he walked and drank himself into the grave. For more than twenty years he averaged twenty miles a day on foot, Mondays excepted—going from Newport Pagnel to Olney, and from Olney to Turvey—the locality of the Rev. Leigh Richmond and his "Dairyman's Daughter,"—and back again the same day.

There were no professed teetotallers, or Good Templars in those days, so that this careless and "light-hearted wretch" was a most inveterate soaker, and he must have drank himself out of Buckinghamshire much earlier had not his tramping proved a safety-valve; but take shame to ourselves for never having passed through Newport (where he resided) without leaving him a trifle, that perhaps enabled him to repeat his dram, and strengthened his unsightly propensity. Poor old Dick Tyrell has long since been "gathered to his fathers," and his son who succeeded him in carrying the bag is dead also. We dare say the old boy little thought his name would be written in brass anonymously, by its entering into the remembrance and mind's eye, as well as the horn into the ears of the poet, as he sat in Silver End busy with his "Winter Evening's Task."

This Newport Pagnel is about six miles from Olney, on the great North Road, and was a great thoroughfare for the old mails and stage coaches. There lived the Rev. I. Newton, and W. Bull, the friend and correspondent of the poet, whom he describes as "a man of letters and of genius, lively without levity, and pensive without dejection." But residing near the spot and visiting it often, we have heard many anecdotes, that proved him—for broad wit and practical jokes—to be of the Rowland Hill and Mark Wilk's school. He, the Rev. W. Bull, senior, kept a thriving establishment for the education of young ministers—half seminary, half barracks—for Presbyterian recruits. He was in the habit of rising very early in the morning, and like all early risers, could not leave others in peace, so that he used to shout at the top of his voice and lungs (that were by no means weak—witness the name) to the young persons who were willing sometimes to indulge the flesh, to this effect: "Get up there you Mr. Pomposity, you Mr. Finikin, and you Great Northern Bear," and other euphonious compliments that he considered applicable to the temperaments and propensities of the individuals addressed. Some of these young sprigs and pulpit worthies we heard preach afterwards during his son's reign, who gave us the tale from their own lips.

These students in our time were in the habit of officiating in small towns and villages (during the temporary absence of the regular ministers officiating for others) for the sake of "getting their hands and heads in," as it were, or rather of acquiring complexional

* Hone, in his *Year Book*, 1838, in giving a charming wood-cut of Olney Bridge, p. 1,490, gives this name as Dick Surrell, but it should be Tyrell as here written.

strength after the manner of the Primitive Methodists. One of these named John W ———, that we well knew, of a dry and facetious temperament, but very sincere, good-natured, and enthusiastic, was sent in his turn to conduct the evening service in the winter season, at a place called of all others "Pinchgut," perhaps one of the dirtiest spots in creation, being in the neighbourhood of Cranfield. Now tradition said—and with some show of probability—of this Cranfield, and Pinchgut, that a hat was once picked up on the road thereabouts, and that under the hat was a man, and under the man a horse and gig, so deep was the mire. This road young W ——— had to pass, who was a stranger to its geography, locality, and condition, added to which ignorance, he was troubled with a baker's horse, that stopped at every old customer, whether public or private house—where his master was in the habit of leaving a "quartern," or a penny roll, so that he was much behind time, the congregation having prolonged the singing and the petitioning greatly beyond the ordinary limits, in the hope that their pastor might arrive. Tired out at last they sent a deacon to meet him, whom he found stuck in one of the bogs already described.

Young W ——— desired him to return again, and to sing a certain hymn, that proved—as he well knew—the longest and most appropriate in the collection, commencing with the very sensible lines for the season and circumstances,

> "Lord, what a wretched land is this
> That yields us no supply," &c.

To which might be added as a climax, without any intention of scorn or scoffing :—

> "Where Tugwell knows not where he is,
> And the roads are never dry."

By the time the psalmody was concluded, Mr. W ——— arrived, and the usual service completed.

As this is the only material digression we shall perhaps have occasion to make when speaking of Cowper and Olney, no further apology is offered for the intrusion, seeing that it is associated so closely with the Life and Times of the Poet, and bears so strongly upon his most intimate friend and correspondent, the Rev. W. Bull, to whom he was first introduced in 1780.

Olney, when we first knew it, consisted chiefly of one long wide street, with a market-place in the centre, only bulging out like a great wen from the side of the road. The sweeping hand or besom, of reform, soon brushed away the good and the bad old land-marks together, but luckily carried off the old meat shambles and other nuisances that were standing when the poet resided there. The stocks and the round-house, or lock-up, excepted. There was not a good market, though plenty of room for it. A few mackerel cucumbers, and other occasional imports were cried sometimes by the bellman on the Saturday, "To be sold at the Bell Inn," kept

by one Thomas Worley; and a few farmers would assemble near the door late in the afternoon, to give the appearance of business, with samples of grain in a worsted stocking cut short.

We have the most lively and vivid recollection of Cowper's house in the Market-place—for we never saw anyone so often and so long together—but although separated only a few yards from it in an opposite angle, do not remember to have entered it above three or four times as a general inspection, so "little honour has a prophet or poet in his own country" or locality; and so true is it that familiarity and contact breed contempt. Who thinks of Table Mountain even when domiciled years at the base? Hence we regarded with listless unconcern both the man and his mansion when duty and its monotony confined us to the neighbourhood, and yet we could almost count every brick. It was very red and very high, with a great many windows in front, and with lots of flaming tiles on the roof. Whilst we were there and just before leaving, an old gentleman named Andrews, an auctioneer, purchased the house for the sake of converting it into a show, or as an exhibition for strangers. But in this respect it proved a failure, for he was at the expense of a new roof and of patching up for little purpose, the visits of the curious being like those of the angelic, few and far between. After this it soon came as it were to the dogs—like all good and grand houses in bad localities—being divided into separate tenements; the forlorn hope and last shift of all disappointed landlords.

The poet must have had his nest tolerably feathered within at Olney, if it looked heavy and gloomy without, since we are luckily enabled to form a slight catalogue of his goods and chattels in one of his snuggeries from his own showing, in the charming lines on "Gratitude" to his cousin, Lady Hesketh. Here they are, whilst confessing being indebted to her for

"This wheel-footed studying chair,
Contrived both for toil and repose;
Wide elbow'd and wadded with hair
In which I both scribble and doze;
Bright studded to dazzle the eyes,
And rival in lustre of that
In which, or astronomy lies,
Fair Cassiopëia sat.

"These carpets so soft to the foot,
Caledonia's traffic and pride,
Oh, spare them, ye knights of the boot,
Escaped from a cross-country ride!
This table and mirror within,
Secure from collision and dust,
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
And periwig nicely adjust.

"This movable structure of shelves
For its beauty admired and its use;
And charged with octavos and twelves,
The gayest I had to produce;
Where flaming in scarlet and gold,
My poems enchanted I view;
And hope, in due time to behold
My Iliad and Odyssey too.

"This china that decks the alcove,
Which here people call a buffet;
But what the gods call it above,
Has ne'er been revealed to us yet.
These curtains that keep the room warm
Or cold as the season demands,—
These stoves, that for pattern and form
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands.

* * * * * * *

"Thus compass'd about with the goods
And chattels of leisure and ease,
I indulge my poetical moods
In many such fancies as these.
And fancies I fear they will seem—
Poets' goods are not often so fine,—
The poets will swear that I dream
When I sing of the splendour of mine."

Not a bad style, certainly, for a poet of the 18th century. Well might he fancy the world would suppose he was dreaming when he wrote and printed such a rich and full catalogue. But this house in Silver End, it will be remembered, that he entered in 1767, was the scene of his principal labours, and between 1780–81 the four first of his larger poems were completed, namely, "Table Talk," "Progress of Error," "Truth," and "Expostulation," which with the smaller pieces were sent to press the following May.

To study Cowper aright, and to read his Life and Writings in perfection, nothing could be more suitable and complete than to settle down a few years on the very spot where he was boxed up, and crept the "home circuit" so long and lonely, like a squirrel in its cage, without the briskness. For ever surrounded with widows and old maids,—the Unwins, the Austens, and sometimes the Hesketh's, with her "dinner pills" at her elbow, with the limited journeys to Weston Underwood and Clifton and back, singing and composing the Olney hymns in joint partnership with Newton; and languishing and trembling in the gloomy atmosphere of predestination, no wonder he should consider himself a castaway and refused to be comforted—seek his "hermitage," and get lost or abstracted in his "Alcove" and the "Wilderness."

"Anything for a quiet life," said the keeper who chose Eddystone Lighthouse for a berth. And Olney must be considered a match picture in point of solitude and monotony, barring the winds and the waves, and so the sensitive poet's malady was fed, and he left the neighbourhood too late to remove it. In 1781 Lady Austen arrived at Clifton, a pretty village perched upon a high hill about two miles from Cowper's house, the nearest road to which was through the delectable, and never-to-be-forgotten Silver End, but after passing which, led to some fine meadows, across a rustic bridge or two, over running brooks and clear streams that fed neighbouring water-mills, and then again over the river Ouse, and so up a steep ascent to the place, and church, and Squire Small's chief mansion. This was a favourite walk of the poet's, and from this village, it appears, her ladyship made him daily or frequent visits, and in one of them suggested "The Sofa" as a subject—as did also Mrs. Unwin "The Progress of Error." Her presence (and the delight it occasioned), is well known to have given rise to that familiar and warm epistle, addressed to her on her return to London, December 17th of the same year, commencing:—

> "Dear Anne, between friend and friend
> Prose answers every common end;
> Serves in a plain and homely way
> To express the occurrence of the day.
> Our health, the weather, and the news,
> What walks we take, what books to choose,
> And all the floating thoughts we find
> Upon the surface of the mind.
> But when a poet takes the pen

Far more alive than other men—
He feels a gentle tingling come
Down to his finger and his thumb.
Derived from nature's noblest part—
The centre of a glowing heart;
And this is what the world—who knows
No flights above the pitch of prose,
His more sublime vagaries slighting
Denominates an itch for writing."

Whether these "daily or frequent visits of Lady Austen from Clifton," to the poet, caused any jealousy on the part of Mrs. Unwin, the older and more intimate friend; or whether the limited and local *Scan Mag* set afloat by the gossiping lace-makers, and tale bearers of Silver End, affected the sensitive nature of our pure-minded and chaste author, it is not easy to determine; but so it was, that from the first whisper all interviews and epistolary communications were suddenly suspended between them. But not, as is presumed, without disappointment and regret, for in August Cowper writes to his friend Unwin, and in speaking of her ladyship, says "That she had seen much of the world—understood it well, had high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation." Consequently the very qualities requisite as foils and antidotes for many of his morbid fancies. In October, 1782, perhaps after a little gossipping over the tea table at the house in Silver End, on the Market-place, "John Gilpin,"—to use the words of his biographer and kinsman, John Johnson, LL.D.,—sprung up like a mushroom in the night; the story being related by the sprightly Lady Austen and versified in bed by the poet, and presented next morning in the shape of a ballad—a bad habit though for a nervous and sensitive man. But who regards that now? For is not "John Gilpin" in every school-boy's mouth? And has not George Cruikshank immortalized both the poet, the citizen, and "Train Band Captain" as well as himself, in his wonderful illustrations; and shall we not have long cause to bless the poet for being watchful for one night only on our behalf? Who could have supposed that such a production had been composed during seasons of forebodings and despair, and that afterwards the writer should have imagined so forlorn and hopeless a condition as "The Castaway:"

"Obscurist night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roared:
When such a destined wretch as I
Wash'd headlong from on board;
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft
His floating home for ever left.
Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim he lay,
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Discanting on his fate;
To give the melancholy dream
A more enduring date;
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.
No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When snatched from all effectual aid
We perish'd – each alone,
But I beneath a rougher sea
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

The whole of this melancholy picture—that space will not allow us to give in full—represents the writer whilst labouring under mental sufferings, the most intense and refined; and nothing can be more agonizing to sympathy than the reflection, that these were the forebodings of a mind whose "virtues formed the magic of his song," and when balanced with the deserts of others, had in reality but slight cause to despair.

Some have thought that the society Cowper fell into at Olney was not the most suitable, for one subject to fits of hypochondria and depression. Parsons Bull and Newton—hard-headed men—"with limbs of British Oak and nerves of wire,"—were all very well in their way, as occasional counsellors and visitors, and so might prove the old spinsters and the widow; but these were but a winter's nosegay.

Being hedged in as it were with these advanced cronies, his life became monotonous, and his sensations morbid; and however he might be capable of singing in praise of retirement and seclusion, it was but too evident he was shortening his existence in the scenes of his profoundest admiration. Like Richardson—being always surrounded and accompanied with ladies—asleep or awake, at home or abroad—his nature became soft and quiescent, and his manners refined and chaste; but at the expense of his firmness and courage, for so delicately were his nerves strung, and so small his complexional strength, that he avoided all strangers and publicity.

W. L. Sammons.

Cape Town.

Chaarl Cilliers; the old Voor-Trekker.

A month or two ago we promised our readers a translation of the record left by an old Voor-trekker, Chaarl Cilliers, one of the band of colonial pioneers who accompanied Retief in the emigration of 1836. It presents a companion picture to the quaint but graphic description of the great "Trek" which appeared in this Magazine for September, 1876.

Chaarl Cilliers was for many years an elder of the Dutch Reformed Church at Pietermaritzburg, which he and others of the primitive Boers erected as a memorial of the gracious Providence which crowned their arms with victory on the occasion of the battle with Dingaan in 1839. Latterly, we believe, he resided near Cronstadt in the Orange Free State, where he made the following declaration, which is given, with other interesting details, in "Hofstede's History of the Free State":—

I desire, by the aid of a higher hand than my own, to write down the truth; for our God loves the truth. I shall, therefore, shortly recount

the three engagements which we emigrants had with our great enemies the Kafirs, with Motzalikatze, and afterwards with Dingaan.

The first time with Motzalikatze, near the Vaal River, I was on a commission to Zoutpansberg, when it happened that a frightful murder and plunder had taken place; and when I returned to our laager after an absence of three months, I found it in a most melancholy state. Many had been murdered, most of our cattle had been taken by the enemy, and with deep sorrow I witnessed the agonies of the wounded. My heart was almost broken. We returned then to Rhenoster River. One party went back to Valsch River, and we removed on to Vechtkop above Rhenoster River. On arriving there we received tidings from two Kafirs that the commando of Motzalikatze was coming against us, and that it was already at the Vaal River. We sent the news to those at the Valsch River, so that they could come to our assistance, but on hearing it they fled with all possible haste to Marokko. We sent two spies to ascertain the truth, and one of them discovered the formidable commando. As soon as we received the news of the approach of the commando we had formed our laager, and encircled it with thorn bushes in the best way we could. In the morning early thirty-three of us left the laager to go and meet the Kafirs, and found them about an hour and a half's distance on horseback from our camp. When they saw us, they quickly assembled and sat down orderly, the one next to the other, and we rode up to within fifty yards of them. I had a Hottentot who spoke the language well. I told him to speak loudly and distinctly with them, and that he must ask them what harm we had done to them, and why they had come to murder us, and to rob us of our goods. When they heard this they all jumped upon their feet, and cried "Motzalikatze," and only that word. We sprang from our horses, and shot as fast as we could on the enemy. There was great confusion until the third round of fire, when they divided into two parties, so as to surround and close us in. As we had to fight with such a great enemy we had continually to retire, and then fight again before we reached our camp. I fired sixteen shots before coming to the laager; few of the shots missed, and I killed two or three in one shot. Our wives at the laager had made bullets whilst we were away. The Kafirs separated into three clumps of about two thousand each, at a little distance from us. They gave us time to clean our guns and to put our laager into good order. Then I called all together, and addressed them briefly to this effect,—that we have one Almighty God in heaven and upon earth, and that we must fall down and pray to Him. We all kneeled with our wives and children, and I prayed to God in his infinite mercy to look upon us in our great danger, and if it was His will not to forsake us, and to give us strength to withstand our enemy; and so on. When this was finished, I ordered what was more to be done, and I took the command, for I saw that the men had come with the object of killing us. I said that no woman or child was to be seen or heard, and I had seven wagons drawn in the centre of the laager, into which the women and children were to go as soon as the fight commenced. It was also ordered that when the Kafirs approached, all were to wait until I gave the first shot, which was done. Then some one suggested we should tie a white sheet to a whipstick, and hoist it up. I approved of it, and as soon as it was hoisted up there was a great commotion in the three clumps of Kafirs,

who in one mass advanced and surrounded our small laager so that nothing could pass between. I had two guns, one loaded with slugs, and the other with ball. When they were about thirty feet from us, I shot with the slugs and then took the other gun. It was dreadful the force which the enemy used to wrench out the thorn bushes, but these were interlaced through the chains, and they only succeeded in dragging the wagons half a foot out of their place. The wagon by which I was had seventy-two assegai holes in the tent-cover when the fight was over. On our side there were two killed and fourteen wounded, of which I was one. Around the camp 430 of the enemy lay dead, and inside were found 1,137 assegais. We also had two horses killed, and one wounded, and the Kafirs took all our cattle away. I had a wife and seven children, and was without corn or mealies, and unable to hunt. It was a bitter trial to me to see my children cry from hunger, and I as well, and nothing to give them. We were obliged to remain fifteen days in the laager, when we got some oxen from Mr. Archbell (the missionary), and our brethren who had been at Marokko, when they heard of our misfortune. Through God's mercy we were again safe; but I forgot something. At Vechtkop all the children that were able to use a gun, helped in the firing. When we came to Marokko's place, the Rev. Mr. Archbell and his wife were very kind to us. They supplied us with Kafir corn and mealies. We then wished to go against the enemy with a large com mando, and we asked the assistance of the burgers on this side of the Groot-River, but the British Government forbade it, and said that whoever helped us would be severely punished. It was hard, for necessity compelled us; so we undertook with 107 men to go against the enemy, and our God gave them into our hands, so that we defeated them, and took 6,000 head of cattle from them, and not one of us killed. We went again with 330 men to attack them, and this time the Lord our God made us also victorious. Over 3,000 of them fell, and they left their country, and what was theirs has now become ours.

Now we were wavering between two thoughts, if we should go to Natal or Zoutpansberg. Mr. Retief had gone to Natal to see the country, and find out whether it was under Her Majesty's dominion. He returned and assured us that Natal was free, and that he had been to Dingaan, who had ceded to him the land from the Tugela to the Umzimvoobe River, on condition that Retief should capture and return to Dingaan 900 head of cattle which Sinkonyella had stolen from him; then the land would be ours. We began our march, but one woe was scarcely over before the other happened. When we reached the Tugela at Blaauwkrantz, near the Bosjesman's River, Retief with 100 men went to Sinkonyella, and without a single shot, took from him over 1,100 head of cattle, and gave them according to agreement to Dingaan for the promised land. But, alas! what a dark cloud hung over our heads! As we had heard, during Retief's absence, there was a missionary with Dingaan, who asked him what people we emigrants were, and that he answered that we were deserters from our king, and that Dingaan then asked what he thought he should do with these people. The missionary replied that he ought to know himself what to do with such wanderers. As far as we know, on the arrival of Retief, Dingaan was very friendly to him, gratified all his wishes, and signed the document for the grant of the land. When everything was settled he invited Retief and his followers to come in and eat

and drink with him as friends, and then the treason broke out. Everyone was cruelly massacred, but our God saw it, and from His high throne took His own resolve. We were expecting the return of our chosen governor from Dingaan's country, but the first news we received from him was a large commando from Dingaan who committed a terrible and bloodthirsty slaughter among us, so that 500 of our poor emigrants fell. But our God did not entirely forsake us. We knew that the Lord in heaven looked down upon us in mercy, and strengthened us who had survived to take up arms against our enemy; and I can tell you that I fought, and, like Joshua, held my life in my hand. With five men I first saved the laager of Gert Barends, which was on the point of surrendering to the greater strength of the enemy. The laager was on the one side with the wagons drawn up in the form of a crescent. When I neared the laager and saw the danger to which it was exposed, I said to my brethren, "Keep God before your eyes, and be not afraid, and follow me." We spurred our horses on, and I shouted at the top of my voice, for I saw that the Kafirs were quickly coming up to the laager to storm the opening. Yes, had I arrived five minutes later the whole laager would have been a pool of blood; but our great God forbade it, and said to our enemy, thus far and no farther. Our enemy was surprised and intimidated, and with God's help five men saved the laager. The Boesman's River was full, five men drove them into the stream, and many more were drowned than we were able to shoot. I fired so much that the barrel of my gun became so hot I was afraid when I put in the powder it would burst.

After this fight we passed the laager and attacked another lot of Kafirs, who were still on this side of the river, and we drove them over the mountain with great loss upon their side. Our numbers had increased twelve-fold, and when we got behind the mountain we found the horses belonging to the laager, which the enemy had taken with them. We caught all the horses and sent them back to the laager, and sent them word to come and help us as soon as they could. Then I saw the enemy driving before them some cattle, and I wished to ride along the mountain and retake them, but when I reached the top of the mountain I saw another band of about say six men also driving cattle. We shot at them and at once began a hard fight, eleven being killed at the first fire. We fought so well that numbers fell and the rest were driven to take refuge in a cave. We took all the cattle, and went on our way until we came to a place called Klijne Kop, where the Rensbergers and a number of other persons were surrounded by the Kafirs. Great numbers were scattered all about and a new struggle commenced. At first the Kafirs were hopeful, and when we fired they rushed upon us. We could not dismount, but shot from our horses; my order was that in retiring we were to load our guns as quickly as we could, then turn round and fire again. This was continually repeated, and our hands were strengthened by fresh arrivals, while the enemy grew weaker, ran round the Nek, and fled before us. Again, through God's mercy, we were victorious. We followed the enemy and so completely conquered them, that they were driven into a cave in the mountain, and I ordered the cattle to be taken. We went on and came to a place where a number of people who had fled from the Kafirs had been followed and murdered by them; I saw babes lying in their mothers' arms,

murdered in cold blood. I cried to my God and said :—"Oh, my God, shall the blood of the suckling not be avenged." Further on there was more cattle on a mountain whose ascent was dangerous. Our horses were tired, and many a heart was sorrowful at this sad sight, but I said there was no time for mourning and sadness, for the Lord had given the enemy into our hands. We must follow them and retake the cattle. I galloped on and ten men followed me to the foot of the mountain, on the top of which was a large commando. I did not think it wise to go up the mountain with only ten men, and so the enemy remained in possession of a great part of the cattle.

After this a commando set out against Dingaan, but, alas! this time our side was the losing one. Piet Uys, a valiant commandant, fell with ten men. Then another misfortune came : Commandant Potgieter with more than half the people left the mountain ; we were very much weakened, and divided into two laagers, the one at Bushman River and the other at Tugela. Dingaan sent again a commando against the lager at Bushman River, who attacked it, but fortunately we did not lose any lives. The majority now wished to leave the country, but I could not think of such a thing. I therefore made an agreement that three of us should go and try and find help, and if we got none then we would leave the country. Those sent were, Frans Hetting, William Pretorious, and myself. We received aid from Andries Pretorious, who came with a lot of people, and also from Piet Jacobs. We thus got together a commando of 400 men, and with this small band in a not very hopeful mood, we marched against the mighty people of Dingaan. We saw that if the good God was not with us we could have little hope of success, so I tried to cheer them up and told them to pray to the Lord to go with us to battle, as he did with Moses and Joshua. I told them that if the Lord were not with us, then we certainly would be lost. Mr. Andries Pretorious was our chosen general in this commando. He spoke to me and I also with him about the promise which the believers had made, and that we should make a promise to the Lord that if He gave us the victory over the enemy we should observe that day every year as a Sabbath. But I noticed that David had said, promise and pay the Lord, it is better not to promise, than to promise and not pay. It was then his wish that we should one and all make him a promise. But as a commandant and some of the others were not with us, I said he must postpone it until Cobus Uys was with us. He came to us at the Tugela, and we spoke to him about the subject and it was his wish as well as the Field-cornet's that the promise should be made. We then determined to make the Lord our God a solemn promise that if the Lord went with us and gave the enemy into our hands, that we should dedicate that day every year to the Lord and spend it as a Sabbath-day.

We then went on to Danse Kraal where the ceremony was to take place, and it was the universal wish that I should do it in the name of all the people. The General ordered that not a single man was to be absent when it took place. It was on the 7th December, 1838, that I in my weakness, fulfilled the wish of my brethren, and I knew that most of the burghers were also for it. I got upon a cannon wagon, with the 407 men encircling me. I spoke in a simple way, and as solemnly as the Lord gave me the strength, to the following effect :—"My brethren and fellow countrymen, here we are assembled for a few moments before a Holy God

of Heaven and earth, to make him a promise, if He go with us and protect us, and give us the victory over our enemy, that we dedicate that day and all succeeding days every year as a day of thanksgiving and spend it as a Sabbath day. We must tell it to our children so that they can help us to celebrate it and transmit it to the following generations. If any one had any scruples to make the promise he was to leave the place, for the honour of his name would be increased thereby for the praise and glory of the success would be given to him alone. I further said we should join in prayer and let it ascend to the throne of the Most High, and so on. I stretched forth my hands, heavenward, in the name of the assembly. Further, each evening, also the following Sabbath, we dedicated to prayer, and every evening special service was held at three different places. The Lord was with us on the 15th, when we marched to the Blood River, which got its name after the battle. A patrol had gone out, and they reported that the commando of Dingaan was in sight. We immediately sped on and found the commando on a mountain, and a part of it was to be seen at one end where there was a path, but the mountain was surrounded with krantzes, and the path was between two rugged kloofs in each of which was stationed a commando, so that if we had climbed the mountain, we should have been hemmend in by the two commandos. I wished to commence an attack at once, but the general said it was too late, we must wait until the next day. I then proposed to go with fifty men and try and decoy them from the mountain on to the plains, and that the rest should come to meet me. But my plan was not carried out, and I was rather annoyed; but afterwards I saw it was for the best that we had done nothing that day. For the Lord hath said, "My counsel shall remain, I will fulfil my desires." That evening we returned to our laager. I must particularly mention how the Lord in His watchfulness over us, brought us to the place where he had ordained that the battle should be fought. To the west there was a ditch which opened into the Blood River, and the bank on the side of the laager was fourteen feet high, so that no man could get out; then again, in the Blood River, there was a Zekoegat, which was certainly 1,400 feet long, this was on the east side; if I well remember, the Zekoegat and the ditch were at right angles, so that the laager was on both sides, through God's care, entrenched, otherwise it lay upon open ground. On the 16th, the Kafirs attacked the laager; four times they tried and each time were repulsed. One could easily see and also hear their captain urge them to storm again but the people would not. When all was quiet at Zekoegat, a great many unable to cross the water had remained behind, and were lying down under cover of their shields, so we left the laager and neared the water within easy distance, and shot at them. When the rest saw their comrades fall they took flight, but not without great loss. Some were still in the ravine so I called out for the volunteers to attack them, and with eighty men we entered the ditch. It was a wide one, but the Kafirs were so closely packed against one another that they could not see their aims to throw their assegais, only one assegai was aimed, and wounded a man in his leg. On the other side of the ditch was also an opening through which the Kafirs could have escaped, but the rest of our laager seeing us attacking the enemy came to our assistance, and as the blacks tried to escape they were fired upon with such deadly aim that 400 were left dead in the ditch. The General then

ordered the gate to be opened, all the horses were saddled, and we fled out of the laager. So was fulfilled as God hath said, "By one way shall thine enemy come to me, but through the Lord's grace they shall flee from before thy face." A great number, almost half of the commando had not fought at all, so the General ordered us to fire upon them with the cannon, and when this was done they rushed forward and fell upon the laager. I think 150 men went to meet them; they then divided into two parties of 2,000 each, and being on a level plain they could not resist us any longer—we were to the right and left of them. We were endowed with great courage, and we left the Kafirs lying on the ground as thick almost as pumpkins upon the field that has borne a plentiful crop. Seeing there was no rescue at hand for them, and they were approaching the Zekoegat, one and all jumped into the water and laid among the reeds on the opposite side, but we continued our fire and killed almost every one. I am convinced that the river got its name from this event, for its colour was red like blood; I have told what we all did upon that day, and it is reckoned that more than 3,000 of the enemy fell. Any one who reads this, will he not be convinced that our great God is the hearer and answerer of prayer; and shall we not praise Him? That evening we had a universal thanksgiving, for His help and deliverance shown to us.

Shortly after this we started for Dingaan's Town and arrived at this side of it. A patrol rode to the top of the hill to reconnoitre the town. Commandant Jocobus Uys thoughtlessly shot at a crow, and not ten minutes afterwards the whole town and palace were in flames. In the neighbourhood were two other kraals where Dingaan's two chief captains lived. These were also quickly set on fire by the inhabitants. Next day we went on to the town, but on reaching it found it empty and totally deserted. On searching about we discovered the shocking scene of the martyrdom of our governor and sixty-four others who had accompanied to Dingaan, in order to restore the cattle captured from Sinkonyella. We found the corpses about 1,200 yards from Dingaan's hut, thrown along-aside of one another, their hands and feet bound fast with thongs of ox-hide, and their bodies fearfully multilated, in a manner which tongue cannot name; their clothes were still upon them, and no beasts or birds of prey had touched them. We recognized Retief by his clothing, and a leathern bag which he had across his shoulder containing all his papers, amongst others the document and treaty between him and Dingaan about the land. It was wonderful that the corpses and even the papers were in such a good state of preservation, just as if the latter had been kept in a closed box. I leave it to the imagination of my reader, to think what must have been our feelings in witnessing such a sight. One looked upon the corpse of a son, another on that of a father, the third upon a brother, and so on. The general gave orders for a large grave to be dug, and all the bodies were put in and buried there. Evidently the men must all have been dragged from Dingaan's hut to this place, for we saw the whole way strewed with kerries, mostly broken ones. I do think if they had been collected, they would have filled a wagon. The general ordered a headstone to be placed over the grave, and having found a suitable block we placed it there with the day of the month and year cut out upon it.

Our laager then marched to the south-east of Dingaan's kraal on to a

small mountain. Part of our commando, about 317 men, went further east where the ground was very rugged. There we encountered a number of Kafirs, about 600. They were a bait for us, and we attacked them, but soon after took flight, and were very soon surrounded by the Kafirs. Commandant Hans de Lange shouted to us to jump upon our horses and fight our way through, he also ordered us to rush forward abreast of one another. God be praised we fought our way through without any loss on our side, but a continued one among the enemy. We were continually firing and retiring, the Kafirs driving us in the opposite direction from our laager and away from level ground. The fight had already lasted seven hours, so we tried to the best of our power to get back to our laager, but there was a river between which was also full. The Kafirs got there before us, and pushed us hard so that we lost five men in crossing. Biggars had a number of Kafirs from Natal with him. He fell with seventy of them, and we were pursued by the enemy until within a short distance of our laager. The Kafirs lost about 1,000 of their men. We remained over the next day and burnt the three towns to the ground. The third day we went backwards a little and from there on to Nieuwejaars-spruit, which got its name from its being the 1st of January. On the 2nd we rose during the night, and again attacked the enemy; seventy-two fell upon their side, and we took considerable booty from them. We now returned to our laagers, and on arriving there were very much put out by the receipt of a proclamation from the British Government, in which we were told that if we went to Dingaan's country and took up arms against him, it would assist Dingaan against us. But we were able to thank God, for the war was already over. But another calamity was at hand. Whilst we were fighting Dingaan, Napay was continually stealing our cattle, always committing his thefts when the river was swollen and we could not cross to get at him. However, we now made up a commando to go to the Umzimvobe river, thinking it was Napay; but before going we first wished to hear from Faku if he could throw any light upon the matter, and tell us who the robbers were. We went to the west of Napay, and the General sent competent persons to Faku, agreeing to wait the return at the Umtowobe. Whenever anything of importance happened, the General always wished me to have a seat in the council of war, and this time it was also his wish that I should be present. The delegates returned and they were questioned as to what they had learned from Faku. Their answer was that five days before their arrival, Faku had been fighting with Napay, and taken from him a number of cattle, amongst which were seven oxen which Napay had stolen from us, and they knew to whom they belonged. Thereupon the General asked if we thought Napay guilty or not, and if we should go and punish him? I answered the first, he is guilty, and must be punished, for we had seen the seven oxen and knew to whom they belonged. Then all the members of the council echoed my words. We immediately marched against him and punished him well and took so many cattle from him, that whoever had suffered from his thieving was amply repaid. The day of the battle two native women were taken prisoners and were questioned as to whether they knew if Napay had stolen from us. The one seemed to wish to speak the truth, but the other did not, and I said to the general and other members if they agreed to it, I should take the matter into my hands and they gave me leave to do so.

I separated the two women, and the one who spoke the truth I examined first. I asked her if she knew that there was a Holy God who lived in heaven, and who saw and knew everything that took place upon the earth, and she said she did not know that there was a God. I told her that it was the Lord who gave the clouds and rain and thunder, that He tells us in His Book we may not lie, and if we lie He will be very angry with us, and will kill us with His thunder and lightning. I asked her if she knew that it had killed Kafirs and cattle? She said, yes. I then told her I would put her questions, and she was to tell me no lies, for if she did, the great God would strike her dead with His thunder and lightning. So I asked her if she knew that Napay had stolen cattle from us, and if she knew nothing about it she was not to say that he had done it. She then swore by the sun that he had stolen our cattle, she knew it for a fact, for in his kraal there was still a span of red oxen. This was a span belonging to one Uys. Seventeen of my cattle were also stolen, and amongst them a milch cow called "Bruijndunker," which several could testify belonged to me, was found amongst the cattle that were captured, and several others belonging to different people.

Again, another calamity was awaiting us. Jervis came first to disarm us, but we had rather lay down our lives than to submit to it, so he went back. Upon that we were accused of having shed innocent blood at Napay's. Captain Smith came and ordered us about with a high hand. Now I leave it to each one to think how we must have felt in our hearts. Believe me, everything came fresh and vividly before my mind, and I looked upon us all as burghers, of whom Paul says he got his citizenship by the payment of a sum of money, although he was born one, so I thought that when I left my country as a burgher and went to another place, I was guilty of no offence, and that a Civil Government had no longer any control over or upon such a one. Matters went so far that we fought with Captain Smith. It was truly to me like a child who has attained his majority and left his father, and is then so terribly wronged by his parent that he is obliged to go away from him. When we were deliberating with Captain Smith, two vessels arrived with troops to help him, and the Kafirs had murdered a man at the "Umlaas," so it was impossible to offer further resistance, and we had to negociate with him. Commissioner Cloete came soon after, to investigate the case of Napay, about the innocent bloodshed, of which we were the cause, and our General was regarded as the great instrument of bloodshed of Napay. I came to hear of it and wrote a letter to Her Majesty's Commissioner Cloete, putting before him the whole case of the robberies which had taken place whilst we were fighting with Dingaan, and we not knowing who had stolen our cattle could stand it no longer, and raised a commando, but first tried to find out the thief, and had gone to Faku, and our delegates had come back from him with the intelligence that Napay was the culprit. Upon this the General assembled his council of war and asked them the question, Is Napay guilty? Shall we punish him or leave him alone? And that I was the first to say he is guilty, and we must punish him. I gave the names of all who sat in the council, I also wrote about the confession of the native woman, and further about my cow and the other cattle and oxen we had found in his possession. I also wrote in my letter to the Commissioner, that if the General was found guilty in this affair, and even if he were sentenced to be hanged, then I, first and after

me the other members must be condemned, and then the General. Upon the receipt and reading of this letter, the Commissioner pardoned our General and said that we were innocent of the last mentioned event.

Again another woe befel us, namely, the battle of Governor Smith at Boomplaats, when all who had fought in commando against the Governor, and caused the expense of the war were heavily fined.

It is impossible for me any longer to write down all the reasons why I left my mother-country. First, I was dissatisfied with the Bastardland which we had bartered with the Boesjesmans, and after that the Bastards came and killed the Boesjesmans, and took possession of our property, and we lost it. Secondly, we had sent a commission of 100 men to the Vet, Sand, and Valsch Rivers, who found that tract of country waste and uninhabited. We memorialized the Governor of the Cape. Seventy-two persons signed the memorial, all family men who had no land; and it was refused to us. Thirdly, the freedom of the slaves. Government promised that two agents would be sent, and after being valued the money would be paid out. I possessed slaves, valued at rds. 2,888, and I only received about rds. 500 worth of goods in return. But I will remain quiet. What I have written, He who knows all things knows this, that I would not deliberately write down an untruth.

(Signed) C. A. Cilliers, Elder.

By God's forbearance I have reached the age of sixty-nine years.

A true copy—W. S. van Rijneveld.

A Note on the Colonial Veterinary Surgeon's Report on Red Water.*

No one can justly say that the Colonial Veterinary Surgeon, since he came amongst us, has shown any tendency to idleness. He has been well received by the public and the press; and if here and there any one thought for a moment that he was somewhat eccentric, all men agreed that his mission, valuable at any time, was particularly so at the present; or, if any one thought that he was somewhat hasty in his rather dashing style, it was also thought that a little time should be given him to be acclimatized, and to discover for himself in what manner and to what extent, if at all, known diseases of our domesticated animals were modified through climatic and other agencies. But his recent report on that formidable and insidious epizootic known amongst colonists by the familiar name of Red Water, seems to us to warrant some criticism. The report in question appears to have been called for by the Ministry on the receipt of a letter addressed, so recently as 17th November last, to the Secretary for Native Affairs,

* *Government Gazette*, 16th January, 1877.

by Mr. Blyth, of East Griqualand, requesting that Mr. Branford should be sent up there to examine. Whether or not Ministers would have been justified in complying with Mr. Blyth's very judicious request, we do not pretend to know, but Mr. Branford did not go up, though he immediately availed himself of the opportunity to entertain the Colonial Secretary with a report on the whole subject, which it must have sorely puzzled the indefatigable and honourable gentleman to comprehend, and which, coming as it did at about the same time as the draft Permissive Union Bill, must have driven the Colonial Secretary to the borders of despair in which he must surely have been an object of pitiful regard, even to Mr. Paterson himself. Mr. Molteno's love of a joke is so well known that we do believe he thought it would be an excellent one to place the productions of Earl Carnarvon and the professor of veterinary medicine and surgery in juxtaposition in the *Gazette*, as fair samples of those good things with which Englishmen love to tickle colonists. But be that as it may, Mr. Branford came to us as an accredited man of science ; it is in this *rôle* that he addresses us ; and it is from this side of his personality that he must be criticised ; and surely, from a man of science in the pay of a generous Government, a report more unsatisfactory than this one of Mr. Branford's on Red Water, never was emitted. It is ill-written, ill-arranged and ill-printed. It is a laboured and crude conglomeration of pabulum, more innutritious, "ligneous" and stringy, than any mass that ever deranged a cow's stomach ; it is so replete with ill-selected technical phraseology as to be all but unintelligible to those most interested, and, if we do not mistake it utterly, its attempts to elucidate recondite pathological facts are calculated to call forth a protest from the shades of Dick and of Goodsir.

Mr. Branford begins by expressing his regret that those who drew up an otherwise valuable report for him upon this desease, should have neglected to examine the red water of the animals affected by it for the presence of what Mr. Branford calls hæmatozoa. This was certainly a very grave omission on their part, and one justly calling for notice from the professor ; but Mr. Branford ought to remember that in such matters, the intellectual giants of this country are as children comparatively, and that it would have been well, for the prevention of such omissions in future, if he had informed us what these hæmatozoa are, where they are supposed to come from, how we can recognize them when we meet them, and what their significance with reference to that formidable sign which has, in common talk, given its useful and suggestive name to a serious constitutional disorder of our larger stock. Mr. Branford lays greater stress upon this absence of information in the matter of the hæmatozoa, for the reason that as a rule he has not found blood itself in the urine of affected animals, but simply the "colouring matter thereof," with disintegrated cells, albumen and salts. This may be very learned no doubt ; but in this particular connection, it seems to us just as

relevant as if a person, who had examined the contents of an ostrich's stomach, were to tell us that *he had not found a black hat* but simply some colouring matter in the shape of black nap, some bits of pasteboard, a silk ribbon, a portion of a grease-proof band, a bigger fragment of lining, and a label, "Christy, London." Doubtless the man who has found such relics in such a situation, and who should thereupon be tempted so far to theorise as to say that *he had found traces of a hat*, instead of strictly limiting himself to a hard and fast enumeration of particulars, would be to some extent guilty of infringing the laws of evidence, and he may thereby miss his mark by overlooking the importance of the missing and clenching link in the chain, namely that of a head to fit the hat upon. Still he would not lead us very far afield, for no man in his senses would expect to find the hat under such circumstances to be in as sound a condition as it was when it left the block. This may help a lay reader to understand what Mr. Branford means when he says that he has not as a rule found blood, but only the colouring matter of blood, disintegrated cells, albumen and salts, for there is very little more in blood that is likely to be found after the fluid has been subjected to the conditions that obtain in this desease. And the whole is rather a tedious and roundabout way of telling us that in Red Water, blood, either from being in itself vitiated, or from its retaining vessels being softened and impaired, leaks out in the kidneys; and that, when it does so moderately, the urine is tinged to a red colour by broken-down red particles (globules) of the blood, while, when it leaks out immoderately, the blood may be met with in the urine in a coagulated or jellied condition, and in the severest cases may constitute the entire contents that escape from the bladder. From the commonness of this sign of Red Water (*i.e.*, bloody urine), South African Red Water takes its name; and so far the sign and the name are intelligible. The real disease, however, consists of something more than and behind this,—which something, Mr. Branford's report notwithstanding, is still unexplained, though we hope that in the interests of the country generally the explanation may soon be forthcoming.

Some time ago the Government of the neighbouring colony of Natal, considering Red Water to be a matter of the gravest importance, commissioned a number of its ablest men to examine into and to report upon the disorder. The report submitted by these gentlemen was a model which Mr. Branford would do well to follow. We were led to believe that the Commissioners' report went to show that the disease—of which red water, as we have said, is the most conspicuous sign and which is generally spoken of by the name of this its most conspicuous sign—is a form of continued fever, capable of being propagated from infected centres but originating in causes that are still to be considered as *sub judice*. Now a point which we believe to be of some importance, and one to which owners of stock and others would do well to pay some attention,—is this, that red

water or bloody urine is not an invariable sign of this, or of some other equally objectionable form of continued fever. We do not say so unadvisedly, as we trust the following case will show. About two years ago a cattle dealer brought a troop of 400 oxen into Cape Colony from the Orange Free State. When he bought them, which he did on a farm just over the River, and when he brought them into the Colony, the oxen were to all appearances healthy. In a few days, however, signs of disease began to show themselves. The whole were forthwith isolated on vacant ground specially hired for the purpose, but the animals were herded promiscuously, no means for separating the sick from the not-sick being available. With one or two exceptions the whole troop passed through the same disease, which proved fatal to nearly one hundred of the oxen. The point to which we desire to draw attention was this, that, although in the case of all that were attacked, the symptoms generally were the same —including looseness of the teeth, falling out of the hair, inability to graze and emaciation, only a portion both of those that recovered and of those that died passed red water. Individual oxen were ill for from two to three or even four months, but nearly eighteen months passed before the last signs of the epizootic were visible in the troop. This disease was clearly a continued fever, how originated we cannot tell; it may not have been the genuine South African Red Water, but the point to be specially noticed was the frequent but not universal occurrence of red water amongst a large number of oxen otherwise similarly affected and mixing freely together during an epizootic of eighteen months' duration; and on this important point Mr. Branford's report is silent.

Again the apparent apathy of our own Government in the matter of Red Water has on several occasions been severely commented upon in the colonial press, but we were not prepared for the announcement that the first application made to Mr. Branford on this subject should but have followed the receipt of Mr. Blyth's recent letter already referred to. Neither was our surprise lessened by the manner in which this application was made, Mr. Blyth's letter being with three lines of writing evidently on a turned down corner, referred to Mr. Branford "for any suggestions he may be good enough to submit on the subject of the Red Water disease."* But the crowning surprise came when we found that Mr. Branford, who has confessedly never seen a case of South African Red Water, sat down to draw up that report, being completely satisfied in his own mind that the South African Red Water, which he has not seen, is identical with the European Hæmo-albuminuria which he has seen, and when he immediately thereafter wishes us to understand that there is no more to be done and no more to be said. We have seen that in the beginning of his report Mr. Branford reports the absence of information in the matter of the hæmatozoa. The omission was excusable in persons

Government Gazette, Loc. Cit.

who were not to be supposed to be aware of its importance. If this information was important, why did Mr. Branford omit possessing himself of it before writing his report, and if it is not important, for what object is notice taken of the omission? Not only so, but where is Mr. Branford's justification when he tells us, almost with the same breath, that he has not seen South African Red Water, has not analysed the urine of an affected animal, has not visited a locality where the disease is epizootic, and that this disease and European hæmo-albuminuria are identical? What would be thought of a medical man who, without using his stethoscope, should tell his patient that he had heart disease, or, without having had recourse to proper analysis, should say he had Bright's disease? What is the value of physical diagnosis, if when men of science have a grave matter on hand like red water, no use is to be made of it before writing reports and publishing opinions? In our opinion, this oversight on the part of Mr. Branford discredits his whole effort. The suspicion having crossed our mind, after becoming acquanted with the history given above, that red water was by itself a somewhat equivocal sign—in other words fearing that their might be Albuminuria where their was not Hæmo-albuminuria—we turned to Mr. Branford's report for some light. But there was none to be found; on the contrary we found Mr. Branford's opinion that the Red Water of this country is the same disease as the enzootic Moor-Ill, or as the kidney trouble that Mr. Branford was familiar with in Europe amongst cows that had recently calved. It is true that Mr. Branford is exercised with a somewhat remarkable inversion in the order of the occurrence of certain symptoms in the two latitudes; for in Europe diarrhœa appears to be invariably the initial sign of the disease, while in South Africa the initial sign is as invariably the opposite condition. Of itself, such a noteworthy difference ought to have suggested to a cautious scientist, one to whose opinion a serious responsibility attached, that he was possibly on a wrong scent. But somewhat hastily Mr. Branford discards his facts, and without endeavouring to find out, as he could easily have done by inquiry,—if he could not proceed to the infected localities,—what kind of food the affected South African oxen have had, he assumes that in their case constipation takes the place of diarrhœa owing to the more "ligneous and astringent" character of the food partaken of, either as a rule, or exceptionally just before the manifestation of the disease; while on the contrary, the diarrhœa of the European ox "may be accounted for either from an excited state of the mucous membranes," from "bad blood," or undue secretion; just as if a South African ox had no mucous membranes that were excitable, or had no "bad blood," or showed no liability "to an undue secretion of bile of a peculiar and extraordinary quality." For our own part we quite agree with Mr. Branford that Mr. Simonds is a "cattle pathologist" of first-rate acquirements, and we shall admit that Mr. Simonds was warranted in assigning to a certain aggregate of diseased conditions in cattle the

name of hæmo-albuminuria, but we do not see that Mr. Branford has quite made it incontrovertible that Mr. Simonds' Hæmo-albuminuria and South African Red Water are the same disease. The whole history of red water since it first came to be observed amongst our cattle, its rapid dissemination, its alarming distructiveness, its course as seen amongst herds of oxen, its limitation by carefully drawn and maintained lines of sanitary separation, have been hitherto interpreted to mean that there is no escape from the disagreeable necessity of including it amongst the zymotic diceases that affect domesticated animals.

The conclusion left open for us by Mr. Branford's report is that it is some peculiar derangement of the blood, like scurvy, from bad food and indigestion. The difference in practice, *mutatis mutandis*, is just the same as if on the one hand we were told that small-pox is an eruptive and contagious fever capable of diffusing itself amongst human beings over vast conterminous areas, while on the other hand we were told that it was simply a skin disease having no particular significance, "neither infectious nor contagious in the common acceptation of the term," but "nevertheless communicable," whatever that may mean. That Mr. Branford is right, none can hope more devoutly than we do; but the issues are too large for the question to be so summarily dismissed, and we prefer to suspend our judgment, to withhold our allegiance until further evidence is adduced.

We regret the position taken up by Mr. Branford, because on this insufficient evidence the authorities may decline to extend precautionary measures, and those who have been doing so may relax in their efforts; for they may reasonably assume that a disease which is neither infectious nor contagious but simply communicable—like the Scot's fiddle we presume—is not worth making any fuss about. Again, any error in Mr. Branford's theory is important, because it is upon the presumed identity of the two diseases that he bases his proposals for treatment; which proposals we take to be sufficiently Sangradic to please the most orthodox practitioner. True, bleeding does not enter into the list of remedies, for the poor brutes have been bleeding from the kidneys long before their owner finds out that there is anything the matter with them. But Epsom Salts, Cape Aloes, Sulphur and Ginger,—which are precisely the remedies a Cheshire farmer, forty years ago, would have given to his recently delivered cows,—are to be given until their well-known, much respected, and pre-eminently traditional physiological effects are sufficiently manifested; if which manifestation should be delayed, more aloes, and calomel must be had from the "druggist, grocer, or storekeeper," and administered to "the patient" along with unmeasured mealie gruel; while, if these heroic and praiseworthy measures should not meet with their proper reward in the shape of "purgation," the bewildered kurveyor or drover, who finds himself face to face with this disorder amongst a few hundred oxen, may proceed to obtain an ox-bladder (avoiding as he would a plague the bladder of an ox dead

of Hæmo-albuminuria) and a bamboo, when, having previously prepared a few gallons of mealie gruel into which a spoonful or so of carbonate of soda or of chlorate of potash have been thrown, not forgetting another of common salt, he may proceed to business *secundum artem*, "at least twice a day until the animal responds;" and, if "the patient" should suddenly become vocal like Balaam's ass, and his response should take the form of a last request to be allowed to die in peace where he could be buried without any risk of becoming a fresh centre of propagation, we may feel assured, whatever his sentiments may be, that all has been done for him that could be done.

Of course it is not Mr. Branford's fault but his misfortune that he should have to address an illiterate public; still it is manifestly unfair to Mr. Molteno to address him as if he were the principal of a veterinary college or a rival professor familiar with duodenums, phosphates and hæmatozoa; and it is still more unfair to the taxpayers of the Colony, when they ask for bread for their money, to give them the husks of a jejune pathology. It is not given to every man to be able to write even his mother-tongue with elegance and ease; and of shortcomings in this respect we must be forgiving if we hope to be forgiven. Clearness of expression, however, and homely diction may be reasonably asked for, and are generally cheerfully attended to, even by great men when they write for the many. Mr. Branford if he is to remain amongst us and if his aim is to be useful, will do well to cultivate the valuable art of telling his story in plain words. He will do well to cultivate a good exoteric style. As he is an educated man, the general public will take it for granted that he knows all about hæmatine and diaphoretics, and even the ductus choledochus communis, when these and similar linguistic juggleries do not find their way into his reports intended for general information; for these only serve to weary and disgust the general reader, and are apt to inform the well-informed that prominence is given to them in such places for reasons other than sound ones. In protection of his reputation as a man of science is Mr. Branford's own matter, and doubtless he is quite competent to look after his own interests; intelligent colonists, however, do not forget that he is the only person on the Cattle Disease Commission who makes any pretension to scientific equipment, and they cannot look upon it as a good omen for the success of that expensive venture that the scientific member should indulge in such hasty generalizations as this report contains—a report which we hope soon to see either withdrawn altogether or supplanted by a better. Further, we think that Mr. Branford is just a trifle too demonstrative in praise of common salt. Flock-masters cannot be perpetually pickling their sheep and lambs, neither can they be for ever making ink-bags of their sheep's stomachs with never-ending copperas. The whole question of stock disease is one threatening our very existence as a community, affecting, at all events, our solvency, and ought to be approached with becoming earnestness. Any hanger-on about a village smithy can tell us that salt is "good

for" worms or that Epsom salts are better for red water. But from the man of science we look for something more, we look for "ideas" in the proper acceptation of the term. If this salt-in-deficiency theory of parasitic and other disease is the true one, why should the natural food only now have ceased to contain saline matter sufficient for the maintenance of health? Can the equilibrium, alleged to have been disturbed, be again restored as between the food and its consumers without the daily worry and the somewhat slovenly expedient of salt and copperas—dry and in solution? If there is a reasonable hope of the restoration of this equilibrium,—though it should be but an unstaple one,—by any process of nature, either unaided or assisted thereto by human intelligence, let us know it, and the hope may sweeten the labour of the much-perplexed flockmaster in his weary rounds amongst the sick and the dying; if the hope must be abandoned, and if the salt bag and the horn are to be from henceforth regarded as of the nature of permanent institutions on every sheep run, let us know that too, so that we may take counsel accordingly. And the final victory, is that to be for man or the other parasite?

WILLIAM BISSET BERRY.

Queen's Town, 24th January, 1877.

Life.

The wild waves dash on the storm-beat sands
In fierce, tempestuous glee;
And the cold, grey rocks are madly lashed
In colder, grayer sea;
The fisherman's wife is on her knees,
And the laughing boy is still;
For a frail bark strives in the surging main
To combat nature's will.

The pain-pierced eyes are tearless,
And the suffering lips are white,
For aching heart and throbbing brain
Heave with tumultuous might.
Ah! sad for the passionate soul,
Whose fierce, mad strength is vain
To stem the surging tide of woe,
Or vanquish and restrain.

But the wavelets creep on the sun-lit shore,
Breaking in fitful glee;
And the fisher-boy marks from the gleaming rocks,
Shades on the azure sea.
The mother sings to her sleeping babe
While the fisherman mends his net,
And a thousand storms have changed to calm
Since day arose and set.

For a noble truth and a peaceful trust
Shine in the earnest eye;
And the passionate heart hath found the strength
That cannot fail or die—
Ah! well, if the lesson of life
Be learn't at a Saviour's feet,
And ours press the silver shore
Where Faith and Patience meet.

Z.

Baines' South-Eastern Africa.*

It has been very recently remarked that the discoverer, like "the poet, is born not made." The lives of Herschel, of Davy, of Hugh Miller, of Owen, of Livingstone, and last, but not least, of Thomas Baines, most amply verify the expression. These men have all lived close to our own times. Their labours have been carried on where we could see that Nature shaped their genius for the course they followed; that underlying all else in their disposition was the faculty which no ordinary routine could have made,—the faculty for exploring where others had not ranged, for opening the path to unknown regions, and laying down landmarks for the guidance of others who should follow to reap the benefit of the pioneer's labours. Truth-seeking, these men have given narratives remarkable for their truth-telling, their simplicity of style, their clear reasoning. In the posthumous work of Thomas Baines,—his legacy to Literature and to Science, "The Gold Regions of South-Eastern Africa," which has just appeared, we have, in these respects, one of the most valuable contributions to the history of discovery, and to the geography of a part of Southern Africa. It bears throughout the evidence of earnestness and of perseverence under every difficulty, and, in the end, only to be of real value to others. It is, in fact, a perfect handbook from nearly a dozen different starting-points to the gold-

* "The Gold Regions of South-Eastern Africa." By Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., London: Stanford. South Africa: Mackay, and all Booksellers.

bearing regions over which Baines himself has travelled, and of which he was therefore so well qualified to speak and to write.

Putting aside, for the present, all reference to the pre-African life of this intrepid, patient, simple-hearted, courageous man, and considering now only what he has bequeathed to us in his attractive narrative, it may be stated that the best test of its value has been applied to it—the judgment of those who knew Baines intimately in all his plans, his toils, and disappointments in connection with the gold regions: these are merchants, traders, hunters, diggers, and fellow travellers with the artist-explorer,—men who knew his unselfish nature, who shared in some of his labours, and some who embarked money in enterprises with him, and their verdict is, Baines has given the public one of the most reliable of works. It is not valuable only as a text-book of geography, but as showing men new to the gold region and some of the parts between them and the sea-board what to do, what to avoid, and what routes to take, as well as some of the qualities by which he achieved more than other men--in getting not merely a footing in what had been Moselikatse's country, but concessions of large tracts of it for gold-mining purposes by the white man. Under the most trying circumstances he maintained as far as possible a geniality of disposition. Despair was foreign to him. His habits were temperate and frugal, and he never broke faith with the natives; they therefore trusted him, and through him respected his nation.

In addition to the information which he has written, his book is interspersed with photographs and one-third page wood-cuts, illustrative of life and scenes in the regions through which he passed. Some of these are not so well printed as they might have been, and it is feared that some will think them too small. The archæologists will find interest in some of the views in the "Land of Ophir." The personal friends, and the admirers of the deceased traveller will gladly recognize the excellent photo-likeness of him which forms the frontispiece to the book. The large map both of the continent to the 28th parallel of latitude and of the regions particularly described by Baines is an important document, worth the price of the entire work. It was repeatedly drawn, corrected, and re-corrected by Baines himself, and checked in every way at his command to make it worthy of his reputation.

Altogether, the volume as edited by Messrs. Wilmot and Hall is a very satisfactory production, the chief portion having passed first through the hands of the former gentleman, and the final revision, with the writing of the biographical sketch which is prefixed to it, having been entrusted to the latter. To this we must turn in a future number of the magazine. In the meantime we heartily commend the book to all who love good narrative, fresh information, exciting descriptions of hairbreadth escapes, wars, full knowledge of the Gold-fields, and the last work of the loved and lamented Thomas Baines.

C.

Answers to Charades in January Magazine.

No. 6.—Rainbow.

No. 7.—Honey-Bird.

No. 6.

Where the sweet "flower of the orange blows,"
And the scorching sun of the tropics pours
Its fiercest rays though the baobab's boughs;
Where the bold lion in liberty roves,
And makes his den in the "shadowy groves;"
In summer, before each day sees its close,
A stormy sky its great shadows throws
Over each mountain and valley and stream.
The thunders then roar and the lightnings gleam,
And the *rain* (for that is your first I think),
Gives thirsty nature its welcome drink.
The mailed warriors in the "wooded glen,"
Where perhaps marching against Kafir men.
Each armed with a *bow* in his strong right hand,
As they turned, they beheld God's magic wand,
A lovely *rainbow* stretched far o'er the sky,
Proclaiming ever His promise still nigh.

E J. P.

No. 7.

In many a garden fair,
And oft in sunny bower,
I've sat and watched the busy bee
Flitting from flower to flower,
Culling the sweets that lie
Hid in each golden bell,
Searching the bright flower's heart
For the *Honey* it stores so well.
Oh! fain would I wander afar,
In search of the shady retreat,
Where the song of *Bird* and hum of bee
Are mingled in concert sweet.
I will seek it, but not alone;
One other shall aid my quest—
I will follow the flight of the *Honey-bird*,
Which will lead to the sheltered nest.

Graaff-Reinet. E. B.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Pulpit and the Press.

Oratory, sacred and profane, was to the ancient world what the Printing-press is to the modern—the educator and civilizer of its age; and there are few studies more instructive than to examine the rise and career of these great moral teachers of mankind. It is interesting to note how, slowly but surely, after a long and brilliant reign, oratory has been forced to yield the palm to those "litera scripta," the products of a free press. The charm and witchery of a great speech, however powerful and eloquent, are of necessity of transient and temporary interest compared with the deliberate utterances of great minds committed to paper, whether in the form of nervous and dignified prose or "married to immortal verse." Even the hasty inferences and opinions of the popular press have an extended influence which oral communication can hardly hope to attain, and it is mainly for this reason that what we may roughly call the Pulpit fails to hold its ground before the growing rivalry of the Press.

It is of course true that before the invention of printing, whatever intellectual pabulum was afforded to mankind at large, assumed the form of oral instruction.

In early times our written literature struggled for bare existence. The destruction by accident of a single work often left a blank that it was impossible to supply, and the loss of a whole library by an act of vandalism, has on more than one occasion inflicted irreparable injury on the world.

Manuscripts were necessarily rare and extremely costly. Few people could write, fewer could read, and the only real education which—as has been well said—a man ever possesses, that which he gives himself, had to be laboriously acquired from oral instruction and *viva voce* communications. In a rude age, marked by such characteristics as these, lay the palmy days of oratory, which had no competitor but one, and was the sole medium through which ideas were impressed on the understandings of mankind.

An exception may fairly be made in favour of the immortal literature of Greece; a literature which was the heritage and possession of all her sons: was in its infancy when the nation's temporal power

was in its prime, and grew to perfection and universal domination as the political energies of the country declined and fell. Such a literature was in itself a liberal education, and gained greater victories over the intellectual world than those which Roman valour was simultaneously achieving in the material universe. It has been well remarked by Macaulay with his accustomed force and brilliancy of illustration, that we should grossly err in attributing ignorance to the Hellenic people of those far-off days, for the sole reason that they were destitute of books. Though without education in the modern sense of the word, they were auditors of Demosthenes, Sophocles and Euripides, and eye witnesses to the genius of Phidias and Apelles. They alone could—as Milton nobly sings—

> "Thence to the famous orators repair
> Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will the fierce democratie
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

It was indeed a culture unique so far as it went, to see the works of the matchless sculptors, and to hear the thunders of the great orators of antiquity ; but statues and speeches, of however surpassing a genius were addressed to audiences " fit but few," while the wit and wisdom of both ancient and modern writers once perpetuated in print become " a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

Our books are companions alike in health and in sickness : our recreation in prosperity, our consolation in the time of trouble. As Macaulay remarks—" Nothing can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet."

Only those who value literature in this lofty spirit can adequately fathom the void that must have existed for nine-tenths of mankind ere the invention of printing. Long before the discovery of this truly " magic art," the Phillippics of Demosthenes, the poems of Sappho, the tragedies of Æschylus, and the comedies of Aristophanes while of too wide-world a genius to lose their grasp on the intellect and imagination of man, came to be supplemented by the fervid flights and purer morality of Christian eloquence. The platform, so to speak, of the ancient world, found an antagonist in the pulpit of the new dispensation.

The sublimity of the tenets proclaimed by the Founder of our faith superseded the highest achievements of heathen oratory, and the genius of St. Paul poured forth on Mars Hill and elsewhere

lessons which the human conscience, in the day of its great awakening, could not refuse to accept.

The soldierly eloquence of an Alexander and a Hannibal had in its generation stirred the sternest emotions of armies, and decided the destinies of nationalities. But the great Macedonian hero, and the still greater "Carthaginian dire" found at length in the grave that peace they never knew on earth, and the time arrived when the Church and not the State, was militant here below, when a vast spiritual despotism began to overshadow Christendom, and the ecclesiastical order had a monopoly of all learning sacred and profane. Pulpit oratory was now in its prime, and by its influence were swayed the sympathies, ideas, and passions of mankind.

John of Antioch, surnamed Chrysostom, or the golden-mouth, was a fit type of those ambitious churchmen whose stormy eloquence convulsed the Eastern Empire at the beginning of the fifth century. Between Empress and Patriarch, it was war to the knife. Constantinople ran red with blood, churches were besieged and sacked, till nature itself rose in horror at the sight, and the Imperial city was shaken from end to end by an earthquake.

It was about this time that the persuasive eloquence of Germanus, Lupus, St. Augustine, and others, exercised a civilizing influence on the British Isles. Later on, it would be difficult to over-rate the power possessed by men like Peter the Hermit in the eleventh century, or St. Bernard in the twelfth century, who by pulpit eloquence irresistible in its operation and appalling in its results, repeatedly—as Guizot has remarked—"precipitated Europe upon Asia," and led to a long series of magnificent but disastrous crusades for the recovery of the Holy City.

There can, we think, be little doubt that the power of the pulpit has now to a great extent passed to the press. The days when a frenzied friar could lead millions to an early death by the mere power of his tongue, are gone for ever. The world no longer raises the enthusiastic cry of "Deus vult" at the command of the oratorical charmer, charm he never so wisely. But the transfer of power has been gradually effected through the ages.

There were days when the great Savonarola at Florence, stirred the hearts of all Italy, and when the persuasive oratory of Jeremy Taylor led the imagination of England captive. At one time the Apostolic fervour of John Wesley revived the waning glories of the pulpit. Chalmers in Scotland drew enthusiastic crowds. Father Mathew may justly be said to have regenerated Ireland. The thunders of Masillon, Bourdaloue and Lacordaire, and the milder eloquence of Bossuet and Fènelon, still linger in the memories of France. Even in our own day men like Père Hyacinthe, the late F. W. Robertson, Dean Hook, Canon Liddon, and others, have irradiated the fading lustre of the pulpit, with evidences of genius and piety. But isolated instances such as these prove nothing. An institution must be judged as a whole. Regarded in this way the

pulpit cannot but be seen to have lost its commanding influence, and is no longer a theatre for the display of the highest talents.

The Parliamentary chiefs of the last two or three generations; Pitt and Chatham, Fox and Burke, Sheridan and Grattan, left their mantles with illustrious successors such as Brougham, Palmerston, Derby, Bright, and Gladstone; but where are the successors of the great preachers of the last century?

The Bishop of Peterborough (Magee) is the only living English ecclesiastic of high rank, who is recognized as a great orator, and his triumphs,—like those of the late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce)—have been won in Parliament, not in the pulpit. Similarly the most distinguished Prelate of France (Dupanloup) and of Germany (Strossmayer) have made their mark in politics rather than in polemics.

It may be worth our while to seek for the causes of this decay of sacred oratory, and even to suggest a remedy, if remedy there be. It would appear that oratory was well suited to a rude and emotional age, when appeals to the feelings, to sentiment, the imagination, and to superstition and fanaticism were powerfully effective. But its authority and influence are now circumscribed by having to satisfy and convince the *reason* of its auditors, and its progress is arrested now the press has emerged from the swaddling clothes of infancy, and has ceased to be cramped and fettered by the operation of restrictive laws. Oratory and literature, or in other words "the Pulpit and the Press," have been—as we have just shown—the two most distinguished educators of humanity, and if the older art, after a reign of long duration, finds itself displaced by a modern competitor more adapted to the special needs of the day, it is but another example of that inexorable law, "the survival of the fittest." The absence of freedom narrowed for a time the sphere of usefulness now opening to the press. A baneful succession of repressive enactments inflamed the passions, and intensified the prejudices of the new power. So long as the press struggled for its most elementary rights one must not be surprised at its utterances savouring more of the advocate than of the judge, and its present proud position as the leader and exponent of public opinion, has been won by slow degrees and amid many and sore discouragements. Milton's "Plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing," was the first stand made for the emancipation of literature from its degrading thraldom, and the unceasing energies of all liberal minds have ever since been directed to the task of strengthening the liberties of the Press, the power of which, growing with its growth, has at last won for it the lofty title of the Fourth Estate.

Vast as are the mechanical improvements in the art of printing, they pale before the great moral advance being everywhere made by the Press. The quality and quantity of the information now daily afforded to the civilized world is such as would have seemed incredible to readers in the last century, and perhaps nowhere in the pulpit

do we find such able advocacy of enlightened views, such powers of keen analysis and judicial comment, such rational religion, sound morality and manly piety, as in what we may call the lay sermons preached day by day in the leading journals of our own and other countries.

It is plain that this rivalry must be detrimental to the earlier art of oratory. The secular platform may indeed hold its ground because politicians are for the most part practical men, imbued with the spirit and temper of the times, and fairly abreast of the age in which they live. But the modern pulpit resounds with theological subtleties, and with dogmas, doctrines and definitions repulsive to the lay mind. Our moral obligations and practical duties are little dwelt on, but the dry bones of theology are mumbled to an overpowering extent. In this respect the pulpit seems fossilized, and is rapidly losing its power. Barren homilies, uncontested truisms, detected fallacies and bold assertions, are speedily alienating the intelligence of the age. Of dogmatic and over-confident statements there is no lack, but for one preacher who—like the Revd. H. R. Haweis—manfully grapples with the pressing difficulties in our path, there are a thousand content to act on the obstructive proverb "*Ne moveas Camarinam.*" No man of any education, or intellectual attainments is now-a-days ignorant of the doubts freely thrown on the existence of the Deity, the origin of evil, the evidences of revealed religion, and on the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures. The names of Paine, Gibbon, Mill, Strauss, Rénan, Colenso, and many others are familiar to us. But where in our pulpits do we find a candid examination, much less a triumphant refutation of the doubts raised by these writers? Where are we given a clear and sufficient reason for the faith that is in us? Sceptical works of amazing subtlety and captivating literary execution are being published in every European language, but in the presence of this great and imminent danger the pulpits of Christendom are dumb.

The bane is within the reach of all, but where is the antidote? Researches on matters of ritual, minute discussions on ceremonial observances, angry controversies on incense, altar lights, vestments, and the eastward position, these and such as these, are the topics solemnly debated by the paid ministers of our faith, while the great champions of unfaith and infidelity are springing their mines under our very feet. A grain of argument would be of more importance to us than a bushel full of invective. We are constantly and laboriously reminded of things we knew before: we are taught or attempted to be taught by raw curates, whom we ourselves could teach, but when is any real light thrown on the great controverted topics, the vexed questions and unsolved problems of the age? It is an age of keen and not over reverent inquiry, and if we wish to preserve the vitality of the faith unimpaired, fair inquiries must be fairly answered, and argument be met by counter argument. In no other way can sacred

oratory regain lost ground: in no other way can the pulpit—now on its trial,—outshine and eclipse the secular press.

To effect this reform, a radical change is required in the intellectual training of candidates for the ministry, so that we may be in a position to grapple at close quarters with the profound learning, literary ability, and dialectical skill of modern scepticism. The doubts that perplex honest minds should be answered, not evaded, and sacred oratory will exhibit its highest graces, and achieve its greatest triumphs in removing the distressing difficulties which so often lie in the path of the man who has neither leisure nor ability to remove them himself.

In this direction—but by no means in this direction alone—the Christian pulpit possesses a rich and undeveloped field for the exercise of its powers, and its most attached followers are for ever hoping against hope, that it will rise equal to the occasion; will sweep away the sophistries that now trouble sincere believers, and thus perform the magnificent achievement attempted by our greatest poet, and

"Vindicate the ways of God to man."

M.

A Journey to the North.—Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR A. CUNYNGHAME, K.C.B.

III.

CHRISTIANA is a fine town, the new portion of it being very handsome; but it did not impress me so much either as Copenhagen or Stockholm. The superabundance of granite and the excellence of the stone-cutters render it easy to erect fine structures. The palace is a noble building, but the view from the hunting-lodge over the lakes and forests at Oscar's hall renders it one of the most pleasing in Europe. One curious institution to which our attention was called, was that of the Spinster's Refuge. The custom exists, and is considered almost an obligation amongst the middle classes, of a yearly payment even from the date of birth of every young lady, of one specie dollar, which entitles the lady on attaining the age of forty, should she not have previously married, to claim a refuge in this home. They say that some are married on the very steps of the gate-way and some are even claimed after their entry. This institution may certainly be considered to have great benefits, as placing at the disposition of all ladies when verging upon middle age, a happy home, free from the cares of life.

As late as eleven o'clock at night daylight was still as strong as in the afternoons in England, and as the sun rose by two o'clock in the morning great opportunities are presented to the traveller of seeing this beautiful country.

Our first trip from Christiana, was to visit Dramen, where an Exhibition had been opened for the general encouragement of Norwegian manufactures. We drove the thirty-six miles in carrioles, and as this was the first opportunity of testing this mode of travelling it presented to us greater interest. The carriole has a light body somewhat resembling a child's cradle, resting upon a pair of very long and slender shafts, placed upon two wheels; it only holds one person, but a very small box can be strapped on behind, where also the horse-boy or little girl, as the case may be, is balanced; in the interior and between the driver's legs a small bag may be placed which is held there in the position of the pommel of a saddle, the feet of the driver resting in a pair of stirrups on either side, presenting in fact the appearance of riding and driving at the same time. Some of the modern carrioles are fitted with springs, but usually the springiness of the lance-wood shaft is considered sufficient to overcome any disagreeable vibration. The horses are slipped into the carriage by very cleverly-adapted harness, fixed upon frames which do the duty of collars and bridles devoid of winkers, the Scandinavian harness being more readily adjusted to the horse than that of any nation I have yet met. The sensation of driving a light carriole, under a smart-trotting Norwegian pony, is most enjoyable. The expense of posting in a carriole may be roughly estimated as something under threepence an English mile in Norway, and the usual speed, on fast station roads, is rated at seven English miles per hour. If the carriole is hired at each stage, then a trifle extra is charged for its use. Exception is frequently taken to carriole posting in consequence of the difficulty of carrying baggage, but one moderate-sized portmanteau and a bag ought to be considered sufficient for any tourist in this country; a coat and the all-requisite mackintosh can be strapped upon the splash-board, and fishing-rods and even a gun on to the shafts; the portmanteau should be fitted with loops with long and very strong straps and a light but strong water-deck of painted canvas or India-rubber, at least four feet square, should be brought from home, for occasionally the rain in Norway is very heavy. A strong knife, a hammer, a few nails, and twenty or thirty yards of stout whip-cord are indispensable requisites for this journey. The boy who attends the carriole is called skidgut. It is most requisite to carry a back-band to support the shafts, with which the harness on the road is not generally provided, but without which it is extremely dangerous to travel. I should mention that much of the management of the horse is done not so much by the whip or reins as by the word of mouth. To encourage a horse to work well and accelerate his pace, it is advisable to make a noise as much as possible resembling the uncorking of bottles, and again to stop the

animal the phur-r-r-r phur-r-r-r, previously alluded to, is necessary. The disadvantage of a carriole is that of having no companion to share your conversation, but now that the roads in Norway are so exceedingly good, I believe that a small and light Norfolk tax-cart on good springs to carry two persons might be readily posted on these roads, the baggage following in a separate vehicle. About half-way to Honeflos we arrived at Sunvolden, not far from which is one of the most renowned views in Norway, the Kongen's Udrigt or king's view ; it embraces a very large extent of country, woods, lakes, islands, the distant sea and headlands. It is indeed magnificent, but on the whole I cannot say that it equals many of the remarkable views in Switzerland. The fields were generally divided by walls of boards showing the profusion with which timber is used in this country. The hay is not tossed in order to dry it, but poles are set up in lines upon which light cross pieces are placed in notches and upon these the hay is literally hung up like clothes to dry. Although I do not think that any labour is saved by this proceeding, yet it is certainly dried in much less time, which in this variable climate is of great consideration. This method, where profusion of wood exists, might successfully be pursued in Scotland and in Ireland. At the present time the weather was fine and warm, but the numerous snow-ploughs, which we saw lying by the side of the road, showed clearly the difficulties which on these roads are to be encountered in the winter. We met a good many carts laden with the bark of pine which is used for tanning, as sufficient oak bark cannot be procured, also with long strips of birch-wood bark, the same as that used for building the canoes in Canada. This is laid on the roofs of houses before placing on the shingles or tiles, and acts as an extraordinary preventative against damp.

After about four hours driving we arrived at Honeflos. Here are some handsome waterfalls, and some sawing machines on a very large scale are being erected. In the afternoon we tried our fortune with the fish on the small lake above the falls but were unsuccessful.

On the following morning we left Honeflos by a very narrow guage railway for Dramen—a very flourishing little town, where the exhibition of which I spoke was erected. This building was entirely constructed of wood ; it was of considerable size, and the architecture very pretty. In addition to some guns of Swedish manufacture and other appliances of war, we were particularly struck by the display of implements for the capture of whales, an art well understood on the coast of this country. These principally consisted of gun-harpoons, lances, and immense knives with reels for readily uncoiling long, thin, but very strong lines. The collection of Norwegian curiosities was extremely interesting, belts elaborately mounted in silver and marriage crowns, as well as specimens of ancient costumes. I may also mention a new industry lately established, the manufacture of stone tables which accept a fine polish and which are set upon curiously constructed legs. I have spoken above of marriage crowns.

It is the universal custom for both bride and bridegroom to be crowned upon their marriage day. These are more or less valuable according to the status in society of the parties who wear them. They are occasionally made of silver or gold handsomely set with jewels, those of the lower class are of tinsel. They are preserved for generations in their families, and are handed down by the parents to be used for the same purpose by their children. The effect is pretty, and the custom certainly poetical. The Borgian girdle is very useful and handsome; it resembles much that worn by the Circassians. To it is attached by silver chains or leather loops many articles in constant use, amongst the foremost of which is a short and strong knife in a sheath, flint and steel, &c. These are either mounted in silver or its imitation, and are generally nicely embossed. These girdles are worn universally both by men and women.

The climate of Christiana in the summer is very pleasant, but it was represented that it was quite the reverse in the winter season. I was struck by the remark of a professor there to the effect that in consequence of the present facilities of travel, he believed that before many years were passed a custom would be largely followed amongst the idle and the rich of spending the midsummer in Norway and the midwinter in Naples or Sicily. There is no doubt that where such an arrangement can be carried out it would prove most agreeable.

The Lapland collection created great interest. Specimens of everything in use by this singular people were shown; their rein-deer sleighs, fishing and cooking implements, a Lapland hut, &c. A native was there who gave an appearance of reality to the scene. Amongst other curosities were small pointed flints represented to be arrow heads, but which I believe to have been used as teeth in threshing machines, as they precisely resembled those now in use in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat, where in a strong framework of hardwood these flints are inserted, which being drawn over the threshing floor by oxen or horses is invariably used for threshing out the corn in Armenia. It is a most perfect instrument for this purpose. I have not seen it used in any other part of the world, but it might have been brought from the centre of Asia by the original inhabitants of Norway. Immense timber sawing works are carried on at Dramen, millions of planks for flooring and scantling of all sizes lie here cut out ready for use; not only that, but doors and window-frames in specified sizes by tens of thousands are prepared ready to be put together; but the price of all these timber fittings has risen in the course of eighteen months fully 50 or 60 per cent. Forests about twenty or thirty years since could be purchased for a mere trifle, and those who then invested in them are reaping enormous advantages by their speculation.

We returned to Christiana late that evening. On the following morning we prepared for our carriole drive which we were about to take to Trondhjem, the ancient capital of Norway, situated on the western coast and distant about 400 miles. One great requisite for

a journey into the interior of Norway is to be prepared with a large amount of silver coin, ruloux of which are invariably ready at the bankers, and of which we took about five pounds sterling in small silver penny and half-penny pieces, it being impossible to obtain any change in the mountains. For all our carriole preparations we placed our dependence entirely upon Mr. Bennett, and with excellent results. Nothing could exceed his civility and attention, he was moderate in his demands, and endeavoured rather to prevent our accumulating useless things than by thrusting them upon us as strangers. He supplied us with two comfortable carrioles on springs with harness, for which, including the return of these carriages from Trondhjem, we paid but thirty shillings each. We were not sorry to leave the hotel at Christiana which was dreadfully crowded and very inferior. We received great attention from H.M. Consul-General, who took the greatest trouble to assist us, regarding the forwarding of our letters, and paid us every attention in his power.

On Thursday the 27th of July we left Christiana for Trondhjem. We commenced our journey by railway which connects the city with the lake Miosen at Eisenvold. Although the speed obtained was not very great the carriages were comfortable; in each of which was placed a reservoir for water with thick glass sides exactly where we place the lamp. Into this reservoir, immediately before starting, large lumps of ice are thrown. However agreeable an arrangement of this kind might be desired in Italy or the south of Europe, it could scarcely be expected in Norway, but it appeared to be greatly appreciated and much used by the passengers. Miösen Lake is a fine sheet of water, although it is seldom more than a mile broad. The country is much cleared of wood, which in Norway, does not render it more profitable to the proprietors. On board the steamer in which we now embarked there were a large number of passengers. All the gentlemen and most of the ladies carried the short Norwegian knives in their belts, some of the latter with beautifully worked ivory handles and sheaths. The dresses of their servants both male and female were singular and very gaudy, the colour green generally predominating.

Late in the afternoon we reached Lillehammer and there found the carrioles and horses which Mr. Bennett had provided ready at the landing stage. We at once mounted and drove to Holmen. The scenery along the river Logen was very beautiful, the rushing torrent and the wild landscape increasing the grandeur of the views. At Fasgarten we met with hops, but these were in a backward state and very small. Holmen proved to be a poor resting-place, and at once showed clearly to us, how requisite it is in Norway to be always provided with some extra comforts, as frequently at these small stations nothing can be procured but black bread. Carrioles in appearance are very similar to one another, and when on the following morning we had packed our baggage and harnessed our horses, just before starting, we discovered we had taken the carriages

of another party. It was fortunate that we found out our mistake in time, otherwise it would have entailed immense inconvenience during the rest of our journey. The first part of our day's drive was up the beautiful valley of the Gudbrands-dalen river, which was here very wide and intersected by islands. The houses are entirely built of wood, they are well formed, but generally covered with sods. They are not damp, in consequence of the layers of birch bark which are placed between them and the roof. Some more recently built were covered with slabs of thinly split stone, the size of each of which was from four to five feet square, and even occasionally reaching nine or ten. These laid in a diamond-shaped pattern on the roof had a very good appearance. The country was irrigated by a simple process of shoots made from long pine trees hollowed out, through which the water was led from the hills in any direction needed, and which process seemed simple and effectual. Some inconvenience is experienced in Norway in consequence of the absence of milestones, which are only to be met with at intervals of about eight English miles. We put up this night at Languard, a country station-house kept by some very nice people, who showed by their attention and charges that they were not yet spoilt by English travellers. The greatest discomfort in this country, however, is the shortness of the beds, which never allow persons of even a moderate size to lie down at full length. In this peculiarity they resemble the highland cottages of Scotland, in one of which I remember some years since it was requisite to cut a hole in the wall into the passage to render it possible for the sleeper to lie down. On the following morning we passed by Jerkin, near the Dovre Fjeld, one of the wildest mountains at an altitude at which the pine-tree could not grow. The hills were covered with little more than the rein-deer moss, while here and there was to be met with a few juniper bushes. The country looked wild and desolate in the extreme. To the west of this road and about twenty miles distant the wild rein-deer is constantly to be met with, but to track them through the forest the sportsman must be accompanied by a peculiar dog used for this purpose. On descending the mountain we passed by the banks of the rushing river Driv, through an endless forest of birch-trees. Here the road in some places was carried away, leaving but a few inches for the carriole between the precipice overhanging the river, and were it not that perfect reliance could be placed in our sure-footed ponies it would have been very dangerous. These streams are fed by the melting snow on the mountains, which is said to produce the "Goitre," or those deformed swellings in the throat, and here, as in Switzerland and the Himalayas, we met with some persons affected with this disease. Idiotcy so common in mountainous countries, we were told was very frequent here. The mountain people appear to be well off and well clothed. Many of the men wore scarlet caps, a habit which I have frequently observed in mountainous countries throughout the world. We this day drove our light posting carrioles into Storen, a distance of nearly eighty English miles,

changing our ponies every ten miles. At Storen we found ten American ladies attended by one gentleman. They occupied the entire hotel, and we were obliged to content ourselves by sleeping upon the wooden benches of the station waiting-room. Storen is beautifully situated in a fine valley overlooking the river Gula, an enticing-looking river for salmon-fishing. We were told that about fifteen miles of this river was let for rod-fishing at a rental of £70 per annum, and the average amount of salmon killed with the rod in a year was 2,000 lb. weight. From Storen there is a short railroad into Trondhjem, which leaving early, we reached on the morning of the 31st of July by eight o'clock. We had now travelled through the heart of Norway in a very agreeable manner.

IV.

Trondhjem we found in a violent state of excitment. The coronation of King Oscar had taken place a few days previously. Both by ancient usage and by law it is obligatory that the coronation of the kings and queens of Norway should take place in the fine old cathedral of Trondhjem. The Norsemen are very particular with regard to their rights, and although this city is so distant from either of the capitals, yet nothing could induce them to abrogate this custom however inconvenient. When in Norway, the king is the king of Norway and Sweden; but when in Sweden, his title is reversed, and there he reigns as the king of Sweden and Norway. Although these two countries are under one rule, nothing can induce the people to assimilate in most of their habits. The Norse mile is somewhat longer than the Swedish mile. Their monetary system is totally different causing great confusion in exchanges. In Sweden they are about to assimilate their coinage with that of Denmark and to issue carlinos and half carlinos, and, it is said, to discontinue the small paper notes of the value of one shilling. At present the only gold pieces are carlinos of the value of eleven shillings, but these are used as gifts or rewards and not in regular monetary use. We had the greatest difficulty in Trondhjem to find any place to put our heads in. The inn-keeper said that the whole town and neighbourhood was actually eaten out. Eighteen men-o'-war of different nations were lying in the harbour, four of which were English ironclads, the *Agincourt*, the *Hercules*, the *Sultan*, and the *Northumberland*, each with a complement of about 700 men; and in addition H.M. ship *Enchantress* with H.R.H. Prince Arthur on board. These eighteen men-o'-war presented a truly magnificent appearance. H.M. Consul paid us every possible attention. He was in the greatest perplexity, as the coronation being concluded, the steamships were anxious to coal and return to their respective countries, and the coal-whippers having taken advantage of this extraordinary demand on their services, had struck for treble wages, which in the sequel he was compelled to pay. Every article of use

and of consumption had risen in Trondhjem to famine prices. The sums asked for furs, for which Trondhjem is famous, were at about six times the usual demand, and probably more than double that for which they could be purchased in London. Preserved meats, &c., so absolutely necessary for a traveller in Norway and Sweden, were unprocurable. The town of Trondhjem being built entirely of wood is dangerously liable to fire. Very large wooden stores line the margin of the water, in which ling, dried salmon, and flour, for export are placed, and which, as no adequate precautions seem to exist against fire, would possibly be consumed in an hour. The civility of the inhabitants is quite remarkable. A gentleman will constantly go many streets out of his way to show you the house you desire to find, and a shopman will invariably leave his counter and his own business to attend to yours. Some of the names over the shops endanger the shape of the mouth in pronouncing or rather attempting to pronounce them, such, for instance, as "Sforsikrings-selskat," which I ascertained meant a sea insurance, and numbers of others are equally astonishing to a stranger; at the time of our visiting the beautiful old cathedral, the scene of the late coronation, we found in progress a cantata. A number of voices were accompanied by the organ, this description of music being much appreciated in Norway. The building which is more than 900 years old and some-what dilapidated, is being gradually restored, following out as far as possible the old design. In the neighbourhood of Trondhjem their was a joint review of the Swedish and Norse armies. The troops were encamped about fifty miles distant on the banks of the upper part of the fjord at Saltzuund, the only plain ground which could be found in the country at all adapted for manœuvres, for every yard which is not dense forest is either bog or patches of careful cultivation. Norway is wonderfully well situated for defence against an invading army. The review was spoilt in consequence of the heavy rain, but I had an opportunity of seeing the soldiers, who appeared mere boys, under-fed, and very weak. Their service is an obligatory one of three years, and thus, neither by age nor opportunity are they enabled to obtain such qualifications as would render them very formidable. The Swedes and Norwegians are subject to a military conscription, from which there is no exemption by payment or other-wise. Equally there is an obligatory naval service entailed upon the nautical portion of the population, and thus the Royal Marine is in point of numbers fully manned. A system obtains of permitting the officers of the navy, during a period of forced inactivity, of employing themselves in the merchant service, and thus while pecuniary benefits are open to themselves, the State has the advantage of their increased professional knowledge, active employment being perpetually within their reach.

One object which we had in visiting Trondhjem was that of making it our starting point for our passage round the North Cape, intending to proceed first to Vadsoe, and thence by a Russian vessel

to Archangel. We, however, discovered that the only vessel for this latter portion of the journey called *The Grand Duke Alexis* had struck upon a rock at the seven islands on the coast of Lapland in the North Sea. She had foundered and no chance whatever existed of any other vessel supplying her place. The answer which we received to our telegram to the North Cape reluctantly obliged us to change our entire plans. We now, therefore, made arrangements to strike straight across Norway and Sweden to the gulf of Bothnia, a distance of about 350 miles.

On the morning of the 23rd July we left Trondhjem for Lavanger. We took our passage in a small steam vessel, which was so crowded as to render it almost impossible to pass each other. We were the only Englishmen on board, but the English language was by no means unfamiliar to many of the passengers. The men, as a rule, were stout and sturdy, the women generally very pretty with bright complexions and fine flaxen hair. The baggage was of a most curious and ancient kind, consisting of singularly shaped conical boxes covered with seal skin, and old castellated chests bound with filigre iron work. As the people were principally of the peasant class their dress was primitive and very picturesque. Immediately after starting we passed through the noble fleet of British ironclads and ships of war of other nations. It was appointed that this day the king should be received by the fleet, each of the eighteen ships to fire their Royal salutes. Thus upwards of 1,000 guns were to reverberate through the harbour of Trondhjem a royal *finale* to the coronation of His Majesty the King of Norway and Sweden. This salute we heard as we passed up the fjord. It was a continuous roar of cannon for about a couple of hours. We steamed for about four hours to the upper part of the fjord and landed at Lavanger, at each station landing a small portion of our passengers with their singular baggage. The scenery, although possessing a sameness of character, was extremely pretty, and the weather delightful. We had an interesting conversation on board with a part-owner of a small whaling steam vessel who had lately returned from a cruise in the frozen ocean in search of seals. He told us his ship was 700 tons with a crew of 60 men, that his success this spring had been very great, he having captured 13,000 seals. The value of their skins and oil might be estimated at more than £10,000, and as the expense of the venture would probably not exceed from £3,000 to £4,000, a clear profit would remain to the owners from this season's fishing on this single vessel, of between £6,000 and £7,000. He said that it was customary, to insure the greater interest to all concerned in the voyage, that even the sailors should have a share in the venture. It requires great knowledge and some good luck to strike upon the places in the ocean where the seals will rise among the floes of ice, and which is not unfrequently 700 or even 800 miles distant from where they did so on the preceding year. Certain indications known to those who are accustomed to this pursuit, govern the choice of the

locality selected for their year's fishing. It is carried on in the early part of March, as that is the only time when the seals can be approached, that is, when their young are from two to three weeks old, and they are thus enabled to kill both the mother and her progeny with large clubs on the ice, causing therefore a fearful destruction in this portion of the amphibious race. The captain stated that the seals are rarely fierce and are easily killed. Numbers of Polar bears follow the vessels to feed upon the bodies of the seals, as when they are skinned and the oil taken from them, they are thrown overboard. These bears are very fierce and dangerous to approach. They are considered valuable, as two young seals which were taken by his ship this year were sold in Hamburg for £100 each. This service is a very arduous one, although highly remunerative. When the seal fishing is concluded the Danish vessels generally take to a coasting trade, but the English and the Scotch immediately after they have delivered up their cargo at Frazerborough or Aberdeen start again towards Davis Straits on their whaling voyage, where the whales are larger, but said to be less strong, than off the coast of Greenland. Of course I cannot vouch for the entire accuracy of this most interesting account. On the margin of the fjord the country was fairly cultivated ; the proprietors however, it was said, now deeply regretted having exchanged the cultivation of their forests for that of cereals, for now that transport has become easy on account of steam, it would be far more profitable to import corn into Norway in return for timber, rather than to grow it themselves. About mid-day we reached Lavanger where we were detained a considerable time before we could procure ponies to continue our journey.

On the afternoon, of the 24th July, we passed out of Norway into Sweden, the only distinctive boundary mark being a cairn of stones with an inscription surmounted by a pair of crossed lances. This country apparently abounded in game, as we started both grouse and blackcock close to the roadside. At the beautiful lake of Sandwegal, we stopped for a few hours to try our luck with the trout. I had but one run with the minnow and did not hook the fish, and as one of us was obliged to be continually bailing the boat to prevent her sinking, we did not trouble ourselves long with fishing ; but landing on an island we ate our luncheon in company with a fine old "capercailzie," a magnificent bird, and her brood of young ones. The horse flies were most voracious, but being armed with a bottle of ammonia, so absolutely requisite in Norway and Sweden, we applied it immediately and all pain instantly ceased. Where we had an opportunity we took advantage of the steamers on the lakes. These steamers are generally very small and can only ply for about five months in the year, that is, from July to November. During the remaining seven months these lakes are frozen hard. In this short interval they do a great deal of business, importing sugar, fish, and flour into the interior. Their expenses are very small, a stock of pine wood ready cut and split measuring 10 ft. long by 10 ft. high and

6 ft. broad, costing less than half-a-crown. We embraced the opportunity of embarking on one of these steamers at Mœlem on Lake Ansam, in a wild forest district, called Jempland, which was conquered by the Swedes many centuries since from the Norsemen. The saw mills at Angau are very interesting. This is the most southern position to which the Laplanders resort with their herds of reindeer, several of whom were at this time feeding their flocks of tame deer in the snow-clad mountains immediately above us. Many thousands of Laplanders had assembled a short time previously to welcome King Oscar when he took this route on his way to the North Cape prior to his coronation at Trondhjem. At the termination of lake Angau are some fine falls, which as usual are put into requisition for the saw mill, but here is erected a stage from the lower lake Carlsee to the upper lake Ansam for the purpose of dragging up planks, which is done by steam power, applied to a wire rope 6,000 yards long. On lake Cartsee we passed some copper mines, but which were represented not to be very profitable as yet. We now again took to our carrioles, but were delayed at Bonasset for six or seven hours before we could procure horses. There we observed the feeble means in readiness against fire, of such constant occurrence, where every building is composed of fir timber; this consisted of two leathern buckets and a pair of syringes, conspicuously paraded. These I found were the usual preparations against such a calamity. From information which we received from some young ladies from Ostersound, we considered it better to deviate from our road in order to catch a steamer that was to start from the western end of the lake on the following morning. This information, however, turned out to be a myth, but it caused us to travel twenty or thirty miles out of our way, and to journey nearly all night for nothing; we got into the road again at Hoff. Here the appearance of the country was much improved. We met with neat and substantial farm-houses on either side of the road. Unlocked letter boxes were placed at the edge of the highway, into which and from which letters were daily placed by the postman and taken from it by their owners. In this country the perfect security with which any property can be left with an almost certainty of its not being abstracted, is quite remarkable.

On the evening of the 26th July, we reached the Frösö island about four miles from Ostersound. This little town is situated on the shores of Storsjo See, which great lake is a magnificent sheet of water. The scenery here is exceedingly beautiful, more especially as we had lovely weather for enjoying it. We reached Ostersound at ten o'clock that night. Our last stage was through Frösö island. The view from the barracks was very fine. The proud Areskutan mountain, nearly 5,000 feet high, partially covered with snow, dominating the fine sheet of water which was spread out beneath numberless pine-clad islands dotted over its surface. The belfry at the church at Frösö was of singular construction. Like every other building in this country, it was entirely of wood, but put together in a manner so unique as to attract our particular observation.

Death.

Oh! tell me, what is Death?
Ah, what is this, that rends apart the heartstrings,
And bursts the tie 'twixt heart and heart asunder,
With ruthless force?
What is this mighty power,
That spreads a ceaseless gloom upon the soul,—
A ceaseless gloom, that memory only darkens,—
A gloom so deep, it only can be pierced
By rays of God's exceeding love?
What is this that stalks with cruel step
Unto our most beloved,
And takes our own, our dearest from our side;
And, in the midst of all our joy,
Prevents the warm embrace, the lingering kiss
In which, ev'n 'mid our woes,
We feel no woe?

* * * * * *

We hear no more the well-known voice of those
We call our own.—That voice! O God, no more that voice!
Oh that ev'n from the grave a gentle murmur came,
Or from the battlements of heaven but a sound
In which again the well-known voice
Of bye-gone days, in mercy, we might hear!
The step we knew so well (we always know the footfall
Of those we love) as on the stairs it fell,
Or on the threshold, we may hear no more!
Death binds the limbs whose gentle footfall
We loved so much to hear.
Yet still again the eyes, beaming with love
Would speak their volumes, and the feet
Would gently step around our weary couch,
Were't not that Death had locked the lids, and bound
The limbs, though still they fain would walk.

* * * * * *

Such Death thy work. Thus hast thou done
Unto my mother. Yet despite thy work and power
I see her still. Her eyes still smile upon me:
Thou killest whom we love but then the thought,
For ever rushing back on scenes once loved—still loved,
The fond remembrance of the speaking eye,
Thou canst not kill!

* * * * * *

Yet tell me, Death, thyself!
Ay, tell me what thou art,
When once thou comest unto me, what shall I feel,
What hear, what see? When once I know

The shadows lengthen, and, around my couch,
The faces and the forms of those I love
Grow less and less distinct;
When on the threshold of another world I stand,
And see all that I ever knew, as in a dream,
Or fading vision vanish from my sight,
Shall colours then ethereal play
Around my head; or as I feel thy power
Work stronger on my frame, shall strains
Of heavenly music sweetly break on my mortal ear;
Or, as the struggle deepens betwixt thee and life,
Shall I then as I lie thy victim,
Know and understand thee, Death?
Shall then I know how that alike the drug,
The dagger's point scarce piercing through the skin,
Fulfil thy will?
Oh Death, what art thou?
How movest thou through the body?—
Oh tell me: if my spirit sinks to endless depths,
And sinks and sinks to meet the dead;
And when I find
Myself below, and in a region ghastly
And filled with stygian vapours;
And when the spectres flit around me,
And grin with fleshless teeth upon me,
Shall then I understand thee?
Shall then the putrid vapours,
The airy, flitting visions
Reveal to me the mystery,
I seek in vain t'unravel?
Here must I rest . . . .
I cannot understand, Death!
I know not how thou movest
I see, but what thou doest—
Yet still I know, O Death, my limbs thou'lt bind;
I know thou'lt walk with me, when I shall tread
Thy dark and gloomy valley.—Oh the pain,
The agony of that dark hour I feel
E'en now; the deep dread darkness of that gorge
Breaks on my senses, and I feel, that thou,
O mighty Death! shalt cast me down, and I
Shall fall before thee. Thou, thou shalt triumph
But for one moment!
Hark!
I hear a voice, and through high heaven's portals
It sounds, and, on the earth, the echo leaps
From hill to hill; it rings beneath the earth,
Beyond the grave, until it dies before
The gates of Hell:
"Death, death is swallowed up in victory."

LEINAD

George Linton.

A work of fiction by a South African colonist is a novelty. The familiar scenes of Colonial life around us are not usually found embodied in the novels of the day. Yet scarcely any country possesses a more copious or richer supply of materials for romance than the land we live in. The adventures of the early settlers, the distinctive peculiarities of the different races forming our heterogeneous population, and the stirring episodes and incidents of the various border wars, afford such abundance of matter for descriptive and even sensational writing that one can but wonder so few attempts have hitherto been made to weave them into anything like an attractive and popular story.

Under these circumstances, as well as for the intrinsic merit of the work itself, we most heartily welcome a volume which has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. under the title of "George Linton ; or, the First Years of an English Colony." It is written by a well-known colonist, Mr. John Robinson, who has been for some years a member of the Natal Legislature, and editor of one of the very best of South African newspapers—the *Natal Mercury*. The scenes he represents are associated with familiar localities and form the pith of actual events that have occurred ; but the reader is informed that any attempt to identify known or living persons with the names mentioned must of necessity be vain. The story itself, although peculiarly constructed, is fresh and interesting, as well as highly artistic in all its details. It is told in a series of letters and journals supposed to be written at various periods, in a style similiar to that adopted by the writer of the admirable "Lady's Letters from the Cape," with which most of the readers of this Magazine are familiar.

The work aims at bringing the conditions and prospects of emigrant life in the colonies to the notice of the public at home ; and this is done by describing the adventures and experiences of a group of families who were amongst the first English settlers of Natal. The plot, if so we may term the nucleus of the tale, by which the interest of the reader in the different characters is well sustained, is the old and simple one, illustrative of the adage, "The course of true love never runs smooth."

Among others drawn to Natal, in 1849, by the crude and highly-coloured emigration scheme of Mr. Byrne (here dubbed Mr. Thomas Henry Chiselworth), were George Linton and his companion Sidney Marsden. In the ship *Bristol* in which they took passage, they became acquainted with a Mr. Dimsdale, a gentleman pretty well advanced in years, who is forced by financial disaster to begin life anew, and go abroad with his family,—one of whom, Margaret, a fair-haired girl of seventeen, distracts the minds of both the young men. There are others of their shipmates we are also introduced to,—among them a jolly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Joffens ; a poor helpless curate, Mr. Boden, in quest of health ; and three lads

named Bryant, who are going out to try their fortune in order to help a widowed mother and sister.

Before the close of the voyage—such things do happen—George Linton and Margaret Dimsdale have learnt first to admire and then to love. Sydney Marsden loves too, but in his case

> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might,—
> Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight.

Seeing his friend's preference, he never divulges his feelings. "Not for worlds would he cross his friend's path, or disturb her regard." So he undergoes the purifying discipline of self-denial, and his strong self-repressing nature enables him to bear the struggle without any external exhibition or even expression of his silent but enduring affection.

The little band of emigrants at length reach their "promised land," and begin to look about them. Somehow they expected to find fields and hedges instead of the roadless and houseless wilderness they met with at Durban. Many a group had to toil along the heavy sands, to the cottages of what then formed the so-called town, or the huts or tents in which for a time some sort of accommodation might be obtained. Sydney Marsden, in his journal, notes that "Imagination is the emigrant's seducer; Experience is the colonist's disenchanter." But he does not regret his election of a life in the young Colony:

"The other morning I rose very early and clambered up to the highest edge of the cliffs that shut us in. The sun was just rising at my back and the valley spread below. A thunderstorm the night before had cleared the atmosphere which had an exquisite purity. The hills on the other side, though many miles distant, seemed close at hand in their clear-cut distinctness. Lines of white mist threaded the courses of the river and its little tributary streams. All around me, on the level where I stood, the land rolled and heaved away into the far distance, in bush-besprinkled undulations, hiding shadowy valleys. I thought of the spies gazing over the Promised Land, and felt that their eyes could not scan a fairer scene than this—so suggestive of natural wealth, homelike attraction and picturesque charm. There, at the bottom, small brown spots on the vast landscape only betokened by the slender spire of smoke from each, were the dozen or so vestiges of European life, which alone in this wide valley represented our vaunted civilization.

"In a land like this one is brought face to face with realities. The forms and figments of an organized social system have yet to be developed. Between nature and yourself there are no disguises. What, I asked myself, can be simpler or more primitive than yon infant settlement? The Kafir kraals beyond have a far more complex social organization—their inhabitants are bound together by recognized tribal relationships, by political and domestic laws, by a regulated, albeit a savage, economy. These settlers have been popped down in this secluded valley without forethought or pre-arrangement. They are under no set rules or system. Each man is independent of his neighbour, and each may do as he likes.

No "paternal government" presides over our destinies or cares for our well being. Chiselworth tempted us out here, nor did the Home Mother say nay. All, so far, that the Queen's agents in this part of her dominions have done for us have been to give us fifty acres of waste land in this valley. To this day these lands remain unsurveyed. In all other respects we are ungoverned. We have neither post-office, nor police, nor courts of justice. We make our own roads, and settle our own disputes. If occasion arose we should have to defend ourselves. Self-help is a motto adopted through necessity not choice. I begin to see now that British colonization, which bids fair to shape the future of half the world, is purely a voluntary growth."

Some months afterwards as new arrivals came pouring into the Colony, Durban rises into a bustling township. Dimsdale opens a general store and becomes a leading man in the community. Linton and Marsden are on their locations at Benvale; but the visits of the former to the town are very frequent, and his energies apparently are devoted to attentions to his lady-fair and the billiard-table at Huggins's—the "Royal" of that day. Unfortunately upon one occasion, he visits the Dimsdales in a condition more than jolly, insults his intended father-in-law, is not over polite to his sweetheart, and is very properly sent about his business. Next morning he awakes a wiser and a sadder man, returns to Benvale, and entreats his friend Sydney Marsden to intercede for him—which, as a good-hearted generous fellow, he consents to do. On their way to town it happens that in crossing the Umgeni River, George Linton saves Marsden from drowning; and his heroism in this act is highly extolled to Mr. Dimsdale and his daughter, who finally consent to be reconciled to him on promise of his better behaviour. With this object, Mr. Dimsdale accompanies Marsden to the hotel, where the penitent lover is supposed to be waiting to hear his fate. On their arrival there, Linton is not to be found; he had been diverting himself with billiards, then with dinner, then with billiards again, and among the crowded company of the place no one knew where he was gone:

"'I don't see much use in remaining,' said Mr. Dimsdale. 'Your friend is better engaged apparently than in waiting for us. His case can't be so very bad, if he takes life so easily,' and he rose to go.

"I had been conscious of some commotion outside the open window at our backs, and a strange sound uncommonly like that made by a lion at Benvale was audible, when all at once with a shout from the people without and a roar on its own account, there sprang into the room, and upon the table—a large half-grown lion!

"There it crouched, with its fore-paws spread out, its chest down, its mane already well defined, bristling, its eyes flashing, and its tail ominously switching from side to side. A most undeniable and ominous-looking lion, enough to scare the wits out of a much stouter-hearted man than Mr. Dimsdale.

"That gentleman had fallen back into his seat as the huge beast bounded past him. His jaw fell, his cheeks blanched, his eyes were transfixed.

Everybody in the room had jumped up with an exclamation of mingled fright and astonishment, and then there was a general flight to the door. In the crush and rush, Mr. Dimsdale, too frightened to take care of himself, was knocked over and trampled underfoot, where I found him when the place was cleared, writhing in agony and mute with terror.

"The lion was almost immediately recognized by many of us as one of two tame beasts which had been trained up from cubhood at a store behind Huggins's. It was quite as much startled as any of us, and was soon secured and fastened up. I was just stooping down to Mr. Dimsdale's aid, when in bounded George, roaring with laughter, and riotous with excitement.

"'So you are here again, old fellow. What a lark, isn't it? I have not laughed so much for an age. I was afraid you would hear us outside before we pitched old Nero in. How they all scampered! Why, who's this?'

"Well might he put the question. Mr. Dimsdale, pale now with indignation instead of fright, had half-raised himself, and was facing us.

"'Me, Mr. Linton.'

"There was a world of significance in the words, which were scarcely uttered when he sank down again. Clearly something was wrong, and with the aid of George—whose mirth had instantly subsided—I got him into a chair, and made examination. The real extent of the mischief did not appear, however, until he was laid in one of Huggins's bedrooms, and surgically inspected. It was then discovered that his leg was broken under the knee, and that the utmost care would be needed in order to save the limb.

"That night his wife and daughter were both with him. The former stayed until early morning, when Margaret relieved her. About the time of breakfast I went into the patient's room to make inquiry concerning him, and had what, so far as I can see, may be the last interview for a long long time, with her at any rate.

"'Mr. Marsden,' said the father, after I had been told that his recovery was only a matter of time, 'I am much obliged to you for your kindness and care, and much appreciate your friendship for—Mr. Linton. But it's just as well I should tell you, and my daughter fully concurs in what I say, that after what has happened all must be considered as over between George and her.'"

Having lost all chance of reconciliation with the Dimsdales after this foolish escapade, Linton becomes reckless and dejected; and with a view to arouse him and dispel his misery, Marsden organizes a hunting expedition into the interior, and accompanies him part of the way. This affords an opportunity of giving some glimpses of wild life. They pass through crowded Kafir kraals and are struck with what they see of the innocence of barbarism when as yet unmarred by contact with civilization:—

"Why do not sculptors come to lands like these where models of form are as abundant as they are perfect? The ancients excelled in representing the 'human form divine,' because they were accustomed in daily life to study and contemplate that form free from the disguises of dress.

Clothes, moreover, mar the figure by constraining it into forced or unnatural postures or gestures. Every movement of these Kafirs is free as the impulses of nature. These girls grouped themselves before us, all unconscious of effect or art, in attitudes and posings which were grace itself. Even their ugly faces gained a charm by the sense of beauty which their forms conveyed."

They cross the Drakensberg and share the rude but hearty hospitality of the Boers who have left the old Cape Colony, and are fearlessly facing the dangers and privations of the wilderness in order that they may be left to themselves.

Here is a picture of the pioneers on the outskirts of civilization :—

"Outspanned near one of the most primitive abodes of civilized man I have ever seen, and considering our experiences at Benvale this is saying a good deal. Behold an edifice resembling nought more than a thatch-roof placed bodily and without help of walls upon the ground. Within this Λ-shaped structure a whole patriarchal family live, move, and have their being. There are two grandparents of enormous bulk, with minds of corresponding ponderosity, who are not too old to have done with the active business of propagation—albeit their eldest son and his wife, living under the same roof, have taken to the same line. There are at least three babies in the establishment of tender age, and there may be more ; but as there is only one room for the whole family to stow themselves away in, I think that number is correct. There are also an indefinite assortment of boys and girls, youths and maidens, most of whom wear but one garment—or, speaking of the male kind, at the most but two. These articles of apparel, made without reference to cut or form, are worn by night and by day for at least a week. On Saturday evening there is a general wash all round, the changed garments are donned, and the wearers remain as they are until the same ceremonial has to be repeated seven days later. The old couple occupy a bed of state at the far end of the château, the said couch consisting of the wagon cartel placed athwart four butter-kegs. Feathers, however, are abundant in these parts, and the ancient limbs may repose upon the costly plumage of the ostrich. As for the rest of the family when bed-time comes, soon after dark, they find resting-places on the floor promiscuously, the young married couples being furthest from the door, the young men being nearest, the children lie between. Excuse these somewhat questionable particulars, I am bound in truth to give you them as illustrating the manners and customs of a people drifting far away from civilization. They pride themselves, however, upon the superiority of their social order. They consider that they are the aristocracy of these parts, and have a most lordly contempt for the coloured trash around them. They even look down upon us as being an inferior race to *nous autres*. But then, my dear and rather free-thinking friend, these good folks are religious. Their religion is the badge and test of their civilization. One Book, and one only, is to be found in their house,—it is a Dutch copy of the Bible. Every day a small portion of this is spelt out by the head of the family, who has not wholly forgotten the lessons learnt long years ago in the Cape Colony."

The various incidents of the journey inland are enjoyed immensely, and George Linton apparently is much benefited by the change of scene and life. He has become more of a self-restrained and matured man. "Wild nature, like unsophisticated womanhood, works in silence but with power." His friend Marsden, therefore, leaves him, and returns himself to the settlement at Benvale.

The condition of the Colony in its early days is then described. Society was beginning to shape itself in Durban. People came to know each other, and the Dimsdales made acquaintances amongst both the old colonists and late arrivals. There was Mr. Oates, a solemn Government official, "who rolled his words as sweet morsels under his tongue before delivering them, so lingeringly and yet so lovingly came they forth." The reverence with which he spoke of "The Government," was said to be worth a whole regiment of infantry as a bulwark of loyalty and order. Then there was the Anglican parson, a short, round, chubby man called Jay; and Mr. Stalker, the magistrate, by no means a bad fellow in his way, whose happiness would be complete enough could he realize the object of his life—marriage with Margaret Dimsdale. But his suit was in vain. Margaret resolved that although after George Linton's behaviour she could not marry him, yet she would give herself to no one else. Sydney Marsden leaves Benvale, and throws himself into journalism and public life. He is the editor of the *Regenerator*, and one day he receives intelligence from the interior that fever was raging among the Transvaal farmers, and that his friend George Linton had died of it, at some point near the Magaliesberg. This news makes Margaret Dimsdale more miserable than ever. Meanwhile, commercial disasters occur; several of the many firms established during the heyday of Chiselworth's emigration are likely to succumb—Dimsdale's amongst them. Margaret is urged to accept Stalker's offers, and for her father's sake she agrees to a probationary period, at the end of which her final decision is to be given. A week before that time, however, a packet of letters from Linton unexpectedly turns up. The report of his death was untrue, and the last paragraph of one letter he forwards expresses his belief in Margaret's constancy—"That she loves me still, and will do so, even should I be dead and gone."

After this Mr. Stalker gets his final unfavourable answer. Hot words in consequence pass between father and daughter. Margaret, determined not to be dependent upon her father under his changed circumstances, resolves upon opening a school at Maritzburg. Sydney Marsden helps her in this undertaking; and as the scene of the story is for a time transferred to the inland capital, we have pictures of the town and its surroundings, and of the different coteries into which its twelve or fifteen hundred of inhabitants are divided. "Cliquism flourished to such an extent that it almost seemed on occasions as though a man's social circle should be measured by the limits of his own family." Planted in such a community Margaret Dimsdale soon found her path beset with thorns.

Mrs. Bigwig, a local female magnate, and her friends threaten to withdraw pupils if their ideas of propriety are not at once observed. Margaret braves the prejudices and expostulations of these Mrs. Grundies, and the result is annoyance, persecution, and debt, which would have crushed her, but for the watchful kindness of Marsden.

When her prospects are most gloomy and hopeless, a surprise comes upon her through a newspaper which Marsden receives from the Cape. There is a small paragraph announcing the return *via* Walwich Bay, of George Linton and others, after a hunting expedition across the Continent of Africa. This proves to be the prodigal lover, who, his long wanderings over, is eager to know the fate of those friends he had left behind. At Cape Town he learns something of them :

" George's first day in Cape Town was a new experience. He landed at midday, amidst rain and under cloud. The clamour of the boatmen and of the coolies about the landing-place confused and stunned him. So long had he been lost amongst the desolate wilds, that to his unaccustomed senses the sights and sounds of the quiet little half-Eastern, half-Dutchified city burst upon him in their feeble uproar and mild discord like the rush of a full-blown civilization. He took refuge in the nearest hotel, and found solace in the refreshment of a bath and the sustenance of a hearty meal. His clothes had long ago gone the way of all such trappings in the desert, and a day elapsed before he felt clad decently enough to venture out amongst his own kind and order. He experienced rare enjoyment in his first dinner at the hotel table. It was like renewing his youth and linking himself once again to the associations of the past. For months and years he had been amongst men whose only talk was of the chase, or amongst savages whose topics were all barbarian. He now sate at the long table, watching the pale countenances of the other guests, and listening to their discussion of unfamiliar subjects with pleasurable wonder.

" When dinner was over, he went out upon the stoep or terrace. Lo, a transformation ! The rain had ceased, the clouds had vanished. A bright moon shone splendidly in a sapphire sky, and high above him, walling out the south, rose the pale flanks of Table Mountain. He was not the first who had thus been startled by the sudden apparition of this majestic bulwark of the south world. It rises so sharply from the sea that the town barely finds room to lie along its base, and its brow soars up to such an over-shadowing height that you instinctively wonder whether one day it may not fall over and bury the people at its feet beneath its shivering rocks."

Next day, on examining the files of Natal papers in the public news room, his mind is set at rest. He sees the advertisement of Miss Dimsdale's seminary, and comprehends the situation at a glance :

" All his being felt aglow with rekindled passion. The huge mountain no longer frowned and loomed, but stood transfigured in rosy light. Do something he must, be it in voice or movement ; so he tore along the main street as though walking for a wager. He sped

past the sleepy-looking stores, past the old yellow church, into the cool and dim seclusion of the oak avenues by the Gardens, and on through the upper sections of the town. On he strode regardless of the steep incline where the road winds around "the Kloof," on, until shut in between Table Mountain and the Lion's Rump, with Cape Town lying like a chessboard behind him, and the illimitable sea chafing upon the rocks far below in front, he dashed down to where the lazy breakers foamed and surged, and in contention with their sportive fury he spent the suffocating passions of his heart."

Shortly afterwards, there is a happy re-union of long-parted friends, and "Durban beholds a wedding."

Altogether, Mr. Robinson may be congratulated upon having produced a very pleasing and entertaining book, embracing within its 400 pages abundance of variety and quiet dramatic action, with many really fresh and vivid sketches of colonial scenes and characters, which South African readers will more especially appreciate.

Damaraland and the Berg Damaras.

The extensive region north of the Orange River and extending as far as the Cunene River, the boundary of the Portuguese possessions on the West Coast of South Africa, is now of special interest to the colonial public. Preliminary measures have recently been taken by the Government to obtain a footing there. Under sanction of a resolution of the House of Assembly, a special commissioner, Mr. Palgrave, has visited the country, and interviewed the various chiefs and tribes inhabiting it, with the object of promoting a good understanding, and of paving the way for the extension of British dominion over them. Mr. Palgrave's mission, we are given to understand, has been eminently successful.

Readers of Galton's and Andersson's travels and adventures need not be reminded that for generations past Great Namaqualand and Damaraland have been in a state of chronic warfare. Namaquas and Damaras or Ovaherero, have each in their turn taken part in internecine quarrels, which have seriously impeded mission operations and the advancement and civilization of the various tribes, as well as interfered with commercial interests. Much good will be accomplished if, by bringing the Damaras and Namaquas under civilized jurisdiction, peace and goodwill is established amongst them. The country they occupy has fine resources—pastoral, agricultural, and mineral. It embraces an area of nearly 200,000 square miles, and the tribes inhabiting it cannot number less than 200,000 souls.

In Peterman's *Mittheilungen*, we have come across a most interesting account of a portion of the territory—that

occupied by the Berg or Hill Damaras, or Haukhoin as they term themselves. The writer is the Rev. Dr. C. Hugo Hahn, who with the Rev. Mr. Kleinschmidt and the Rev. Mr. Rath, was the first to commence a mission among the Damaras. Dr. Hahn is now the respected pastor of Martin's Church, Cape Town; and he has kindly revised for us the following translation of the extracts of his diary, which originally appeared in the *Mittheilungen* in 1873. Our readers will find in it much valuable information regarding the inhabitants, as well as respecting the physical geography and natural history of the country :—

On Monday the 14th September, 1871, I commenced my trip to Okombahe and other places in a spring-cart drawn by eight oxen. I had to go past Ameib, a mission station of a Namaqua tribe under Abraham Zwartbooi, who formerly lived at and about Rehoboth in the north of Great Namaqualand. During the late disastrous war they removed from that place and settled by permission of the Herero (Damara) Chief Kamaharero at Ameib, which place I reached on the 16th. The situation is very picturesque, being close to the Erongo mountain chain and not far from the southern end of it. In order to get to Okombahe I had to round it. From Ameib, where I spent a couple of pleasant days with the Rev. J. Böhm and his family, I proceeded on the 18th, p.m. We took a south-east direction towards the most southern point, a majestic bluff-like mountain, which appeared to me to be some thousand feet high. I should have liked much to examine the mountain a little closer, but had no time, and besides felt very unwell. After a little more than three hours' drive we had rounded the point and now turned towards the north-west keeping the Erongo chain to our right. The western side looks very different to the eastern; the latter being one continuous ridge, a gigantic wall, apparently without any break or passage; whereas on the western side spurs branching off from the eastern main-chain, ending abruptly or capelike towards the western plain. The most southern of these spurs or branches is by far the highest. These ridges are intersected by deep valleys and ravines. I was told that the mountains form high tablelands, having some small springs, which is surprising as there are scarcely any fountains to be found at the foot of these mountains, with the exception of that at Ameib and another considerable spring. The elevation of the western side appeared to me less than that of the eastern. The bright red colour of some parts of the rocks, where the strata appeared to me to run horizontally, struck me as something remarkable. The appearance of the formation makes me think that the stone of this side is different from the other, where, so far as I am aware, only granite is to be met with. The road was frightful, and the jolting of the spring-cart, as it passed over the large and loose stones, was scarcely bearable for a healthy person, much less for a sick one like myself. We were obliged to push on, as there was but one watering place between Ameib and Okombahe, which we wished to reach next morning

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before the heat of the day. After dark we after all stopped for fear of being upset, but as soon as the day broke proceeded again, had however to rest without water and shade during the hottest part of the day, and hot it was indeed. My driver had most likely missed the watering place.

During the afternoon we took a more westerly direction and left the mountains towards the east. The road improved considerably. Some distance from Okombahe rises a considerably high roof-shaped mountain, which seen from whence we came has a conical gable-like form, towards which we shaped our course, hoping to reach Okombahe before night, in which we after all did not succeed. When it became dark we were compelled to outspan again, and after spending another sleepless night I reached Okombahe the next morning.

Okombahe is the first and only mission station among the Berg-damaras, that comparatively numerous and oppressed people. They call themselves Haukhoin, which means "real men," but the Namaquas named them Ghou-Daman, from a peculiar and not very nice habit they have. Sir James Alexander speaks of them as Hill-Damaras, very likely because they mostly inhabit the hills and mountains. When the Namaquas came first in contact with the Hereros or Damaras, properly called Ovaherero, they being also a nation in their colour similar to the Ghou-Daman, called the first in contra-distinction to the latter Kamacha-Daman, which means Cattle-Daman, because they were very rich in cattle. Sir James Alexander calls them Damaras of the plains. How the name Damara, which is the Dual feminine gender and means two Dama-females, ever became the general appellative of these two quite distinct nations—we may safely say races—is a mystery to me; just so whence the word Daman or Damara took its origin, as it is not a word of the Nama language. I may mention here that the name Namaqua is also grammatically wrong, it ought to be Naman, which is the plural communis. The Bergdamaras are a nation whose language—being nearly the same as that of the Namaquas—and past history remains an insoluble riddle. So much is certain, that they inhabited these parts and those far southward towards the Garieb or Orange River long before the Namaquas came from the south, and afterwards when the invasion of the Hereros took place, about one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, they were still to a great extent the owners of the mountainous parts of north Great Nama-qualand, and the undisputed masters of Hereroland, living in large powerful tribes. It can scarcely be doubted that they also, before they were enslaved, worked in their rude way the different copper-places in Great Namaqua and Hereroland. Numerous indications prove that such working was carried on in former centuries.

At present, of course, their claims to the land are disregarded by the Namaquas as well as by the Hereros. Okombahe was, however, granted to them by the Hereros three years ago, upon the urgent

representations of the missionaries. Mr. Daniel Cloete, a coloured native of the Colony, who speaks their language fluently, does the missionary work at this station very efficiently and faithfully.

The reception I met with was very hearty on all sides. Some of those Bergdamaras, who had only lately been induced to leave their inaccessible strongholds in the Erongo mountains, from whence they harassed for a considerable time the Rehoboth Namaquas, stealing their cattle and murdering the herds, were also amongst those who came to shake hands with me. Their whole bearing showed that they had been free men. Now they are reduced in number to a few hundreds; a good many were shot by the Rehoboth Namaquas, and some fled to the Brandberg. The remnant settled at Okombahe, where they live unmolested.

Not many years ago a party of Rehoboth Namaquas, living at that time in Great Namaqualand, robbed these Bergdamaras in a most treacherous way of all their goat-flocks, and that accounts for the hatred they bear towards them.

I was very agreeably surprised, while resting after the meeting, to hear a few hymns set in four voices to our German tunes, "Ein feste Burg," "Nun danket alle Gott," &c. The choir was chiefly composed of Bergdamara school-children and a few Namaquas, led by Anna, the eldest daughter of Mr. D. Cloete. The Bergdamaras have a great talent for vocal music and an excellent memory for it. They surpass even the Namaquas, who are known to be good singers. With but little instruction and practice they will catch even a difficult tune after hearing it once or twice played or sung. Otherwise they are intellectually below the neighbouring nations, which perhaps may be the effect of the oppression under which they have sighed so long. There can be, however, no doubt that they possess a certain strength of character enabling them to endure, else they would have long succumbed to the indescribably cruel treatment they have suffered at the hands of the Namaquas. They are industrious, provident, and make very good servants, but at the same time are very stubborn. Of the three nations, the Hereros (Damaras), Namaquas, and Bergdamaras, the second are, with all their excessive laziness and cruelty, the most gifted.

The vegetation about Okombahe is very scanty, with the exception of the valleys of the periodical rivers. This region already bears the character of the desert tract, which runs parallel with the coast. About this I shall say here a few words. It must strike every observer that from the Orange river to about Port Alexander, near Cape Negro, there is a perfect barren country all along the coast, which narrows more and more towards the north; its greatest breadth being in the latitude of Great Namaqua and Herero (Damara) land, which cannot be in some places much less than one hundred miles. Coming from the coast through the desert we find the transition eastward from the barren to the more fertile regions not sudden but gradual; the further from the sea the more the

vegetation increases, and this holds good not only near the coast but also in reference to the whole country, particularly north from the 26° south latitude. The so-called Kalahari Desert is by no means devoid of vegetation ; on the contrary, we find that it is to a great extent covered by a fine pasturage, but on account of its sandy soil it is devoid of fountains and underground waters, that is, such gatherings of water as we find in the northern plains of Herero (Damara) land, where by digging, water is found at a very little depth, say from ten to twenty feet.

But to return to the barren girdle along the coast. If it were not for the beds of the periodical rivers, such as the Zuntob, Kuisieb, Zwachaub, Eisib,* and others to the north, which during the rainy season filled by the rains in the interior discharge their contents into the ocean, the access from the coast into Great Namaqua and Herero (Damara) land would be nearly impossible. These periodical river-beds, which the whole year round retain a large supply of water under the surface of the quicksand, having also vegetation along their banks, become thus the highroads of communication between the coast and the interior.

There can scarcely be a doubt that this barren coast-girdle gradually increases in breadth and encroaches gradually upon the more fertile parts of the country, which in time will become as barren as the coast-land now is, unless an unforeseen atmospheric change takes place. Those parts where I repeatedly crossed the desert-girdle bear evidence of a richer vegetation in former days, and where, at present, no, or very little, rain falls, we meet with the courses of former streams and rivulets. Also in the bed of the Zwachaub the action of the water on the rocks of the river side is visible, which could never have been caused by the occasional floods of rainwater, but alone by the action of continuous streams. I am convinced that the rivers of this country were formerly not periodical but permanent streams.

The chief reason why the country along the coast has become a desert—extending very slowly, but surely, in width—is, no doubt, the gradual decrease of rain, which may be partly accounted for by the decrease of standing water in the interior, of which Lake Ngami is but a poor remnant. The plains between Herero and Ovambo-land also bear ample proof that they were once, to a very great extent, covered by water. Whether the drainage of these large water reservoirs was caused by volcanic, or any other action, I leave to geologists to decide.

From the Atlantic Ocean scarcely any moisture, which could cause the formation of clouds, comes into the country ; what does come is probably from the Indian Ocean, that is, as much as the mountains and highlands skirting the eastern coast permit to pass.

* The reason why the periodical rivers in Herero (Damaraland) bear Namaqua, and not Herero names, is this, that the Hereros (Damaras) give only names to permanent streams and to the so-called Omiramba. The different watering places along the beds of periodical rivers have their respective Herero names but not the river course itself.

That, however, is not enough to replace what is evaporated by the heat. Invariably the clouds arise from the east. The S.E. trade winds sweep along the western shores, and prevent the vapours of the Atlantic from entering the adjacent lands, while south of the Orange River, the western parts of the Colony get their supply of rain by the prevailing west winds.

I was pleased to witness the progress made by the Bergdamaras in every respect. A good many were decently clad, most of whom had embraced Christianity, or were catechumens. The school was well attended. I counted seventy children, but many were out in the field seeking "veldkost," namely, wild roots, honey, here and there a bird, and even mice are not despised; in fact, the Bergdamaras consider them a delicacy. And why should they not be so?

The very fertile banks of the river, which has here in its bed a strong spring, with a little stream of water running about a mile or more, I found extensively cultivated by the Bergdamaras and a few Namaquas. They grow chiefly, but not exclusively, tobacco and calabashes, which they barter for cows, sheep, and goats. The wheat, which some had sown in the bed of the river, stood remarkably fine, and gave promise of a good harvest. Altogether, I was much pleased with the progress of the poor Bergdamaras at this station. Their only complaint was the want of agricultural implements. Mr. D. Cloete's two ploughs and half-a-dozen of spades had to do an immense amount of work. The Bergdamaras were very anxious to get more implements of their own, for which they would gladly pay, if they could only do their work more efficiently. These same people were but a few years ago either slaves of the Namaquas, or savages, and have so far, by means of the mission-work, been reclaimed. But how many are there who have still to be brought under the same influence!

It struck me very agreeably that these poor people did not beg anything of me, but, on the contrary, brought me little presents in token of their gratitude at having found a place of refuge. On Namaqua, and also, I am sorry to say, on Herero werfts, excepting those on which the Gospel has become a power, travellers, and even the missionaries, are often pestered by the begging of the people.

Here I may mention that the great aim of the Bergdamaras in general is to possess themselves of fire-arms. As soon as one has sufficient cattle, he buys a gun. At present they use their weapons only for hunting purposes, but I have no doubt that one day they will turn them to another account, when they feel themselves strong enough to struggle for their share of liberty, which has so long been withheld from them by Namaquas and Hereros (Damaras). So long, however, as they are scattered, as at present, over an immense tract of country, chiefly among the Namaquas, but also between the Hereros, there is not much hope of success for them, even if they are so numerous as they are supposed to be. In respect of deter-

mination and courage I consider them to be far superior to both the Namaquas and Hereros.

From what I have seen and heard of the Bergdamaras I am inclined to think that they cannot be less than about thirty thousand in number. The Hereros including the Ovambanderu, and the Ovatyimba, but not including the Ovangova, I take to be between sixty and eighty thousand; and those in the north, who but lately lived in the Kaoko, but in consequence of the repeated raids of their southern brethren and Rehoboth Namaquas as well as Ovambo, were compelled to take refuge on the northern bank of the Cunene River, cannot be less in number, if the information I have gathered is correct. Great Namaqualand is inhabited by Namaquas, Oorlams—that is, Hottentot tribes which immigrated in later years from the Colony—Topnaars or Aunin, Bushmen and Bastards, besides Bergdamaras. The four old Namaqua tribes can scarcely number more than 15,000, and the five Oorlam tribes 6,000, Topnaars (Aunin) and Bushmen are certainly not more than 3,000 strong, and the Bastards may be all in all 1,000, which would give for Great Namaqualand a population of 24,000 to 25,000 souls, the Bergdamaras not included. Were the latter to make a decided stand they might after all possess themselves of the mountainous country between the Zwachaub and Kuisib Rivers, where great numbers of them already live, and fight successfully for their liberty. Whatever may take place I wish them a better lot than theirs has been up to this time.

After a hearty leave-taking on the 22nd of September, I turned my face towards the East. Brandberg, called by the Hereros Omukuruvazu, appears to be a mountain of considerable height and is plainly visible from Okombahe, from whence it lies nearly due west, not north from Erongo as it has been wrongly placed in chart No. 45 of Stieler's Hand Atlas. If I can trust my eye, Brandberg cannot be more than ten German or forty English miles from Okombahe in a direct line. It is said that from that mountain one can hear the roaring of the sea, which, however, appears to me improbable. I suppose Brandberg to be identical with Mount Messum, which is seen on some sea charts.

Above Okombahe the valley of the Omaruru River widens considerably, and is covered with a fine forest in which we drove for about an hour. It was very lovely. The earth was everywhere carpeted by a succulent plant of all possible shades, from the freshest green to sulphur and orange colour, and between arose groups of rocks partly covered by ivy-like creepers. The stately Ahna Acacia with its thick, dark-green foliage and brown red pods is here very abundant. The stems of these trees often reach a diameter of from three to six feet and even more, but the tree has not its own peculiar shape as is the case with the oak, the poplar, the willow, &c. Here they shoot up tall and slender, and remind one of the birch; and there, again, they have a dome-shaped crown, and their widely-spread under-branches touch the ground.

This tree is only to be met with, as far as I am aware, on the banks of the rivers in the south-west part of Hereroland. I do not remember to have met with them beyond Windhoek and Omaruru. Possibly they may be found in the Kaoko. The pods are excellent food for oxen, small cattle, and horses. At the season when they drop, the ground under the trees is literally covered with them.

The camel-thorn tree, correctly speaking, the Giraffe-Acacia, called by the Hereros, Omumbonde or *par excellence*, Omuhivirikoa—*i.e.*, the praiseworthy—approaches in appearance nearest to the oak. Its growth represents vigour, and the gnarly, all symmetry-defying branches, have a daring look. The bark is dark-coloured and rough, and at this season of the year contrasts strangely with the soft green of the foliage and the innumerable golden yellow blossoms. The wood of this tree is of a dark-red-brown colour, and when dry nearly as hard as iron, defying the best American axe. It is characteristic that the Hereros have conferred upon this tree the prize of beauty, thus showing that they possess poetical feeling and a correct appreciation of the beautiful.

I was particularly struck, among the fine groups of trees, with the Omumborombonga, or, as it is also called, Tate mukururume (grandfather or first parent). With its peculiarly powerful form, its scanty grey-green foliage and silver-white deeply-furrowed bark, it looks so antediluvian as if it had nothing to do with the present generation. It stands unique among all the others. Native tradition reveres in this tree the first parent of all living beings, and formerly sacrifices were offered to certain noted ones of the kind, and the Hereros when approaching the same, called out at a considerable distance: "U zera, Tate mukururume!"—"Thou art holy, forefather!"

We saw no Sycamores, or wild fig-trees, said to grow plentifully in this region. So luxuriantly as the trees flourish in the low river valleys, so, on the contrary, are they stunted and poor when not in such vicinities. If one surveys the country from a height the windings of the periodical rivers marked by the fresh green of the trees on their banks appear, although no water is to be seen in their beds, like veins of life coursing through the brown and dreary-looking country around, for only during the rainy season are the hills and plains also clad in lively colours.

Although the Omaruru River (by the Namaquas termed Eisib) is smaller than the Zwachaub, it contains more water, and there are many places along its banks where gardens can be made; wheat, however, does not grow here so well as in the river-bed of the Zwachaub. A few hours below Omaruru or Okozondye, as this place is called by some (although its well known, and in this country generally adopted, name is Omaruru, and is likely to remain so), the river passes close to the northern heights of the Erongo mountains, and along its course there are many Rehoboth Namaqua kraals. The distance in a straight line from Okombahe (Giraffe place) to Omaruru (bitter waters) or Okozondye (scorpion place) is, accord-

i
ng to my idea, not more than eight German or thirty-two English miles.

Of late the principal branch of industry here is ostrich hunting, but it is not beneficial for the general welfare of the people that ostrich feathers fetch such enormous prices. Everybody thinks only of hunting and bartering, and as even the worst feathers are sold very dear, ostriches are killed indiscriminately, and even the female birds are shot on their nests. In the course of three or four years not an ostrich will be seen anywhere, and even if that should not be the case the ever-changing fashions will not care more for the article, and what then? For many it will prove ruinous, and not only for the trading establishments, whose enormous outlays can only be covered by the very great profits they must realize. This business has not a substantial foundation. As soon as this one article is no longer sought for or cannot be got, they have nothing else to turn to, and all the great dealings will cease. But the trade in feathers is in itself unsound and has a demoralising effect upon the people. It is a species of gambling, not work, and the natives, particularly the Namaquas, become lazier instead of more diligent in consequence. Hunting is no work for them, but rather sport or pleasure, and when people remain for months in the hunting-field they demoralize, and are estranged from their families, social habits, and religious duties.

In my congregation, which it is my duty to educate, I insist upon it that the people must maintain themselves by their handiwork and cultivate domestic habits, but some do not like this.

Here the diamond and gold fever do not exist, but the feather fever does, and this epidemic is infectious. One requires a certain amount of self-control, to see that a handful of feathers will buy a great many articles necessary and unnecessary, and then to remain firm and resist the temptation to hunt and obtain them.

(*To be continued*).

Reminiscences of the Kafir War of 1834.*

(Continued.)

From the Debe the troops and burghers started for the mountains at the sources of the Buffalo River, where it was known a great number of cattle were kept. After a short day's march we reached the river just where it issues from the forest that clothes nearly the whole of the mountains in that neighbourhood with the finest woodland scenery that is to be met with in South Africa. Along the crests of the mountains the rocks, in some spots stand towering

* Continued from the January No. of the *Cape Monthly*.

above the magnificent yellow-wood trees of the forest; while intermixed with this grand combination of forest and lofty crags that seemed to frown defiance on all below them, were beautiful open glades of the brightest green imaginable. These glades were covered with herds of cattle, and amongst them we could see with our glasses the Kafirs in their red karosses walking quietly about.

The valley of the Buffalo where the troops encamped was at this time a splendid sight, the whole being one continuous field of Kafir corn, almost ready for harvesting; and though the Kafirs deserved all the punishment they got from us and a great deal more, I could not help feeling sad on seeing the horsemen riding through the fields, and the wagons and oxen and other cattle crushing down all before them. In a very short time after the arrival of the troops and wagons, all the corn near the camp was trodden under foot and destroyed. There can be little doubt that many of the Kafir women who in those days did all the planting, must have felt anything but pleased with their lords and masters, for being the cause of bringing such a host into the country to destroy the fruits of their labours.

The same evening, orders were given for all to hold themselves in readiness for a general attack upon this formidable Kafir stronghold at an early hour on the following morning. Ammunition was served out to all who wanted it, and the field-guns got ready, though of little use in this forest country. Strong guards were posted all about, for none of us knew who was to be the attacking party. The Kafir war-cry had already been passed from one to the other on our arrival, and had been echoing among the rocks and glens of the forest, so that we could only guess that there was more than ordinary excitement among those to whom we had come to pay no friendly visit. Fires both in camp and on the mountains were all extinguished before the darkness set in, lest they should afford a guiding ray for an attacking party or stray shot. No sound of "All's well" was uttered, and everything about the camp was as silent as the grave, and remained so until morning, when all those who were under orders to march prepared to ascend the mountains.

The Corps of Guides were divided, so that a portion of them could lead the way for each division, moving up the mountains in different directions, to prevent, if possible, the escape of the cattle and Kafirs. One division went up the river a short distance and then entered the forest and began the ascent from the left bank of the river. Another division, under Colonel Smith, went up the mountain with the intention of getting behind the Kafirs and cattle on the north-eastern side.

About daylight we found ourselves on an elevated plateau, from whence we could see the back part of the greater portion of the ridge; and here if there were not "cattle enough to pay all the settlers' losses" there were some thousands in sight, and Kafirs by hundreds on all sides of them, looking in their red clay or war paint as though they were not going to give them up without a struggle.

Colonel Smith divided his force, sending the largest portion of the men through the bush in the direction of the Kafirs and cattle, the Colonel taking a company of the 72nd Highlanders, his own Cape Corps Escort, and some of the Corps of Guides to attack the Kafirs, who were stationed on the eastern end of the ridge, so as to guard the cattle on that side. As we drew near this almost inaccessible rock (now known as Murray's rock), the Colonel's escort came dashing up and took the lead, and entered by the path that led upward through the bush in the direction of the rocky fortress. They had hardly gone into the bush, when they came rushing back in the greatest state of alarm imaginable, almost running over us in their fright. On being asked what had frightened them (no one had fired a shot), they said, "The Kafirs have guns—we saw them." "Well," said Driver (one of the guides), "what if they have, have you not guns also; and why should you be afraid of one?" They were in a great state of alarm, and took no heed of what was said, and ran back towards where they had left the Colonel, and we saw no more of them, save the corporal who stayed with us and said, "Where we went he would go." We persuaded him to go and join his comrades, and took the footpath leading up to the rocks, keeping a bright look out for Kafirs as we moved along in almost single file, Driver taking the lead, and the rest of us following close behind him. On reaching the foot of the rocks the path was so narrow it was not possible to get along, and why the Kafirs did not fire upon us at this spot I never can understand, as they must have been able to see us as we came up the path. Driver, who was still in front, just gave a look round the corner of the rock when an assegai passed within an inch of his nose; he drew back a few inches, and then put his gun round the rock and fired it, when such a yell arose as I had never heard before or since, though I have been in all sorts of fights. For a moment we thought a rush was going to be made upon us; but knowing they could only come down the narrow way in single file as we had gone up, every gun was levelled up the pass that could be made to bear upon it. The Kafirs, however, knew well there was no safety in entering this path, so did not show themselves, and the consequence was we were within half a dozen yards of some hundreds of them and could not see one, nor they us. It was fortunate for us they had no heavy stones to throw over upon us, at the same time we were not so easily hurt, as the rock sheltered us somewhat from anything they might try to throw. Some iron pots were thrown over the rooks at us; luckily they were not bomb-shells, or we should have been cleared out. They also threw their assegais up in the air, and these when they turned came point downwards among us, but were easily avoided, and did no harm. In one spot on the top of the rock above, a bush hung over. Through this I saw the barrel of a gun being pointed, which I showed to brother William, who was a little better situated to watch the spot than I, and he kept his gun aimed at the spot where he knew the fellow's head must come before he

could see to shoot, and the moment enough of his head came in sight he fired and killed him, and the Kafir fell with his head projecting over the rock and the blood streaming down the face of it. No more tried to get a shot at us over the rock after that.

Just about this time, some assegais were thrown and passed close to our heads, one of them sticking fast in the ground beyond Walter Currie, when, boy-like (he was quite a youth then), he took a fancy to it, and was just stooping to pull it out of the ground, when I laid hold of him by the arm pulled him back toward the sheltering rock, when at the same moment almost, another one came down that would have pinned him to the earth had he not been saved by the pull I gave him. He got a short lecture on the spot for being so foolish, but he remained the same thoughtless, daring character in times of danger ever after, and his indomitable pluck carried all before him in many an after-scene of his eventful life.

We sent down a messenger to the Colonel to say there was no possibility of getting up to dislodge the Kafirs. He at once sent word back to say "We must go up; it was always his plan to take the bull by the horns, and the thing must be done." We being civilians did not obey the orders of the commanding officer, or we might have all left our bones on the rock to show the Kafirs we were bigger fools than they were. Shortly after this Captain Murray came up with a company of 72nd Highlanders, when Driver said, "Bowker, let those 72nd chaps come up and take 'the bull by the horns!' They are paid for it, and we are not." As soon as Captain Murray came up we at once showed him how matters stood, and the danger of trying to go through the opening between the rocks. We told him he and his men would be all killed if they attempted it, without being able to damage the Kafirs in return. He at once saw the difficulty and then went up the narrow opening, but not quite so far as Driver went, and encouraged the men to do the same, and some of them went up the path very near the top and fired away at a great rate. The Kafirs threw assegais at them, wounding one man very severely and Captain Murray slightly in the shoulder, but there was no getting up the rock except to die. At last some of the guides thought about seeking for another way up on the other side of the rock, so we went below the rock and got round on the other side. Here some Kafirs were seen and one killed, and we were proceeding on when the recall bugle was blown by the Colonel's bugler, Murray having sent word also that it was impossible for any one to get out alive to the top of the rock. I believe just about this time the Kafirs finding we were going round beyond them, all ran away on hearing our shots. Ten Kafirs were found on the top of the rock killed. One of them must have been killed by Driver with the first shot, as he lay just where Driver fired, with his skull shattered to pieces, and Driver's was a big gun shooting about a four-ounce ball, which he had used for elephant shooting. The most of the Kafirs were shot through the head, showing that it

was only when looking up to get a chance of killing us that they got killed themselves. The Kafirs to this day cannot understand how none of us were killed, and say we must have taken something that made their assegais and bullets turn aside. There was a good deal of fighting performed by the other parties, but of course I was not there to see, and they took the greater part of the cattle while we were trying "to take the bull by the horns" at Murray's rock. A large number of cattle were taken though no great number of the enemy were killed; they were too well covered, and therefore they were not easily seen, and there was little chance of getting a good shot at them. After the cattle were all brought down to the camp the Colonel said he thought there must be about six thousand. This we doubted, as we were more accustomed to see herds of cattle than people fresh from England. My brother and myself had the honour of being appointed officers of the watch to guard the cattle during the night. This we did effectually, as we had any number of men we required round them. The next morning we got an order to count them, which we did, and there were about three thousand and thirty head, and many fine fat oxen among them On reporting the number of cattle to Colonel Smith we got a volley from his choice vocabulary, and he told us "it was little use him fighting all day at the risk of his own and our lives for cattle if we let them all run away in the night." This was all the thanks we got for being up all night after "fighting all day at the risk of our lives," as we had been told. The Colonel knew well there was none lost though he stormed about it, and we could see both Sir Benjamin D'Urban and he were very well satisfied with the day's work. The cattle were soon after sent off with a strong escort or guard, but I believe the greater portion of them never reached the Colony.

The next move was over the Kei River, to get cattle from the chief Hintza, who was understood to be the prime mover in the war. This took some days as we could only travel at wagon pace, having a long train of baggage wagons. On the opposite side of the Kei were a great many Kafirs, and we thought they intended disputing the passing of the river, but this was no part of Hintza's plan to show a fair fight for either country or cattle, it being the Kafir's great game at all times to overreach or deceive. I have heard and read a great deal about the "noble Kafir," but I have never yet seen anything noble about any of them. From the time we crossed the Kei and entered the country of the Kafir chief Hintza, everything was done that the Kafirs could devise to mislead the Governor and those about him Among others we had in the camp as interpreter with a few of his friends, that greatest of all vagabonds the traitor "Hermanus," who afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes at Fort Beaufort where he was shot by one of his own countrymen in attempting to take the town. Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Colonel Smith seemed to have unbounded confidence in this rascally Kafir, who I am sure took every opportunity he could, with safety to himself, to

betray all the plans of Sir Benjamin D'Urban and all the movements of the troops to the Kafirs. We, who had no faith in the fellow, used to miss at times one or other of his followers, who would leave the camp at night to give information of what was going on or being done; they were spies and made everything known to the enemy, though neither Sir Benjamin nor Colonel Smith could see it. So thoroughly did Hermanus impose upon both of them, that he was rewarded for his services by being allowed after the war to live in the Kat River, where, contrary to the terms on which he was allowed to go there, he collected so many followers about him that they were the terror of all that part of the country, and at last joined in the rebellion and he was killed, as before stated, in the attack upon Fort Beaufort.

Instead of having to fight the Kafirs over the Kei, it was all "peace and friendship." The few cattle that had been taken were to be given back and eternal friendship was to be the order of the day. From the Kei the troops moved on to the mission station of Butterworth, where we had the honour of a visit from the great chief Hintza; and a more villainous-looking savage I never saw before or since. He was a large, well-built man with a face like a gorilla, or something worse, the face and underjaw being strangely elongated, which gave him a most repulsive look. I may be accused of painting this savage chieftain worse then he really looked; if so I should be sorry for it. It is now forty-two years ago, and I have seen many men since then, but have seen none like Hintza. He still remains pictured on my memory as the most ferocious-looking savage I have ever seen.

I was saying he paid us a visit at the camp at Butterworth, and our friend Hermanus was the interpreter, and Hintza made great promises to send to the camp any number of cattle the Governor might require, if he would only give him (Hintza) a little time to collect them, as when the troops crossed the Kei the people were frightened and had driven the cattle far away. So time was allowed for the collection of the cattle, and there was to be peace, and the troops would remain at Butterworth, and the cattle would be sent at the time appointed. We, who knew this was a fine piece of Kafir deceit, never expected to see any cattle given up, so we were not disappointed So it was peace, and Hintza left to see about sending the cattle. He had only left a day or so when word was brought us that an unfortunate person of the name of Armstrong was murdered by Hintza's people, and mutilated in a shocking manner. Armstrong's remains were buried, and we waited, I cannot say patiently, for the cattle; and just about the time when they should have been forthcoming, some seven or eight head of the most ill-favoured kine we had yet seen were brought into camp, and the rest "were coming," only it was a very difficult matter (said Hermanus) to collect so many cattle; and the Governor must be contented to wait a little longer. So the men that brought the cattle departed,

with what sort of a message from Hermanus we none of us could guess. After waiting some days beyond the time for the delivery of the cattle and none coming, the Governor determined on going to take the cattle himself, so the next day we (the horsemen) made an early start, and in the afternoon came in sight of a considerable number of cattle and Kafirs, that were being driven at a great rate away from us. By dint of hard riding many of these cattle, about six hundred, were overtaken and a few of the Kafirs who were driving them were shot. These cattle were in splendid condition, and were taken back to where the other troops were encamped, and there was no lack of fat beef. Our party killed one of the fattest cows I ever saw, and better beef I never ate, and some we supplied for the Colonel's supper. The following day we moved on to the Izola, where we took more cattle, and afterwards a strong division went to the T'somo and there took several thousand more. Of course this news was brought to Hintza, and the following day he came again to the camp to see what could be done by a little palavering; but this time he rather reckoned without his host, for some Fingoes had come in and said they were tired of living among the Kafirs, who ill-treated them in so many ways that they wished the Governor to take them out from among the Kafirs and let them live in the Colony or somewhere near it. When Hintza came to the camp this matter of the Fingoes was talked about, and, Hintza seeing he could not prevent them, agreed to let the Fingoes go, though at the same time he must have sent word to his people to murder them and seize their cattle.

His Excellency said he wished Hintza to stay in the camp a few days to make arrangements concerning the Fingoes and the delivery of the cattle he had promised to give up when at Butterworth. So the chief, though much against his will, stayed in the camp, and a tent and provisions were served out to him and his followers; and though not exactly under guard, he was taken care of by a party of the 72nd, who did the honours to the chief by mounting sentries about his tent.

The day following, the Governor decided upon returning to the Colony, as the expense of keeping the troops in Kafirland was very considerable. The cattle taken (about eight thousand) were given over to Colonel Somerset's division, and we began our march back again in anything but a good humour, for when we had really come on the thick of the cattle and we expected to be able to spoil the spoilers and get our cattle or others in their place back again, we found that all such dreams were to be given up, and that what we had taken and Hintza's promises were all we were likely to get. On the road to the "Indabakaz," where we camped, some Fingoes came and told the Governor that Hintza's people were killing all the Fingoes, and that Hintza himself had given the order. This duplicity on the part of Hintza so enraged Sir Benjamin that he declared he would hang him on the yellow-wood trees just alongside of us, and I

believe the old gentleman would have done so, for he was thoroughly vexed and in earnest, had not Colonel Smith persuaded him not to do it, and so Hintza escaped what he richly deserved. Sir Benjamin, however, told him he must now consider himself a prisoner, and that he would keep him as a security for the safety of the Fingoes, telling him to send some of his followers at once to prevent the Fingoes being killed, and that if he heard of any more of the Fingoes being killed that he should be hanged. This had the desired effect, and saved the Fingoes, for the Kafirs who started with this order could see plainly that the Governor was in earnest, and meant what he had said.

That afternoon some three or four hundred of Hintza's Kafirs all armed, came to the camp and established themselves at the edge of the bush in the kloof where the camp was pitched for the night. Not caring to have such a lot of ugly customers about us we represented the matter to Colonel Smith, who immediately gave orders to have them all disarmed. This was done at once, and there were assegais enough collected to load a good-sized cart.

From this place we started, after the rain was over, and the Governor gave Hintza to our charge during the day as he knew we would take good care of him; and at night he was kept in safety by a guard of the 72nd. We often thought on the march he was looking out for a chance to run away, for he was, like ourselves, mounted, and on a much better-looking horse than any of ours. If he did wish to run away he knew better than to do so, and the chances of escape were not worth running The Governor, who had still some faith in Hintza's promises, thought he would now give up the cattle if it were only to secure his own liberty. Sir Benjamin knew little of Kafir character, or he would never have expected anything of the kind, for Hintza's tribe would not have given a hundred head of cattle to save him from being hanged. Kafirs will give their last cow for a wife, but whoever heard of them giving cattle to save a chief? The Governor, hoping that the cattle might still come, moved slowly on towards the Kei River. His Excellency, however, was doomed to be disappointed, for nothing turned up but a sort of brother of Hintza's, who was also told to consider himself a prisoner until the cattle came in; and Colonel Smith gave him into our charge as a namesake—he rejoiced in the name of Boko. On arriving at the drift on the Kei, the cattle under Somerset's charge were all driven over and the Fingoes with their cattle also, and when old Hintza saw them all being driven up the hills on the opposite side of the river he put his hand to his month (Kafir mode of expressing surprise) and exclaimed "There goes all the cattle! How many more do they want?" The Governor finding there was no great chance of getting cattle, took formal possession of the whole country in the name of His Majesty the King, William the Fourth. Hintza was then told that as he had not fulfilled his promise he would be taken a prisoner to the Colony until such time as he thought

proper to give up the cattle. Against this he strongly objected, saying he would never be taken over the Kei, and that the Governor had no right to take him over. He was taken across and that night we encamped at a place since known as Warden's Post Here the wily old chief again made the most solemn promises to give up the cattle, only he must be allowed to go back to see about getting them. The Governor who still had an idea that a great Kafir chief's promises were not so utterly worthless as they proved to be, sent Colonel Smith with a strong division of the force back again with Hintza to get the cattle. The result of this movement is already known to the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine;* and as the Bathurst portion of the Corps of Guides did not form part of the division that went back over the Kei, we saw no more of the great chief, except his two ears which one of the Corps brought back with him, salted and rolled up in a handkerchief. The following day the whole force moved off from Warden's Post towards the Colony, and a few days afterwards arrived at Brownlee's mission station on the Buffalo River. This was fixed upon as a Military Post, and the place was called King William's Town by the Governor. Our namesake Boko was soon after this sent with an escort to Graham's Town, where we arrived in due time, and lodged him safely in the prison at that place. There he enjoyed a quiet berth and rations at Government expense; and some time afterwards he was allowed—although no more cattle were ever given up—to return home again. Hintza never returned. His son Kreli reigned in his stead.

R. M. B.

Night.

I am weary,—weary waiting,
Waiting for the day to come
When I shall with earth have parted
And have reached my heavenly home;
Where no sorrow e'er shall enter;
Where no death can ever slay:
Where no change or disappointment,
Can disturb the brightest day.

Here is nought but care and sadness;
Friends are parted—Death will come,
Cutting down earth's loveliest flow'rs
With his sickle keen and strong;

Clouds will gather thickly round us,
And the sky obscured from view ;
We forget amid the darkness,
That the vault o'erhead is blue.

When the wild winds howl around us,
And the lightning flashes glare,
We forget the days of gladness
When the world looked bright and fair.
Like the tempest-tossing ocean,
Is the life through which we glide ;
Ours a frail and tiny vessel,
Guided on by helm and tide,
Sailing onward towards a haven
Where no clouds of thunder roll,
Where no lightning's fierce temptation
Can assault the wearied soul.
Well we know the waves of sorrow
Crash o'er reef, and roll o'er sand,
Overwhelming many a mortal
On Sin's dark and dreary land.

Let the wild winds drive us onward,
Let the mad waves crash and roar,
We will gladly brave the billow,
That will take us to the shore,
Where our Heavenly Father waiteth,
By our loving Saviour's side,
Who, that we might be forgiven,
Suffered on this earth, and died,—
Died a death of pain ,—and sadness
Was His only portion here,
That in glory and in gladness
We with Him His joys might share.
Great and merciful Redeemer,
Guide us safely o'er life's sea,
Till we reach the longed-for haven
Evermore to dwell with Thee.

NONA.

South African Ghost Stories.

Do you believe in Ghosts? How common the question; how difficult the answer. I have thought a great deal about the matter, and have come to the conclusion that I do believe in ghosts,—that is, in the possibility of disembodied spirits becoming visible to, and holding communication with, mortals, for the purpose of accomplishing some definite useful purpose not otherwise attainable. But if I were asked my candid opinion regarding ghosts, in the general and popular acceptation of the term, I should be forced to acknowledge that I have never held a very high estimation of their conduct or qualifications. They always have appeared to me a nonsensical sort of people, whose sole amusement and life purpose consists in terrifying little children, elderly and bed-ridden females, and weak-minded he-people, frightening them out of their little all of wit. These ghosts generally have an unpleasant habit of flitting about in damp, gloomy, unhealthy situations on cold, frosty nights, dressed (if such a term can be properly applied to the unsubstantial) in the lightest of summer garments. They have also an insane, if not idiotic, habit of knocking three times at your bedroom door or ceiling,—always three times, as if three were a sort of magic number, and with no ostensible object, unless that of keeping you awake; which, to say the least, is very disagreeable of them. If they would only come out in broad daylight and enjoy themselves in a rational kind of way, no one would object to them; and even the most timid elderly spinster would not mind half-an-hour's friendly gossip with a ghost, comfortably sunning himself on a tombstone at midday. I have noticed, however, that ghosts rarely appear on stormy boisterous nights, when slates and chimney-pots are falling about one's ears. Perhaps their flimsy habiliments get blown about too much, and their old dry bones might be subject to rheumatic attacks; or the spiteful creatures may think the real terrors of such a night are quite sufficient, and therefore take a holiday, so to speak. It is chiefly on cold, frosty, starlight, quiet nights that they love to revel; when the faintest pit-pat of a ghostly footfall as it tramps up the stairs to give the customary three knocks at your door, sounds with awful distinctness, causing the victim to cover up her head with the blanket; then comes the much-dreaded tap, tap, tap,—bed creaks—victim perspires, and finally takes advantage of a real or assumed spasm in the side, and shouts lustily to the occupant of the next room, who growlingly asks "What's the matter," and brings in a candle and the essence of ginger to her infinite relief.

Every country has its ghost stories, and South Africa is no exception to the rule. One thing, however, has struck me as peculiar (and I suppose this will hold good in any country), it is a very rare thing indeed to meet with anyone who has had personal experience of a ghostly visit; and as I happen to be one of the *raræ*

aves, I have come forward to relate my experience, in hopes I may induce others to do likewise. I shall, however, first tell you Old Brander's story.

Seated one moonlight night on the "voorkist" of a wagon, which is, by the way, about the most enjoyable mode of night travelling, provided always there are the necessary adjuncts of a pipe of golden-leaf, and a jolly companion, or as in my case a communicative Tottie driver—but I never know where to stop if I begin a digression.

Well, it was a glorious, warm, summer night. Old Brander had just struck a light with his tinder-box, scorning the match I offered him, which he called "Engelsche vuur," and had taken two or three pulls at a very highly-flavoured wooden pipe, swallowing all the smoke, which he presently allowed to reappear in two continuous streams from his nostrils. After enjoying this luxury in silence for a short time, and after I had nearly suffocated myself in an ineffectual attempt to imitate him, much to his amusement, he suddenly turned to me, and said—

"Mijn lieve baasie" (I was young then) "het jy oit en spookwa' op lyf geloop?"

I said, "No, have you?"

"Neen; maar mijn oom Piet het eenmaal en spookwa' gehoor—och det was lelijk en dit was naar; die arme ou mensch was mors dood vlouw; ons hoor en geklater en geschrewerij, maar toen hij bij de huis kom ontzien hij geen baas of geen nooi, maar hij loop dat het zoo kraak dwars deur die voorhuis tot dat hij plat op zijn pens val, regt voor die ou nooi zijn taveltjie. Toen Oom Piet effentjes bij kom het die baas met eens en bucho-soupie klaar, en hij zeg, 'Piet, drink, dat zal jou goed doen;' die ou praat geen woord, maar hij vat die kelkie, en eer en mensch kan drie zeg, was die soupie binne."

Here Brander stopped, and hinted that it was some hours since the black bottle, in the side bag just behind us, had been made use of. I told him it was only about half-an-hour, but made him happy by giving him what he called "en montjie vol," so, wiping his mouth with his jacket sleeve, he replaced in his cheek the "pruimpie" which had previously been ejected into the crown of his hat, and proceeded as follows:—

"Die baas zeg toe, 'Piet, wat is det?' maar mijn Oom schut zijn kop, en hij hou zijn hand uit, net of hij wel zeg, 'help mij tog mij baas met nog en kleintjie.' Die baas verstaan hom zommar, en hij skink die ou zoo en maatige dop, dat oom Piet zijn tong met eens en verlossing krijg, en hij vertel ons hoe det alles geburen had. Die ou nooi het oom Piet gestuur om en emmer water te haalen, en toen die ou bij die rivier kom, was daar en gedruis, en tekens in die krantz, nets of die duivel los was; daar was en geseltschap, gevloek, en sweepslaanerei; mensch zou zeg dat en wa' en span ossen die krantz uit klim—geen wa' mit lievendige ossen kon daar uit gaan. Oom Piet kon nie langer hou nie; hij goi sommar die

emmer weg, hij slaat zijn hand op zijn hoed, en hij loop dat die stof zo staan; die emmer zal ons tot nog toe zien; of die spook wa' daar mie weg gerei het, wiet ik nie, maar mijn lieve baasie, wat ik jou vertel is die grondige waarheid." And so say we all.

I must now tell you something that happened to a gentleman of my acquaintance some twenty-five years ago. You need not get impatient, reader; I am coming to my personal experiences presently.

It was a very dark, misty, rainy night, when Mr. N——, who was travelling from Graaff-Reinet to Somerset East, determined to stop for the night at the Milk River, on the bank of which stood a deserted house. I have often seen the old ruin, for though in good preservation at the time of Mr. N——'s visit, it was never afterwards inhabited, probably because the bank of the river formed a steep cliff just there, and was constantly giving way, so that the building would have been very unsafe to live in, particularly during floods. I might also mention, and the reader will please bear this in mind, that, at the time of my first visit there was an open grave on the side of the cliff, very close to the old ruin; the scull and several of the bones could clearly be made out, though much decayed. About two feet above these mortal remains was a mound of stones, and the surface of the ground was about six feet above the mound, which indicated a considerable alluvial deposit since the time of the interment, and the grave was probably very ancient. I must pull up or I shall presently find myself entangled in some geological mesh; but the reader must not forget that the grave was there at the time of Mr. N——'s visit, though unknown to him.

As I remarked before, it was a wet night, and Mr N—— determined to take shelter in the house, which consisted of only two rooms. So leading in his horse he fastened him to the door-post, and striking a light with his tinder-box—he had no matches—he could just manage, by blowing up the sparks, to obtain sufficient light to examine the floors of both the rooms. Having thus ascertained that he and his horse were the only occupants, Mr. N—— at once proceeded to compose himself to rest, with "his martial cloak around him," and his saddle for a pillow, as is the wont of travelling Africanders. There was, however, to be little rest for Mr. N—— that night, for he had scarcely placed his head on his improvised pillow when a large wolf looked in upon him with a pleasant neighbourly grin of welcome. As the horse became very restive, and there was no means of closing the door, he had to go out and throw stones at his visitor, who scampered off with a loud "wa-hoo," by way of a friendly good-night. Mr. N—— now lit his pipe and kept watch for about half-an-hour, and as the wolf did not return he again tried to get some sleep, but no sooner did his head touch the saddle than there was no end of a row in the next room, in short a regular Hottentot dance,—"Valsche River," "Kroude Trap," and "Schildpad Trap," were the order of the night. Mr. N——was now fairly startled, and jumping up he again struck a light with his tinder-box, and

examined both rooms as well as he could. As soon as he got up the dancing ceased, and the rooms were perfectly empty. He also went round the building outside, but could see nothing. He now began to think that he must have been dreaming, so he again lit his pipe and tried to make himself comfortable on his saddle pillow; but the dancing re-commenced, fast and furious. Mr. N—— could hear talking and laughing either in the next room or just outside. He now began to feel somewhat nervous, and putting his saddle on the horse, rode forth into the night. This account is substantially true. I hope the reader has not forgotten the open grave, quite close to the house on the bank of the river.

Now for a personal adventure. Some twenty-seven years ago —heigh ho! how the time does fly, to be sure—I formed one of a nocturnal hunting-party, consisting of my brother, myself, a brace of Totties, and a pack of some ten or a dozen powerful curs. We started with intent seriously inimical to the health of porcupines and other night vermin. Our good intentions were but indifferently carried out, if I recollect aright. However, a couple of ratels gave us capital sport for some time, and finally remained masters of the field. Our dogs were fresh, and both ratels were soon stretched out to the full extent of their tough hides, apparently showing no fight at all, but contenting themselves with emitting a most villainous musky odour, which made even the dogs cough. It was a very dry, hot night, too, and for a time nothing was noticeable but a cloud of dust, as the dogs tugged and shook their victims as if they were dusting a couple of carriage rugs; the ratels quietly bided their time. As the dogs, one by one began to knock up and let go, the ratels began to bite and hold on, then commenced the real fight, the dogs returned again and again to the charge, only again to be repulsed. Our sticks were of no use whatever, as we could not distinguish friend from foe. The ratels now began to cheer each other with a lively Tcharr! Tcharr! and the dogs barked and bit till they could bark and bite no more. The battle was won. The ratels sounded the charge. It was like Wellington at Waterloo, metaphorically speaking; they waved their hats, and shouted "Up, guards, and at them," and both us and dogs were driven ignominiously from the field. We retreated to the bed of the river to rest the dogs, and consider the situation, and came to the very natural conclusion that notwithstanding the advantage of considerable odds in our favour, we were thoroughly well licked, and decided to go home, a good resolution that was promptly carried out; indeed, far more hurriedly than we intended, and the cause, a "spook wagen," or ghost wagon, which appears to be a sort of terrestrial "Flying Dutchman."

We had only just come to the conclusion that it was about time to move on, when—hush! what is that? a wagon and oxen crossing the river quite close to us. We could hear every word spoken by the people quite distinctly, and we knew perfectly well that the nearest drift at which any vehicle could possibly cross was at least

three miles lower down. We heard the river chain unfastened, then the "trek voor," and presently, "Wo ha nou die lamoenen val af." This was too much for our Tottie boys, who fairly bolted. Well, we white boys did not exactly follow their example, but I fancy we walked somewhat faster than our predetermined resolution to go home rendered necessary. There is, however, a moral to this story, which is this: If you ever hear a "spook wagen" crossing a river, and understand that oranges are falling out, by all means visit the nearest crossing or wagon drift early in the morning; I did, quite accidentally, and returned richer by some half-a-dozen oranges.

If the reader thinks I am going to explain these phenomena, he or she is greatly mistaken. I am not going to do anything of the kind; besides, my next ghost defies explanation.

In the division of Somerset, if you follow the road from "Dooi Plaatz," on the Brak River to "Wilgefontein," on the Little Fish River, you will have to cross over a high bridge which bears the terrible name—not uncommon in the colony—of "Mordenaarsnek." Now I once had to pass over this spot on horseback alone, "'Twas the witching hour of night," too, "when churchyards yawn, &c." I was well mounted on a steady old horse named "Dapper." Now old Dapper would face anything; I believe you might have ridden him up to a cannon's mouth, and he would have stuck his head in to see if it was loaded. He would shy at nothing on earth that he could understand, but he evidently had a wholesome dread of the supernatural, for no sooner had we arrived at "Mordenaarsnek," where some terrible deed of blood had been enacted, than old Dapper stood stock-still in the middle of the road, nor could I make him budge an inch forward. He was ready enough to go back, and I rode back a short distance, and then returned at a gallop, but he stopped short at the identical spot, and snorted as if he saw some terrible object in front of him. Now I could see nothing, though it was bright and starlight, but I heard a rustling noise in the road, such as might be made by a small whirlwind, which I supposed to be the cause of his alarm, so I went back a short distance and tied old Dapper to a tree, and then returned on foot to investigate. I walked right up to the spot where I heard the noise, and then it appeared to be all round me. I seemed to be in the middle of it, but I could see nothing, nor could I feel anything, the air was perfectly quiet. To give an Irish explanation, I felt as if I was standing in a whirlwind *without the wind.* I was now fairly puzzled. Fortunately I never thought about the murder. I do not suppose the fact that a murder had been perpetrated on the spot was known to me at the time. I am naturally of a curious disposition, probably inherited from my maternal grandmother, who was a woman, and I did my best to investigate the matter through. To this day I have never been able to hit upon any reasonable cause for the phenomenon. I again tried, but unsuccessfully, to make my horse pass the spot,

and finally had to make a considerable detour, and reached "Wilgerfontein just at daybreak, where I off-saddled, and joined my Dutch friend, Mr. L——, in a refreshing cup of coffee. Almost the first thing he said to me, after the usual round of family questions was—"Are you not afraid to travel without a companion over 'Mordenaarsnek' by night?" I asked why? "Why! because something is always either seen or heard there; in fact the place is haunted." I now told him my adventure, which did not appear to surprise him at all, he merely remarking that I was lucky to get off so easily.

My next, and concluding story is from Kaffraria. Glorious old Kaffraria as I recollect it, before its sparkling little life was crushed out, and absorbed by the old Cape Colony. It was the go-ahead end of South Africa in those days. The old Kaffrarians were an enterprising race of men, and credulous withal.

Firm believers in the unbounded resources of their beautiful country, the most unlikely things were eagerly sought for. Even before my time (and my knowledge dates as far back as the great cattle-killing period in the summer of 1856-7) the gold fever became a serious epidemic. Kaffrarians believed that whatever any other country could produce Kaffraria might, and why not gold? Numerous were the afternoon walks taken on the hills near King William's Town, each carrying a little pick or spade, and a small tin dish for washing. After so much searching no wonder something was found at last, and Mr. U—— was the happiest man in the world, when he one day returned triumphant with a small quantity of veritable yellow gold in flat scales. A public meeting was held at once, and people brought their microscopes to look at it. Numerous were the tests applied, and the meeting was unanimously of opinion that they had found the genuine article, but as a matter of form, or to make assurance doubly sure, a sample was sent to Dr. A——, in Graham's Town, for his opinion. Great was the excitement until the arrival of the post: picks and shovels went up fifty per cent. At last the post came in, and with it the much desired reply from Dr. A——, which was to give Kaffraria the "guinea stamp." A meeting was held at once in the nearest hide store. Kaffrarians could do nothing without a public meeting, even in those early days. The chair was taken by Mr. U——, and an honorary secretary appointed. It was now proposed by Mr. H——, and seconded by Mr. W——, that Dr. A——'s letter be opened and read, carried unanimously, and the letter was read accordingly by the secretary, amid the most profound silence, which was something to this effect, "Dear sir, the specimen of flat yellow scales sent to me for report is not virgin gold, but mica.—Yours, &c., A——."

Now, our Kaffrarians were not learned men; they were as much puzzled as ever. Mica might be an ore of gold; what was to be done? It was proposed and seconded that the matter be again referred to Dr. A——, for further information, but the suggestion

was thrown out by a majority of one. At last a happy thought struck Mr. W——, who said he had Webster's unabridged dictionary—hurrah! Off they all went to Mr. W——'s store, to which place the meeting was adjourned by a resolution, unanimously passed. The dictionary was produced and Mr. W—— solemnly turned over the leaves. At last he exclaimed, "I've got it. Micah, one of the minor prophets." After this there was a vote of thanks to the chairman. Some were not quite satisfied, others thought there was a practical joke somewhere; anyway the gold mania gradually died out, and Kaffrarians settled down steadily to the hide trade.

Hides were everything and everywhere; people revelled in hides, they sat upon them, and even slept upon them; hides filled every available space; all visitors to the town appeared to have something the matter with their noses, for their handkerchiefs were always held up to that organ. Small boys who were naughty got a *hiding* of course. (This joke being original, all rights are reserved).

Even hides had at last to succumb to less odoriferous articles of trade. Then came the mania for turning Kaffraria into a tropical country—sugar, coffee, and cotton were to be produced in large quantities—but I shall never stop if I go on at this rate, and the longsuffering reader naturally asks what all this has to do with ghosts? Wait a wee, I only want to fix a date; I like to be accurate when possible. It was when the hide mania was at its zenith, or about the end of 1856, that I happened to be stationed near the Fort at Middle Drift. It did not take long to become acquainted with the officers of the 2nd or Queen's, and capital fellows they were, too, all of them. I hope they got rapid promotion.

It was a dark foggy night, and I was returning from the Fort, where I had dined and spent a very pleasant evening, to my camp, situated about half a mile away. It was very dark, but I had taken my bearings at starting, and made sure I should find my camp easily enough. I had just begun to think the way rather longer than I expected, when I saw a tall, white object, which moved as if going to intercept me. I stood, and the object stood also; but as soon as I moved, it moved. I began to feel rather queer, a sort of creepy-crawly-all-overishness, as if a small stream of cold water was running down my spine. The thing was too tall to be human—what was to be done? I began to think my friends at the Fort were trying to play me a practical joke, I would have been glad to believe this; but no, it was evident that they were all in the Fort when I left, and I had walked too fast to be easily overtaken. At last my natural curiosity overcame every other feeling, and I walked straight at the object, with my heart just as close up in my throat as well could be. My agony was soon over, for I came in contact with the object so forcibly that I was thrown back, and found that it was only a tall flag-staff on the top of which there was a white flag. The optical elusion was perfect, for I tried back after I knew what it was and presented exactly the same appearance, appearing to move when

I moved, and to be white all the way down. I was soon in bed after this, as I knew by the flag that I had passed my camp some little distance.

Some of my friends very unkindly hint that this was an after-dinner ghost. I scorn the vile insinuation. I was quite as capable of distinguishing a ghost from a flag-staff then, as I am know; and if my friends will make nasty remarks, what can I expect from the reader, who doubtless by this time would rather see *my* ghost than another scratch of my pen.

A. E. M.

"Harvests were Gathered in."

LONGFELLOW'S "*Evangeline*."

The whole of one bright, sunny, day
I watched the reapers' train
Into the field; they bore away
Rich sheaves of golden grain.

"Will they take all away," I cried;
"Shall naught be left for me!
May I not, to Thy field, go forth,
And work, O Lord, for Thee?

Then came a gentle, low reply,
"Thy soul in patience, keep
A little while, my child, and thou
Thy harvest too shalt reap."

I bow'd my head, and waited long,
Until my Lord should call;
And thus the weary day wore on.
Dark shadows 'gan to fall.

I watch'd the tired reapers go,
Their day's hard work was done
Then, in the twilight, cool and gray,
I wander'd forth alone.

Hot tears bedew'd mine aching eyes,
I knelt upon the ground,
"Thy promise, Lord!" I cried, and lo!
Some full ripe ears I found

Beneath my hand, which, in their haste,
The reapers fail'd to see,
Or scorn'd them, as of little worth,
But ah! they're wealth to me.

Thus, oft though life, to us, may seem,
Long night without a morn,
Did we, in humble patience, wait,
We'd glean full ears of corn.

MU.

A Story of Native Wars.

By an Aged Fingo.

The following narrative is an account of his life given by an old man named Platje Mhlanga, and is translated as literally as the two languages will admit of. The narrator is well known here and in Uitenhage as a man of probity and honesty, and I believe his statements are thoroughly to be depended upon. It is, of course, hardly possible to get anything like what an Englishman would consider a biography, from any native whatever—no matter how honest and truthful—in a direct way. Their thoughts and ours run in different channels, and they must be allowed to tell their stories after their own fashion. They must not be interrupted by questions nor disturbed in any other way, and I believe it is always best for a listener to conceal any knowledge he may himself have of the subject they are dealing with. In this instance I took a young native schoolmaster to the old man, with whom I am well acquainted. I said to him,

"This young man knows very little about the past history of his own people. That is not as it should be, and I have therefore brought him to you to receive instruction. Will you teach him?"

He at once consented. A few weeks afterwards I said to him,

"I would like to take down your history for the benefit of others."

To this he agreed, but said he wished first to consult the two old men whose names are mentioned below, as they had gone through the same troubles as himself, and would be able to correct him if he went wrong. It was then arranged that they should be present to check him, and that the schoolmaster should take down his words as he spoke. It took some time before they could arrange everything to their satisfaction, but at length the narrative was completed, and, after having been read over carefully, was pronounced to be correct. I have omitted some sentences, but have added nothing except in the form of notes.

T.

Victoria East, February, 1877.

I am an Umbo. Mahlutshana is a Zizi, and Nomgonjo is a Kuze. We came from one country, but our chiefs were different. The chief of the Abambo was Bungane. His great son was Mtimkulu. The next was Bangazeta. They were the sons of two wives. Mkamswazi was the mother that bore Mtimkulu. The one who bore Bangazeta was Makesa. The Tugela was the river on which these tribes lived. The villages of the Amahlubi were on the river Mzinyata.

Zita, the great chief of the Amazizi, died in the war. Mtimkulu also died in the war before we were driven from our own country.

Bangazeta was killed by the Amangwana.* This tribe was an enemy to us. They lived further down the river. Gobinca, the chief of the Amakuse, also died in the war before we left our country.

Matiwana was chief of the Amangwana. It was he that waged war against us. He was driven from his country by Zwide with an army of Tshaka.

Bangazeta went over the high mountains to the country of the Basutos. In this journey the first people we met were those under Mncwazi. Her husband, Ngojo, was dead. Her son was then too young to become chief.† Little children (pointing to some five or six years old) were left beside the paths, on account of the enemy. When a woman fell down from fatigue, her husband left her. Otherwise he beat her to compel her to go on.

We said :—"We shall die like grasshoppers" (meaning, we shall die while travelling); "we are making a rope to reach the sky, but it will break" (meaning, we shall not reach the end of our journey). The great chief of the Abambo said :—"Our bones will be seen white, we shall stretch ourselves on the grass" (that is, we shall die, and leave our bones on the way to bleach). These words were true. Bungane was the last of our chiefs that was buried. He died before we fled.

"Ladla impakata nodiza" (literally, they devoured the heads of grain and the stalks also, but signifying that the enemy spared neither young nor old). None of the tribes that were conquered went towards the north. The people of Tshaka were there. We came this way. Some came over the mountains through the country of the Basutos. Others did not go over the mountains. They kept along this side.

There was war between Bangazeta and the wife of Ngojo. The Amangwana went to take the cattle of the Basutos. A great battle was fought. Many of the Amangwana were killed. The next day they fought again. The Amangwana were defeated, and many more were killed. The cattle were taken from them. They then went against the people whose chief was Dzedze. Those people were Basutos, not of Mshweshwe (Moshesh). Afterwards they were conquered by the Amahlubi.

The Amangwana fell upon us again. Bangazeta was defeated. Three great persons were killed that day. Nongazi was one. Another was Shiba. In the night Bangazeta collected his people again. In the morning we fought once more. We were beaten and were compelled to disperse. Two great ones were killed. Zita, the son of Umba, was one. Ngalonkulu was the other. The chief with some men fled to a mountain. It was a place of strength.

* He was killed in Basutoland after the dispersion, but his death is mentioned here, probably because the fate of other chiefs is told at this time.

† The tribe here referred to was the Mantati, that had recently invaded Basutoland from the north, and established itself on the head waters of the Caledon. The young chief, spoken of as a boy, was Sikonyela, afterwards so well known in the Basuto wars.

The Amangwana went after them, and drove them from it. I was not there, because I had gone another way. Mahlutshana was there. The Amahlubi became servants to the Amangwana. They rose against them and fought many times. Bangazeta was killed in a battle that lasted five days.

I was wandering on a path. I saw a man who called to me to stop. He came to me and told me to sit down. He caught hold of my skin mantle. I left it in his hand and ran as fast as I could. He was a cannibal, and wished to kill me. Afterwards I met two children (pointing to lads about fifteen or sixteen years of age). One was dead. The living one was eating the flesh of the dead one. I passed on. Next I saw a company of people digging plants. I was afraid of them, and hid myself. When I was still going I saw a long stone wall, not very high. There were people sitting there cooking. I saw human heads on the ground. I took another way, and escaped from these cannibals.

I came to some people of Ngojo. They asked who I was. I told them. It was night already. They took me to a hut, where I slept. To get warmth I slept in the fire circle,* from which the fire had been taken. I found my father† with the people of Ngojo.

* The floors of all native huts are made of anthills, and are very hard and smooth. Round the centre a circle, of the same material of which the floor is made, is raised, two or three inches high, and three or four feet in diameter. The fire is made inside this circle. Sometimes a particularly neat and industrious housewife will make two or three concentric bands round her fireplace, and ornament them with colours. A coil of large rope, with one of a smaller size on each side and close to it, would give a good representation of one of these circular fireplaces.

† Among the natives of South Africa relationship is viewed differently from what it is by Europeans. I have heard more than once Kafirs accused of falsehood because they asserted one person to be their father or mother at one time and a different person at another time. Yet they were telling the truth, according to their ideas. A common complaint concerning native servant girls is that they claim every other person they meet as a brother or a sister. Now, from their point of view, what we would term cousins are really brothers and sisters. It is not poverty of language, for they have words to express shades of relationship where we have none, but a difference of ideas, that causes them to use the same word for father and paternal uncle, for brother and cousin, &c. *Bawo* is the word used in addressing father, father's brother, or father's half-brother. Little children say *Tata*. But there are three different words for father, according as a person is speaking of his own father or uncle, of the father or uncle of the person he is speaking to, or of the father or uncle of the person he is speaking of. Speaking of my father, *ubawo* is the word used; of your father, *uyihlo*; of his father, *uyise*. Speaking of a father's brother, he can be distinguished by saying *ubawokazi*. *Malume* is the brother of anyone called mother. *Ma* is the word used in addressing mother, any wife of father, or the sister of any of these. The one we would term mother can only be distinguished from the others, when speaking of her, by describing her as *uma wam kanye—i.e.*, my real mother; or *uma ondizalayo—i.e.*, the mother who bore me. Speaking of my mother, *uma* is the word used; of your mother, *unyoko*; of his or her mother, *unina*. A paternal aunt is addressed as *dadebobawo—i.e.*, sister of my father. *Mnakwetu* is the word used by females in addressing a brother, half-brother, or male cousin. Males, when addressing any of these relations older than themselves, use the word *mkuluwa*; and when addressing one younger than themselves say *mninawe*. The Fingoes use the word *umza* when speaking of a father's sister's child, or a mother's brother's child (male or female); but the word is not used by the Kafirs. *Dade* is used in addressing a sister, a half-sister, or a female cousin. Females, when speaking to any of these relations younger than themselves, usually say *msakwetu*. *Mtakama* is an endearing form of expression, meaning child of my mother. *Bawomkulu* is the address of a grandfather. *Makulu* is grandmother, but is sometimes used by Kafirs, not by Fingoes, in addressing the father of a mother. *Mtshana* is the son of a sister.

While I was there my father went one day to steal cattle. He returned with two.

From this village we went to another one. We saw on the way some Basutos in a cave under a rock. They asked us to stay with them, but we would not. We were afraid. We saw the skulls of many people beside this rock. At the village where we were staying they asked us to go with them to hunt. We formed two parties. One party went along one side of a mountain, the other party went along the other side. I was with one, my father was with the other. We came to the top of the mountain. I found my father lying on the ground dying. The Basutos had stuck an assegai in the left side of his stomach. Then they went away. I remained with my father. I laid the skin I had on him. Then he died. I asked him to preserve my life wherever I went (one of the usual petitions to the dead). I then went to a village. The Amangwana came there and destroyed the village. I was taken away by them. Mahlutshana was already with them. We became servants. Tshaka sent an army to fight with Matiwana. We were defeated, and the Amazulu went back again. Matiwana then came to attack the Abatembu. We crossed the Orange River. After we were across our faces were towards the high mountains. The grass was long and dry. By some means it caught fire. This fire was so great that many people were burned. Matiwana was nearly burned. The reason why he was not burned was because he got up on a high stone. After this we met a cold wind. We stopped, and many of those who were burned died. Afterwards we came into the high mountains. Here many more died through the cold and fatigue. It was so cold that the water was frozen. We were walking in snow. Through these mountains we came to the country of the Abatembu. Tshaka had already been there. We found that the people of many villages had fled, and that their cattle had been taken.* We attacked the villages that remained, and took many cattle. Matiwana did not wish his name to be known by those people. We were commanded, therefore, to call ourselves the people of Magagadlana. We came further, capturing many cattle. We ate only the fattest. One afternoon we were roasting meat. It was at a place near to a forest. There came an army of white men on horseback and fired at us. The Abatembu were with them. Many were killed. We fled into the forest. In the night we went out and tried to get corn out of the pits of the villages. The women remained in the forest. The Abatembu fell upon us, and went between us and the forest. After this we were attached by a great army. The

* Matiwana must have crossed the Drakensberg into the country now known as Griqualand East, or St. John's Territory, and then journeyed along the base of the mountains as far as the present village of Queen's Town. The Amangwana are better known to colonists as the Fetcani or Fecani. The Tembus applied to the Colonial Government for assistance, and a commando was sent to their aid. In August, 1828, the Fecani were defeated and destroyed.

Abatembu and the Amagcaleqa were there. Even the Amampondo were our enemies. The white men had guns, and we could not stand against them.

The end of the Amangwana is this—Matiwana asked for peace. It was to be that he should give all the cattle and the feathers of the blue crane (*i.e.*, the plumes with which his warrior's heads were adorned). They would not. Some of the people then became servants to the Tembus and the Gcalekas. Others escaped with the chief Kabingwe, who was a relative of Matiwana. Matiwana himself fled to the country of Tshaka. Tshaka was already dead. He went to the chief Malamlela.* Malamlela said, "Where are your people?" Matiwana replied, "These are all that are left." Malamlela caused the people to be killed by twisting their heads round. The eyes of Matiwana were first put out, then his head was twisted.

The son of Matiwana was Zikali. He fled with some people to the Amahlubi. When the Amahlubi saw him they wanted to kill him, because Matiwana had killed Mtimkulu and Bangazeta. Langalibalele was then the chief of the Amahlubi. He said, "We must not avenge past offences." Zikali rose up at night with his people. He killed some of Langalibalele's people, and then fled. Langalibalele is the greatest of our chiefs since the dispersion. We would be very glad if the Government would forgive him †

After the defeat of Matiwana I escaped and went back to the country of the Basutos. A long time after that the Amabulu (the Boers) came there. I was taken to be a servant. My master lived near the Orange River. There I first heard the word of God. I said to myself, "What do these people praise and pray to?" I heard it was God. I felt that I too had a soul in me. I began to pray secretly to God. Then I came to the Tarka River. From that place I went to Uitenhage. It was during the time of the measles. The Rev. Mr. Edwards spoke to me of the love of God. I have not yet forgotten his words. I then saw how that God had led me through many troubles to come into the light. I was baptized in Uitenhage. My Christian name is Platje. Since that time I have tried to bring my friends to a knowledge of God.

(The remainder is a detail of the narrator's experience as a Christian, and need not be given here).

* Malamlela means the deliverer. It was a title given to Dingaan by some people who were in expectation of being put to death by Tshaka, and who were relieved of anxiety by the assassination of that monster. Dingaan's subsequent career showed how little he deserved to be called a deliverer; but the title once given remained with him.

† The Amahlubi was the principal division of the great tribe of the Abambo. Its chief was, therefore, the great chief of the whole tribe, in the same way that Sarili (Kreli) at present is chief of the Gcalekas, and at the same time great chief of the Amaxosa. The direct line of the Abambo chiefs was cut off in the person of Mtimkulu, and then the next in rank, Bangazeta by name, became the head of the nation. This Bangazeta was called Pakalita by the Basutos. He is mentioned by Casalis in his well-known and highly interesting work. Langalibalele is his grandson. There are several villages of the Hlubi as well as of other clans of the Abambo in Victoria East and the adjoining district of King William's Town. They all express the keenest sorrow for the trouble that has overtaken the representative of the ancient ruling house of their tribe.

The "Quarterly Review" on English Policy in South Africa.

For an Englishman to write a fair and impartial history of British Policy in South Africa it is necessary that he should possess a calm, judicial mind, and the faculty of permitting truth to rise superior to national prejudices. English Policy in South Africa in past times has been remarkable chiefly for its blunders, and they have brought in their train wrongful acts which we would gladly know have disappeared from memory. To admit a fault is, however, in a great measure, to atone for it; and, therefore, it is that when we trace British Policy in South Africa we cannot omit the praise which is due to the bold voortrekers who were driven by British misrule out of this Colony. Those who wish to know in what that British misrule consisted have only to read an article of singular ability which appears in the last January number of the *Quarterly Review*.

The writer of this article is said to be England's living historian. There is no mistaking the authorship. It is impossible to follow the reviewer through a single page without having Mr. J. A. Froude constantly and clearly before us. Statesmen at home have already recognized the masterly hand thus dealing with South African affairs, and some have felt it necessary to protest against the trenchant attacks made upon the past policy of their party. With the political bearings of the review we have nothing to do; we desire merely to look at the article as a literary and historical study.

Its literary ability is beyond all question. There are portions which, as word-pictures of South African life, will convey to those abroad a faithful portraiture of an almost unknown land, whilst in this country they will be cherished for their artistic value and in gratitude for the services rendered to this country by Mr. Froude. That in this article there are errors of fact, as well as of conclusion, afford not matter for surprise. We rather pause in astonishment at the industry which compiled so complete a story in so short a while, and we are lost in wonder that out of the great mass of contradictory documentary evidence, and the still more perplexing *viva voce* evidence gathered from men of diverse opinions and obstinate assertions, a narrative so comparatively faultless could have been written.

"The peninsular of Table Mountain," says the reviewer, "was occupied by the Dutch East India Company in 1652. The history of the settlement was the history of all settlements of civilized men in a country inhabited by savages. There were the usual alliances with native chiefs, the usual quarrels, the usual wars. The Dutch were neither better nor worse than other European intruders in similar situations. They gradually extended their authority as far as the Great Fish River to the east of Graham's Town, the native races receding or dying out before them. At the close of the last century the population consisted of 22,000 whites, 26,000 slaves,

and about 15,000 Hottentots. The Hottentots were under a law of settlement, receiving wages, but confined to special locations, and obliged to work for their livelihood. The slaves were almost entirely born and reared in the families of their owners, being descendants of Malays, or of Negroes imported at an earlier period. The external slave-trade had been laid under restrictions which amounted nearly to prohibition. The value of a slave increasing in proportion to his capacity, he was trained generally to some useful art or handicraft. He was never worked in gangs, but enjoyed the practical comforts of a free domestic; and the Dutch Government, though slow and languid about it, professed to hope for complete emancipation at no distant time. The conquest of Holland by Napoleon creating a sudden danger that the Cape might be seized by France, the British Government took temporary possession of it in 1795 in the name and at the request of Stadtholder. The young Hollanders had been infected by the revolution, and had French sympathies. But the British were in overpowering force. A fleet sent out by Napoleon to support them was taken in Saldanha Bay, and the Colony submitted without further resistance. At the Peace of Amiens it was restored to Holland; but in 1806 the danger recurred. Sir David Baird was dispatched to recover possession. He landed through the surf at the northern point of Table Bay, and though the Dutch this time made a brave struggle for their freedom, they were defeated at Blauberg. Cape Town surrendered, and the Colony became again provisionally a British possession. The conquest was effected the more easily, perhaps, because the people expected that the British occupation would again be only temporary; but at the treaty of Paris, Holland accepted other territories in exchange for her South African possessions, and in 1815 the Dutch of the Cape were finally informed that their nationality was lost, and that they were thenceforward to consider themselves British subjects."

Then follows an account of the immigration of the British settlers, the emancipation of the Aboriginal Hottentots, and the abolition of slavery. The Reviewer censures the way in which slavery was abolished. "Of all the slave owners in the Empire, the South African Dutch have least deserved to be hardly dealt with; but the negligence with which their interests were sacrificed, and the manner in which the Emancipation Act was carried out, created a sense of indignant resentment." Three millions of money were the value set upon the slaves, the millions were cut down to £1,200,000; then came the difficulty of getting money payable only at the Bank of England. "The consequence was that families whose estates were mortgaged were utterly ruined, while many wealthy Dutch settlers refused, in silent pride, to receive the miserable sums allotted to them. They dismissed their slaves without any indemnity at all, and began to work beyond the northern border of the Colony for some more distant home, where they would be safe from a philanthropy which forgot justice in the warmth of its benevolence."

Upon this discontent came the first Kafir war in which the English and the Dutch were bound together by a common danger. When the black flight of human locusts swept past, almost to Port Elizabeth, carrying waste and ruin along with them, Sir Benjamin D'Urban repressed that war with vigour, and the first Kafir war would probably have been the last, but the voice of the advocates of the aborigines was heard. The Kafirs were described by Lord Glendy as having been "amply justified" in going to war, and the country taken from them was ordered to be instantly evacuated. "The principle underlying Lord Glendy's judgment," says the writer, "would condemn altogether the colonization by a civilized people of any country already occupied, however sparsely, by barbarous tribes. Whenever the white and coloured races come in contact, the laws of civilized man are inevitably violated by savages who do not understand them. Equally inevitable when there is no organized police, the colonists defend themselves and their property by such means as are nearest to hand. The savage is naturally driven back, and is punished by successive losses of territory. It may be hard but it is the rule of the world. There was no proof that the Dutch and English formerly on the Fish River had been guilty of any unprovoked excesses. They had punished cattle thefts perhaps too severely, but a government, which from motives of economy had left them unprotected by an adequate police, were not in a position to animadvert with such extreme severity on the rough-and-ready methods which are the necessary alternative."

"The Cape colonists," he continues, "found themselves held up before the Empire as special objects of humiliation and disgrace, and they resented the treatment which they could not admit that they had deserved. The English settlers demanded a Commission of Inquiry, which the Government refused. The indignation of the Dutch farmers displayed itself in a more serious form. Despairing now of protection, finding themselves as they supposed plundered and insulted by alien invaders, and believing that in their own way they could establish more wholesome relations with the native tribes than under the uncertain dominion of Great Britain, which allowed itself to be misled by interested information, they determined to seek a new home in the plains of the interior. They had already made acquaintance with the chiefs beyond the Orange River. They had ascertained that across the river lay a far extending plateau of admirable grazing-land unoccupied by the natives, who resided themselves in the rocky ranges by which the plains are intersected and surrounded. They made treaties with the Bechuanas, the Basutos, and the Griquas, and they broke up from their old homes in the Eastern Province of the Colony with a passionate unanimity without parallel in modern history. They abandoned their farms, and mounted their families and their little properties in their ox-wagons. More than a thousand families took wing at once, and were followed

by successive flights, which were caught by the enthusiasm as by an epidemic. They were well received on the whole in the districts to which they migrated. The Matabele deceived them by pretended hospitality, cut off a party of them, and plundered their camp. But the Boers gallantly defended themselves. The Matabeles were not supported by the other tribes, and the new-comers found, for the most part, a generous welcome. The testimony of Sir George Clerk, who was sent as Commissioner among them in 1853, is, on this important point, conclusive.

"When the Dutch Boers after wandering forth, owing to dissatisfaction with the British Administration, came and settled here many years ago, they lived in peace with their native neighbours. Their occupation of the central position of the territory displaced no one except the half-human Bushmen squatted here and there, roofless among the rocks. No other class of natives had ever cared for so arid and unproductive tract of country. The wild Bushmen sustained themselves on the flesh of the abundant herds of large game. But advancing towards the Kafir borders, the Boers found natives who willingly gave them access to better lands, because the strangers spontaneously tendered homage for it. In those days cattle-lifting was of rare occurrence, although the Boers, were, as now, a pastoral community."*

"Natal (so named by Vasco da Gama, who landed there on Christmas Day, 1498) divided from the Cape Colony by independent Kafirland, is separated from the Orange River territory only by the Drakensberg mountains, through which there are easy passes. The lower and richer portion of Natal was at this time a desert, having been completely depopulated by the ferocious Chaka. Chaka having been murdered, negotiations for another settlement were opened by the Boers with his brother and successsor, Dingaan; and at Dingaan's invitation, several hundred of the emigrants moved down, under the leadership of the chivalrous young Peter Retief. Retief himself, with sixty of his people, was invited to Dingaan's camp, to receive the grants which he had been promised. Under circumstances of the grossest treachery, they were all massacred; and on the same day an attempt was made to surprise the rest of the party, and destroy the women and children. The surprise failed. The Boers, fighting within a ring of wagons, defended themselves against a hundred times their number. Dingaan, defeated in a bloody engagement, was soon after killed, and the Dutch became masters of Natal.

"Without a settled policy, and again led away by amiable people to whom the Dutch nature was repulsive and unintelligible, the British Government conceived that the occupation of this new country was a fresh act of aggression on the natives. The Boers of Natal desired to be recognized as independent. Sir George Napier reclaimed them as British subjects, and sent a small force to occupy

* Sir George Clerk to the Duke of Newcastle,—December 3, 1853.

Durban, the Natal seaport, and receive their submission. The Boers resisted. The English were beaten in the first fight; they lost their guns in a night engagement at the head of Durban Harbour, and for a few weeks were besieged. The *Southampton* frigate and a regiment from Cape Town arrived in time to save them from being starved into surrender. The Dutch gave up the contest. The majority of them retired over the mountains into the Orange River territory. The rest yielded to superior force, and Natal was made a British possession. But a fresh wrong was added to the fast-growing list of injuries which began to be treasured up in the minds of the South African Hollanders. In all these transactions the British Government seems to have forgotten that if a conquered population are to be brought into wholesome relations with their conquerers, more consideration must be shown for them than we think necessary with our own people."

With this extract we will leave for the present the reviewer's historical narrative, just parting with him at the point where he shows how English Policy drove away from the Colony a valuable class of colonists, and planted the seed of those complications, the fruit of which has hampered English policy ever since.

Throughout the article the reader will find the same noticeable sympathetic estimate of the character of the South African farmers which characterized all Mr. Froude's utterances while in the Colony. Some of our readers may remember the occasion when, travelling through the Diamond-fields as a "gentleman of letters," he gave his "first impressions" of Boer Life. He then said: "You know what it is to find in a late geological formation the remains embedded of earlier structures. I have seen in the families of the Boers in South Africa representatives of what their ancestors were in Holland two centuries ago, and what, for that matter, our own people were in Scotland and England at the same time. I saw young women who might have stepped down out of the canvas of Van Eyck. I saw young men who might have sat to Teniers. There was the big family Bible with the family registers for half a dozen generations. There was the long solemn grace before and after supper. The hymn woke us in the morning with which the work is begun. . . . . I had before me the very same kind of men who had played so splendid a part in European History; who had wrested Holland from the Spanish; whose qualities we had reason to know when they sailed up the Thames and burnt Chatham; who gave us afterwards our own William, and the constitution from which we date our liberties; who were the first founders of this Colony, and whose footprints you can still trace in the various buildings and magnificent plantations at Cape Town."

It is interesting to compare with this the more matured and finished portrait of our Borderers given in the following admirable sketch, which is one of the choicest pieces of description we have met with for many a day:—

"The Dutch farmer or Boer of the interior of the Cape Colony may be described in a few words. In every community there are bad exceptions; and the exceptions being all that we hear of at a distance, the South African Boer has till lately been regarded in England as little better than a savage. We must learn to know his fairer side. The type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Colony so he is in 1876 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated. He is unprogressive, but he possesses qualities which even here will be regarded as not without value. He is domestic, but not gregarious. When he settles, he procures from six to twenty thousand acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his wagon, with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible, which is all his literature, and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as the site for his home; ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbour. His house consists of a central hall, with a kitchen behind it, and three, four, or five bed-rooms opening out of it, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle. He fences in a garden which he carefully irrigates. And so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate, that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape vines. He encloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. If he is ambitious he adds a few ostriches, whose feathers he sells in Port Elizabeth. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry; his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built, a few gun-shots from the first; a few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet. The younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long, solemn grace, as the day's work in the morning is commenced with a psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command:—

'Sabellis docta ligonibus,
Versare glebas et severæ,
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes.'

"The estate produces almost everything which the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich. There is no desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he can himself supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. He is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time, which has carried us so far and fast, has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notion of things in Heaven and things in earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions and all other questions he regards from this point of view. Without tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicability well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilization."

Notes of the Month.

His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, on the eve of his departure from the Colony, has made a presentation of many valuable books to the South African Public Library.

Mr. E. J. Dunn, the Government geologist, is still prosecuting his survey of the coal-beds in the Northern Stormberg districts. He is satisfied that there is a treasure locked up there, which ere long will be one of the greatest sources of wealth in the Colony. The value of the coal for fuel, although it is by no means of first quality, is simply beyond estimate; yet an acre of ground there is at present only valued at 7s. 6d., while the coal under it, at a place like Vice's, Molteno, is worth at least £1,200.

A most interesting geological discovery has been made, we believe, in the Albert district—that of a real old volcanic cone. It is of Triassic age. The crater shape is still well preserved; and the south-west side rises to a height of 1,150 feet from the "spruit" flowing at its base. Within the crater, all the volcanic rocks of the district are met with. From it, out-flows of dolerite exactly the same as the Karroo dolerite evidently took place. In some parts the dolerite out-flows are bedded between volcanic conglomerate, basalt, and sheets of vesicular basalt, very clearly showing the source of our largely-represented igneous rocks. Basalt, dolerite, volcanic ash, and other volcanic products occur at a distance of twenty miles in a direct line from the crater. This is the first example yet described of an old volcano in South Africa. Mr. A. G. Bain, the father of Cape geology, many years ago propounded the idea of a primeval volcano near the Vaal or the Orange Rivers, which he supposed had "deluged with fiery billows the Silurian plains, and spread ruin and desolation over the carboniferous forests for tens of thousands of square miles." His speculation is now likely to be proved to have been a pretty accurate one.

The South African Republics form the subject of a large map in the February number of the *Geographical Magazine*. The Orange Free State and the Transvaal are both described as having a great future before them upon the realization of the proposed South African Confederation. The map is a very interesting one; but we do not regard it as by any means equal to the excellent one published with the late Mr. T. Baine's "South-Eastern Gold Fields." It is acknowledged to be based on the labours of Mohr, Mauch, and others. One of the minor authorities named is Mr. C. E. Solomon, of Cape Town. Mr. St. Vincent Erskine's labours are also mentioned, but he is referred to as the "lamented Mr. St. Vincent Erskine," although we are glad to say he is still hale and hearty, and now engaged, we believe, on the survey of the territory of Griqualand East, in Kaffraria Proper.

The Transvaal Book Almanac and Directory, by Mr. Fred Jeppe, of which we have received a copy, supplies information which has been long wanted respecting the Republic. The geography, resources, population, public institutions, system of Government, taxation, and the condition of its finances and its public debt, of the State, are all briefly but intelligently described. An historical sketch and an index of all the laws and regulations promulgated in the Republic are promised to be furnished in the next year's publication.

The second volume of Mr. G. M. Theal's admirable "Compendium of South African Geography and History," has been published. This is the second edition of the work, and we are glad to learn that such has been the demand for it in the Colony that a third edition is now in preparation. Volume II. carries on the history of the Cape from 1838 to the present time, and gives a geographical description of the other Colonies and States, as well as an account of the principal events connected with their origin and progress. The *Quarterly Reviewer* would have avoided some inaccuracies if he had had Mr. Theal's two volumes in his hands. Our space will not permit of making any lengthened extract from the second part now before us; but the following paragraph, from the chapter bringing the history of the Cape to a close, is worthy of reproduction :—

"With the introduction of Responsible Government perfect political liberty was obtained by the people of the Colony. *The will of the majority, acting through elected representatives, is now the supreme governing power of the land.* The destiny of the country is in the hands of its own children. For good or for evil the future is our own. Upon every elector rests a responsibility which, being generally felt, must of itself tend to elevate the masses of society. The progress of the past, the active and intelligent political, commercial, and religious life of the present, alike point to a prosperous future. Never was the cheering name of "Good Hope" more appropriate than now, for the Colony is a land of good hope to half the continent. From it northwards and eastwards, civilization is rapidly making its way. The missionary and the trader, using the Cape as a base of operations, are passing beyond the southern tropic and the day cannot be far distant when its influence will be felt by tribes now wandering almost unknown in the dark interior. It has taken two hundred and twenty years for the white man to reach the Limpopo; it is probable that within another twenty his banner will wave over the Zambezi. It will be well for Africa if it be so. For to-day the children of Europe appear as liberators and friends, no longer as enslavers and tyrants. The mission of the Cape Colony is a noble one, marked out by a higher hand than that of man; it is to bring into the sisterhood of nations the people of a continent hitherto steeped in misery and vice. And if those who have made this land their home are but true to themselves and the cause they represent, the future cannot be other than grand and bright."

A new edition of *Tennant's Notary's Manual* has been received. The London publishers are Stevens & Sons, the law booksellers of Chancery-lane; and the Colonial publisher, J. C. Juta. This admirable work was first issued in 1844, by its author, the late Hercules Tennant, Esq., Secretary to the Orphan Chamber, and subsequently Civil Commissioner of Uitenhage. It soon became an acknowledged authority and text-book among the profession, and second and third editions have since been successively called for. These latter were revised and added to by D. Tennant, Esq., the Honourable the Speaker of the House of Assembly. And now the fourth edition appears, edited by the author's grandson, Advocate H. Tennant. The typography and get-up of the volume is far superior to any of its predecessors. The work itself is enlarged and improved, embodying all the changes effected by Acts of the Colonial Legislature, more especially with regard to the law of inheritance, since the publication of previous editions.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Civilization of Africa.

"It is a solemn almost an awful thought that this vast Continent, with the single exception of the tract adjacent to the Cape of Good Hope, is still savage or barbarous, or at best the abode of tyrants and slaves. At this point alone we have personal and political liberty, a pure religion, and the lights of exact sciences. If we are true to our position and our privileges, we have before us the glorious destiny of the working towards the regeneration of a whole quarter of the globe. It is well to entertain these far-stretching views into futurity that we may not undervalue small beginnings. The little isles and narrow valleys of Greece civilized Europe. From the scanty territory of Judea, the principles of a higher life penetrated society to the ends of the earth. The world around them was almost as barbarous as Central Africa. But our civilization is of a broader and more expansive genius than that of Greece or Rome. Our knowledge of nature, science, arts, morals, and religion are incomparably superior. We look, therefore, to greater success in shorter periods."

These eloquent and impressive words were addressed to the Cape colonists by the late Mr. John Fairbairn, some seventeen years ago. Livingstone's explorations had then given a stimulus to the public interest in the Interior of this continent. The great Christian traveller had unfolded to view a magnificent landscape of plains, valleys, trees, and pastures, diversified in some places with great lakes and rivers, and mountains covered with perpetual snow. A considerable portion of this territory—the elevated plateaux or high lands—was described as healthy and suitable for Europeans, and all parts of it as inhabited more or less by native races who appeared to be docile in disposition and anxious to have intercourse with traders, but many of whom, unfortunately, were subject to and suffering from the grim horrors of the slave-trade. To introduce and establish in those regions the influences of Christianity and the arts of civilized life were the high objects which Mr. Fairbairn urged the people of South Africa to aim at and accomplish.

This Colony, at the time, was fortunate in having at the head of its affairs one who heartily sympathized with these views. Governor

Sir George Grey had been an explorer himself, having opened up Western Australia to colonization ; and none could better appreciate the perseverance, courage, and devotion of the men engaged in the work of pioneering. His mind was impressed with the advantages the Cape offered as a healthy basis for prosecuting discovery and advancing civilization. He looked upon the European colonists here placed by Providence in a position where they might be the privileged instruments of diffusing the elements of a better life among the native tribes in the boundless territories lying beyond the British borders. He therefore warmly encouraged every scheme suggested by missionaries, traders, or travellers for the extension of communication, the development of commerce, or the spread of religion into the Interior.

It may be regarded as a happy augury for the progress of missionary and commercial enterprise during our day, that the distinguished servant of the Crown who is now Her Majesty's representative in South Africa has long shared in these elevated ideas and aims regarding this country, and has indeed practically laboured towards their attainment.

His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere, during his governorship of Bombay, took a very warm interest in African affairs. He was for many years more or less intimate with the consular representatives on the East Coast ; and on the occasion of Dr. Livingstone's visits to Bombay had unreserved intercourse with the explorer himself respecting the condition of the interior of the country and the means of improving its people and suppressing the hateful slave-trade. It was chiefly owing to His Excellency's familiar acquaintance with such matters that he was specially selected as Her Majesty's Envoy to the Sultans of Zanzibar and Muscat—a mission which, as is well known, resulted in the public suppression of the slave-trade in these dominions.

While carrying out that noble work, Sir Bartle had an opportunity of inquiring into and judging of the causes and circumstances which have left the eastern portion of Africa, after centuries of European intercourse, far behind the rest of the world in all that pertains to civilization and the enjoyment of any but animal existence. His Excellency's correspondence and reports presented to the Imperial Parliament are in this respect very valuable.* The few extracts which we here give, relating to the past and present of the country will, we believe, be acceptable to our readers, not only as a contribution to history, but also as showing the observant, practical, earnest, and thoughtful character of the mind now in our midst, engaged in the promotion of the best interests of all South Africa.

"Elsewhere," says Sir Bartle Frere, "migrations, wars, and commercial intercourse favoured a fusion of races, and the domination

* "Correspondence respecting Sir Bartle Frere's mission to the East Coast of Africa in 1872. London : Harrison & Sons."

of people stronger and more vigorous, physically or intellectually, than their neighbours ; but the Negro race seems for ages past to have been shut up in the interior of Africa, under conditions which nearly excluded external civilizing influences. Peculiarly suited by physical constitution to the rich tropical country they inhabited, the negroes throve and multiplied, till they came to be looked on by surrounding nations as a vast store-house of brute force, which, if it had been more accessible, could have supplied the whole world with unskilled labour. But, till within the last 400 years, this store-house was hardly accessible to other nations save by long and tedious land routes, of which the only route fairly practicable was by the Nile, through a people who, in those days, were peculiarly jealous of strangers, and able, as well as willing, to exclude them. All this was changed when, in sailing round Africa, the Portuguese and other European nations found the negroes on the seaboard and on the East Coast in a fair way of being gradually civilized by contact with Indians and Arabs, who were then among the most civilized nations of the earth.* The first blow to the incipient civilization of Africa was given when the Portuguese drove out the Arabs and Indians from the East Coast, and excluding strangers, condemned it, as far as their power went, to sterile isolation from that day to this."

What the Arabs and Indians were doing for the development of the trade of Africa 400 years ago, and how, during the present century, their connection with it has again been resumed, is thus told :—

"Vasco de Gama, and the Portuguese who followed him, found a trade relatively to the rest of the commercial world much larger and more important than at present, but carried on much in the same fashion by vessels of the same build and character as the modern dhows, availing themselves of the regular trade winds, to sail to and fro between the ports on the coast of Africa, India, Arabia, and Persia, carrying articles of much the same character as at present. And what is more to our present purpose, he found all this trade in the hands of men whose homes were in India, or closely connected

* The Portuguese poet, Camoens, described the impression created in the minds of De Gama and his followers, by these people :—

> "All Ethiopian are they, but it seems
> That they commune with some superior race ;
> For in their speech intelligible gleams
> Of meaning, phrases Arabic we trace ;
> The snow-white turban on the brow redeems
> The wild expression of the Caffre face ;
> A light-blue kilt that half invests the frame,
> Bespeaks them civilized to sense of shame.
> They say that ships as long from stern to beak
> As ours, are wont to navigate their seas ;
> That they go forth from eastern shores to seek
> The coasts that southwards broaden, and from these
> Back towards the birthplace of the sun they sail,
> Unto a land of men like us of feature pale."

with India, and he describes the traders as in dress, habits of life, and trade, character, and names, exactly resembling what a modern traveller would find at the same ports on the same coasts. The Indian traders do not appear in his day to have reached further south than one of the large rivers south of Sofala, where he met the first of the Moors seen in his first voyage. But they were then in possession of all the best trade, at every port from Sofala northwards to Aden.

"This vast Indian trade seems to have been sorely crippled, and in some parts extinguished by the advent of Europeans to these seas. Empire in these parts, then as now, fell to the nation which had the greatest command of ships of war, fire-arms, and artillery. The Portuguese were far more powerful at sea than any nation they met with on the coast, and speedily subdued the whole coast from the southernmost limit of the Indian trade to Aden and Socotra, and by Muscat and Ormuz to the Persian Gulf, building forts at all the principal ports and commanding points of estuaries and islands, and destroying the Arab and Indian marine. Their own account of their proceedings, and of the wholesale cruelties they practised on all who opposed or were suspected of opposing them, are sufficient to account for the extinction of the greatest part of such trade as they found—for the bitter opposition they met with from the Arabs, who ultimately resumed the dominion of all north of Cape Delgado—and for the sterile character of their occupation of the Coast, where they had no hold but on the fears of the natives, and thus missed the opportunity of developing their hostile occupation into an African empire. . . . . .

"I have met, during my present visit to this coast, few Indian houses which boast an antiquity of more than forty years. Some have told me that the usual system of trade in former days was for a supercargo to deal from the ship, though there were always a few Indian residents at the ports where there was sufficient of a settled government to make their property secure. In Madagascar and elsewhere the Indians assured me that though their oldest house was not more than sixty years standing, their caste had traded to this coast for ages previous.

"During the past forty years the great Indian immigration to this coast has gone on at a constantly-increasing rate, which bids fair to restore the Indian trade with East Africa to more than its old proportions. Many causes have contributed to this end; the general peace in Europe, the final suppression of Arab piracy, the establishment of the Muscat Arabs at Zanzibar and on the coast, the appearance at Zanzibar and elsewhere of English, French, German, and American houses, and probably above all the great impulse given to Indian trade by the extinction of the Company's monopoly, and by the vast development of commercial enterprise among those Indian castes which have heretofore almost monopolized this branch of commerce. I have been assured, on good authority, that the

fresh arrivals from India last year numbered more than 250 traders to Zanzibar and its neighbourhood alone. For some of the Indian trading classes, trade in East Africa seems to have the same charms as colonizing has for some of our own countrymen at home. . . . .

" Some of the large firms have been long established, and have a large capital ; but, in general, the career of the young Indian trader in Africa is very similar to that of the Marwarree adventurers in Central or Southern India. Arriving at his future scene of business with little beyond credentials to his fellow castemen, after perhaps a brief apprenticeship in some older firm, he starts a shop of his own, with goods advanced on credit by some large house, and after a few years, when he has made a little money, generally returns home to marry, to make fresh business connections, and then comes back to Africa to repeat, on a larger scale, the same process.

" With rare exceptions, all these Indian traders are birds of passage. The houses they belong to may be of old standing, and we met a few old men who had been in Africa all their lives ; but they were exceptions. The Hindoos never bring their wives or families to Africa, the Bohras and Khojas do frequently ; but even they seem to have as little idea of settling or adopting the country for their own as a young Englishman in Hong Kong.

" Of all these races, it may be observed that they have been less affected than the upper classes of Indians in general by European education in India. All are so devoted to trade that the boy goes into the counting-house as soon as he can read and write ; and in the case with the Khojas I am assured that the pontifical authority of Agha Khan has been actively exerted to prevent any of his followers from attending an English school. In Zanzibar itself the relation between the European or American house and the Banian very much resembles that with which we are familiar in India. The European merchant buys and sells with the aid and advice of a Banian, who sometimes stands to the foreign firm in a relation more like that of a partner than a mere broker, agent, or go-between.

" Away from Zanzibar the Banian, or Hindi, is more of a retail dealer, bartering his import wares for country produce, which he sells wholesale at Zanzibar to the exporter. In the outports and country marts he does little wholesale business, except by making advances of import goods to adventurers going up the country, on engagement to be repaid by returns of up-country produce.

" The Banians generally keep to the ports, or within a short journey of the coast, or navigable parts of large rivers. The trade with the far interior is almost exclusively in the hands of Arabs, or Arab half-castes, and Swahili, or coastmen, who push as rapidly as they can across the first 200 miles from the coast, halting little by the way. Livingstone tells of their having penetrated far beyond his furthest, into Cazembe's country ; he had found them years before on the Upper Zambesi, and the Governor-General of Mozambique told me that when he was at Loanda, two or three

years ago, two Zanzibar Arabs from Kilwa appeared in Angola, about the same time that some natives sent from Loanda reached Ibo, on the East Coast, taking two years to go and return.

" I may remark, in passing, that the stock-in-trade which we usually found in the Banians' shops was as frequently of German or American as of English origin. The cotton fabrics were English, American, or German, with smaller quantities of Indian or French. The best hardware was English, but much, inferior in make, was of continental manufacture; coarse crockery, of German; brass and copper, of American make; beads, English and German (Venetian?); guns, old, of English make; new, of German or French; some as low as 10s. or 12s. each, in retail price.

" Of the total extent of the trade which passes through Indian hands, it would be difficult to form any reliable estimate. Dr Kirk shows that the Zanzibar Custom House Returns are a very fallacious guide, nor will Indian or English returns be a better index; for the German and American, the French, Arabian, Persian, and Malagash trade, which comes direct, as well as the English and Indian, passes through the same hands.

" Dr. Kirk was, however, good enough to show me the details of transactions of a single Indian house, whose affairs had been the subject of judicial investigation in his Court. The books showed a capital of about £434,000, invested in loans and mortgages in East Africa. Of this, about £60,000 had been advanced in various ways to the Sultan and his family, a rather larger sum to Arabs in the interior of Africa, a somewhat smaller amount to Arabs in Zanzibar and on the coast; but the total of advances and loans to Arabs and natives of Zanzibar, all slave-owners, and most of them slave-dealers, was little less than £200,000. This sum had been lent and advanced in various ways, by loans, advances and mortgages, on every kind of property, real and personal, and on various kinds of security, by advances of goods for trade, &c. Loans and advances to Europeans and Americans were set down at about £140,000, and those to Indians in Africa at about £100,000. These were African assets, and did not include stock-in-trade or the capital of the Indian corresponding firms, composed of members of the same family, and doing a very large business with Africa at Mandavie and Bombay; so that, as far as I could judge, the capital employed in African trade and banking by this one family must be reckoned by millions sterling.

" Our Indian firms are said to be doing business on a similar scale, and Dr. Kirk calculates the British Indian capital now invested in Zanzibar Island alone at not less than £1,600,000. I am assured that few of the larger Arab estates in Zanzibar are unencumbered by mortgages in Indian capitalists, and that a large proportion are so deeply mortgaged as virtually to belong to the Indian mortgagee. In a word, throughout the Zanzibar coast line, extending along 14° of latitude, with numerous large and fertile islands, all banking

and mercantile business passes through Indian hands. Hardly a loan can be negotiated, a mortgage effected, or a bill cashed without Indian agency; not an import cargo can be distributed, nor an export cargo collected, of which almost every bale does not go through Indian hands. The European or American, the Arab or Swahili may trade and profit, but only as an occasional link in the chain between producer and consumer, of which the Indian trader is the one invariable and most important link of all.

"Thus, a vast commerce has grown up, or rather revived during the last fifty years on these coasts, which has been, in a great measure, re-created and silently monopolized by a few of the less prominent classes of Indian traders. I know nothing like it in the history of commerce, and it is difficult to convey to those at a distance an adequate idea of the extent or completeness of the monopoly. We wonder at the vast development of Greek commercial industry during the same period, but though their business may be on a larger scale in individual transactions, nowhere have the Greeks the same sort of monopoly which the Indians enjoy on the East Coast of Africa.

"I have spoken here much of the Zanzibar coast-line; but it must be remembered that the preponderating influence, if not monopoly, of the Indian trader is equally great, as far as the Portuguese possessions extend to the south, and on the north-west coast of Madagascar; northwards, it extends with rare intervals along all the shores of Africa, Arabia, Persian Gulf, and Beloochistan to the western frontiers of India. Along some 6,000 miles of sea-coast in Africa and its islands, and nearly the same extent in Asia, the Indian trader is, if not the monopolist, the most influential, permanent, and all-pervading element of the commercial community. I doubt whether along the whole coast, from Delagoa Bay to the Kurachee there are half-a-dozen ports known to commerce at which the Indian traders are not, as a body, better able to buy or sell a cargo than any other class, and at most of the great ports a cargo can only be sold or collected through them.

"It may be asked, how is it possible that such a trade can have grown up so little noticed by the commercial world elsewhere? The explanation is to be found in the fact that the Indians engaged in it all belong to the commercial classes which less than any others in India have assimilated their methods of commerce to ours. The Parsees, and many other mercantile classes in Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, even when they have not adopted our habits, join our commercial associations, and, so to speak, make more or less common cause with the European merchant. But this has not been done by any of the classes who have absorbed the African trade; and our European merchants and officials, and Chambers of Commerce, know probably less of their proceedings than of any other class in the mercantile community. The European and American commerce to Africa has been almost a secret monopoly in a very few hands.

The greatest pains have been taken to keep everything quiet, and though some of the houses traded on a great scale, and employed quite a fleet of merchant-vessels, the extent of their business was known to none but themselves, and was not fully realized by any but the most observant of their neighhours at Zanzibar."

The failure of European colonization in the Portuguese Possessions on the East Coast was greatly owing to the weakness and the corruption of its Government. Its authority in the country became, after a time, merely nominal; and amongst the officials the primary object seemed to be, as their own writers say, "to strive to enrich individuals as speedily as possible, if the fevers of the country did not at once extinguish their ambition as well as their life;" so they never succeeded in attaching to themselves either the affection or the respect of the natives of the mainland. Another cause contributing to the same result was the guilty share they had in the slave-trade and slavery.*

"Ever since that trade was reduced to a system," says Sir Bartle Frere, "civilization in Negro Africa has stood still or has receded; the demand was for muscle only, and to procure it everything relating to civilization or humanity was necessarily sacrificed. No imagination could depict a life so hopelessly brutalizing and retrograde as that forced on a people who pass their time in habitual fear of the slave-hunter. I do not now refer to what passes after capture, the murders and atrocities attending the kidnapping and journey down to the coast, or during the sea voyage, but to what is always present during the every-day life of the tribes from which the slaves are drawn. A very few narratives of what they experienced before capture, as told by a recently-caught adult slave, would satisfy the most sceptical that the description of Livingstone and others give but a faint image of the degrading influences always at work among the tribes within reach of the slave hunting-grounds. The midnight sowings and reapings, the unceremonious marriages and births, the concealment of anything worth taking, the life of constant terror and anxiety, are enough to sink the highest race to the level of brutes. Hearing such things, and knowing that they have continued, not for a thirty years' war, but for generations and ages, one wonders, not that the people are no better, but that they are still higher than brutes, or that they have not at best long since sunk to the level of Australian savages. Yet more degrading is the reflex action of slave-hunting on the races, contact with whom under any other circumstances would help to civilize the negro. The degradation is sufficiently marked in the coast Arab, but is yet more noticeable in the Portuguese, in whom a few years of slaving leaves but little trace by which

* Our esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, writing from Livingstonia, Lake Nyassa, in December last, observes, "Christianity has now chased the foul fiend of slavery out of every country claiming the name of Christian—except perhaps out of Cuba and the Portuguese Possessions in Eastern Africa. But even in the latter case its doom is fixed and its extinction certain in the year 1877 or 1878 at latest."

one could recognize a descendant of the 'hero nation' of Prince Henry and King John."

Thus we have forced upon our attention the lamentable fact that South Eastern Africa is still little if at all advanced beyond the point she had reached four centuries ago; that the great mass of her people are as backward as the rude tribes of Europe before letters were invented; and that the achievement Livingstone lived and died for yet awaits accomplishment—namely, the Christianizing and civilizing of this vast continent.

Towards the accomplishment of that great object, Sir Bartle Frere, in his report to the Imperial Government, recommended, amongst other measures, that, as far as possible, advantage should be taken of "non-official and especially of missionary enterprise;" and that in the latter case every aid and encouragement should be given to render the establishment effective for the industrial training of the natives. These views were again put forward and advocated by him at the International Congress held at Brussels last year, when the King of the Belgians proposed the establishment of a Society for the exploration and civilization of Africa—a society to be open to all nations to join in just as the Geneva Society for the relief and succour of the wounded, and other associations for humane and philanthropic purposes. His Excellency's conception of the task to be undertaken, and the means by which it may be carried out, are thus most eloquently expressed in his report to Earl Granville, from which we have already quoted:—

"Throughout the greater part of Equatorial Africa, the work has to be done almost as completely, *ab initio*, as when mankind were first dispersed after the confusion of tongues. Bonds of union have to be sought, and communities knitted together, life and property have yet to be made secure; letters and all but the most rudimentary arts have still to be learnt.

"Alfreds and Charlemagnes are not to be got by official indent, but they are sure to appear when, as in the present case, men trained as members of great civilized communities are brought in contact with the masses of uncivilized men, tractable, teachable, and strong to labour, under any other conditions than those of the slave and his driver.

"More especially, I believe, the men required will be found when they are attracted, not by mere worldly motives, by love of gain or adventure, but by the religious zeal which civilized the forests of the North, and which now supplies more or less of motive to all but the outcasts of society in every community of the civilized world in which the constructive faculty is still active."

A Sunrise Thought at "Cove Rock."

King of the Golden Orient :— lo ! He comes
And mounts, magnificent, his burning throne ;
Smiling in glory o'er the world of waters,
Whose joyous waves leap welcome to his coming.
See how the streaming rays, his almoners,
Fling forth his largesses in flashing brilliants.
Which the waves catch, and toss from crest to crest
In dancing rapture ! 'Tis a glorious sight
To see a king right welcome to his subjects ;
To hear the voice of Gladness universal
Greeting his royal smile. Not sea *alone*,
But ocean, earth and sky join look and voice
In smile and song. See there in the far west,
Where little cloudlets cluster, as they hang
In modest diffidence upon the outskirts
Of the vast audience-throng : they too are flushing
Bright with the universal joy :—and hark !
Breezes are striking their Æolian harps
Among the woods that wave along the hills ;
While the deep voices of the surge, far pealing,
Thunder their ceaseless anthem to his praise.
Brief, as befitting, is the monarch's audience ;
For who may look upon the King of light
With eye unblenching ? Now in massy folds,
The darkening curtains of his cloud pavilion
Gather around him ;—and tho' dazzling still
Their broad gold fringes wave, the weak eye rests
From his transpiercing glance of *unveiled* glory.
Hail ! glorious image of the KING of KINGS !
Seen or unseen, thou givest light, and life,
And joy, and beauty to revolving worlds
That circle round thy throne. Centre of Power !
Thy mystery of might upholds, sustains,
And governs as the Delegate of God,
Their measur'd harmony of ceaseless motion ;
Reining their fleetness with "an arm of strength"
Felt and obey'd in the far depths of space,
Where roll remotest planets round their spheres
In twilight solitude, unseen, unknown.

H. H. D.

A Journey to the North.—Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

BY

His Excellency Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B.

V.

At Oustersuund we found excellent accommodation and the best "cuisine" which we had met with since we left Christiana, at Eric Johnson's Hotel, but we also found that it would be more prudent had we made a bargain at the commencement, rather than have waited for the presentation of our bill. Many Russian customs were here in use. All sorts of snaps and salted fish were laid out upon a side-table before dinner, and a stupendous urn with four silver cocks surmounted the whole, above each of which was written the name of a spirit, "Renadt," "Pomerans," "Kummins," and "Fablu," and every one was expected to take an appetizer in the form of a "dram" of one of these spirits and a little salt fish before sitting down to dinner, which appears to be scrupulously carried out by every one present.

Oustersuund is a nice, clean town, worthy of being the capital of this forest-land; its position is one of the most lovely in the north; it is many thousand feet above the Baltic, very cold in winter, but quite the reverse in the summer season; at the time of our visit the sun was blazing on the lake in quite a tropical manner. Almost the whole population are of the Lutheran creed, and so entirely are they unaccustomed to meet with strangers, that there was but one person in the town we could find who could speak our language, whose name, for the benefit of future travellers I may mention is Andrews. He is very civil and obliging. I was assured that neither at Oustersuund nor in its neighbourhood was there one single Roman Catholic, that form of religion being scarcely known even by name.

There is but little communication with the outer world. About 230 miles distance, a high range of mountains and dense forests separate it on the west from Trongein, and 130 miles towards the east another stretch of forest lies between it and the Gulf of Bothnia.

The dress of the ladies when promenading, somewhat resembles that worn in Spain. A species of "Mantilla," or black silk scarf covers the head not very unlike that which is worn by the ladies of Malta. Women of a lower class wear a black scarf tied about the head in the fashion of a turban, and resembles exactly that which is worn in the Morea and parts of Greece.

It has been decided to construct a railroad from Sundswall on the Gulf of Bothnia, a portion of which, near the former town, had already been executed. This, when completed, will open out the whole of this

country, and thus alleviate the discomforture of a journey performed in small carts with no springs.

We now made arrangements to proceed by post stages of about eleven miles each to Sundswall on the Gulf of Bothina, this to be performed in the posting carts of the country. We were promised that they should be provided with springs, which promise, however, we soon discovered to our personal discomfort was not fulfilled. To ensure our obtaining horses, we sent on a notice by the mail cart of our probable arrival at each stage.

We left Oustersuund early on the morning of July 28th, and were carried merrily along for many stages. There is some cultivation in this part of the country. Some faint attempts are made at growing hops, but with very unsatisfactory results. On nearing Westara very dense pine forests extend for miles on either side. The whole country literally smells of pine and resin, said to be so beneficial to those who suffer from pulmonary complaints. The wild reindeer and the elk are now occasionally to be met with in these forests. A large stag of the last-named species was said to have been killed not long previously by an Englishman named Pope.

The people were kind and simple, and on two separate occasions portions of the money which I had presented to them in return for the temporary accommodation which they had afforded to us, was returned, stating that it was more than they were justified in receiving. Nothing, however, more luxurious than milk, eggs, and black bread was procurable. At more than one station the post-boy was represented by a woman, who managed the horses with equal ease and strength as a man. These country people seem to have large families, and to be well able to provide for them. Their children look well fed and healthy. The rooms in the way-side houses are generally large and always fitted up with wooden sofas. The furniture is clean, and the floors are strewn with the fresh sprouts of the juniper, which gives out a pleasant smell, and a freshness to the appearance of the room.

Every house is guarded by large dogs, which in shape as well as colour very much resemble wolves, but they are kindly in their nature.

Near Westara, at Bolshoi, is a fine specimen of the old wooden belfry, well situated on the shores of a handsome lake.

Near Wattegat, the upper part of the Sundswall fjord is reached. Here acres and acres of felled timber cover the water like small islands. These are collected and fenced in by huge booms preparatory to their being formed into rafts and being towed by steamers to the saw mills. Each log is especially marked, but sometimes the rafts get loose, when great confusion results with the logs. I was told that lately 200,000 pine trees had got adrift. Some of these were collected before they reached the Baltic, but an immense number were lost.

A company has been formed for the sole purpose of collecting stray

timber and returning it to the owner, to meet the expense of which a small charge is made on every subscriber's property.

The owner of the station of Wattegat seemed in a very thriving condition, having just received a considerable compensation from the railway company. He spoke English remarkably well. He had served at Balaklava in the transport service of our army, and singularly enough he displayed an extraordinary interest in the great Tichborne trial, making the most earnest inquiries regarding it.

The hay harvest was just being got in. The same system of erecting hurdles to dry the grass upon prevailed as in Norway, but here in a more exaggerated form, walls of hay being woven to the height of thirty feet.

Here, again, timber is becoming daily more valuable in consequence of the increasing facilities of transport, and where such readily exist the owners are too ready to allow the lands to go back into forest, encouraged by the increasing emigration from Norway and Sweden into countries where labour is better rewarded; but the price of labour, in consequence, has augmented in the same ratio that it has in many parts of Ireland, where a diminution in agriculture and an increase in pasturage has of late years prevailed.

We now saw on every wayside-house, placards inviting emigrants to take their passage to America, in the same way as may be seen in the West and South of Ireland.

On 30th July, about mid-day, under a broiling sun, we reached Sundswall. Let no one imagine that because he is upon the 64° of N. latitude he no longer stands a chance of heat; the sun strikes as fiercely, and the appliances for resisting it are less available than in the South.

We had now accomplished just 100 miles from Oustersuund in our continuous drive of twenty hours, interrupted only by the delays and annoyances which we met with in the matter of getting horses, and this, in small carrioles or carts devoid of springs to alleviate the torture when passing over very indifferent roads.

On the following day we finished our journey of 360 miles, from the extreme West of Norway to the East of Sweden, from the North Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia.

Sundswall is a small town on the margin or the Gulf of Bothnia, and as is universally the case, built entirely of wood. Its streets are clean, but so roughly paved that it is painful to walk through them. It would appear to command the trade of a large interior country, which is supplied through it with almost every article that is required in civilized life.

In the summer season the activity of the inhabitants is continuous. Rising at four or five o'clock in the morning they continue their labours till ten and eleven at night; but in the winter they remunerate themselves like the bears or dormice, by sleeping the greater portion of the eighteen or twenty hours of darkness which then daily covers the earth.

The rate of wages in the summer was stated to be about 4s. 6d. per diem, but in the winter season is infinitely lower.

The number of drunken persons in all parts of the town was very remarkable, and in the bar-rooms of the hotels a coarse-looking set of townspeople were continuously employed in consuming toddy.

Sundswall possesses a pretty public garden, which they call a Tivoli, where music and feasting is the order of the day.

Having been disappointed in our attempts to reach Russia by the North Cape *via* Archangel, we now determined to make our way to the top of the Gulf of Bothnia, and if possible, to within the Arctic Circle, for although we should be too late in the year to witness the full light of the sun at mid-night, still an opportunity might be open to us of seeing the effect of the long summer nights which yet existed, and perhaps of visiting a portion of Finnish Lapland.

With this view we embarked on board a trading steamer called the *Njord*, which starting at Stockholm touched at almost every port on the Western shores of the Gulf of Bothnia to Happoranda, and although the constant detentions we met with rendered the journey somewhat monotonous, yet it gave us the opportunity which, had we gone direct, we should not have possessed of seeing so many of the fjords and beautiful mouths of the rivers which exist on this coast.

The cost of working the steam vessels in these seas is very small, for in consequence of the enormous quantity of timber that this country possesses, and as now this timber is all prepared for the deficient markets in the world, so the refuse timber from the thousands of saw-mills is turned to account as fuel for feeding the engines of the coasting vessels, and thus the cost of working these steamers is reduced to little more than the wear and tear of the vessel and her engines with the addition of the wages of the men; and as the wood for the construction of the hull is so very cheap, and the present capability of the Swedes in the manufacture of their own machinery is so advanced, and their iron perhaps the best in the globe, so their steam navigation is obtaining a progression unsurpassed perhaps in any other part of the world; the profit therefore derived from this industry is very considerable. It, however, must be borne in mind that for fully six months in the year the ice forbids all navigation.

As the summer is short it is the habit of the Swedes to take advantage of it for their excursions. The *Njord* was as usual much crowded, and as is universally the case in this country, every window in the ship was carefully kept closed, the stifling heat in consequence being almost unbearable. She was a fine vessel, entirely built in Sweden, her machinery and wire rigging constructed in the country, thus evincing the greatest credit to the industry and intelligence of this rising and enterprising nation. She was comfort-

ably fitted up, and in all respects excellent arrangements provided, and as is here usual the attendants were all women.

It was curious to observe the care with which the ladies on board cherished some of our commonest of plants which they were carrying to the north, guarded in the most precious way; but when we reflected that we were now north of that latitude in which even the apple and the pear could live, this did not create in us so great a cause for surprise.

On leaving the harbour of Sundswall we passed a curious floating barge, on which was erected a gay temple or castle of considerable size, in which the sailors of the merchant fleet in the harbour were accustomed to assemble for their evening entertainments.

We delayed a considerable time at the entrance of the fjord to land a bulky amount of machinery for a new saw mill, the want of which, as ballast, militated against the stability of the *Njrod* during the succeeding night.

This station is situated near the mouth of the Indalls River, one of the largest in Sweden, which flows out of the Stago See, or great lake near Oustersuund, the acquaintance with which, therefore, we had previously made. The Indalls river is also fed by various other sources in the interior.

Immense quantities of timber are drifted down this river, but year by year the logs become of smaller and smaller girth; the following reasons are sufficient to account for this:—In Sweden the laws of an equal division of property in families exist, the consequence is that the various members in succession are anxious to realize the property to which they succeed, and therefore, down comes the timber of whatever age it may be; whereas, it the custom of primogeniture existed, and the forests belonged to but a few wealthy proprietors, the timber would be permitted to obtain its proper bulk before it was cut. It thus causes some reflection as to the suitableness of these laws and customs which have so deleterious a general effect, but now having obtained such a hold upon the people it would be impossible to make any very serious modifications concerning them.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the way in which the meals are taken in Sweden, and in this there was no exception on board the *Njord;* instead of sitting down to their breakfast and dinner, the passengers satisfied themselves with a casual snack at irregular hours from the side-table. They eat small portions of fish, sausage, and dried reindeer flesh, which, although somewhat sodden, is not disagreeable in flavour, cold meat, biscuit and butter, all in a promiscuous sort of a way, while here and there one will call for a plate of meat, which having finished, he will lounge round the "vorschmack" table, taking a snap here and there, all eating in turn with the same knife and fork. To one unaccustomed to this style of living it is very irritating, but in many cases it is necessary to accept this kind of desultory meal or to have none at all.

We put into many small saw-mill stations, where we left machinery for the works, so that on reaching Hermisonde all our cargo in the shape of hundreds of fathoms of chain cable and other iron goods had been taken out of the hold, which was now quite empty, and as we had some huge mill-stones on deck, and the vessel was built with much top-hamper, she rolled very dangerously, gunwales under.

It had been blowing heavily in the South of the Baltic, which sent up a nasty swell into the Gulf of Bothnia. The Captain considering the rolling dangerous put into a small fjord, calling at Swan Island at the Angerman River. Here is an interesting glass manufactory, the chief employment being that of blowing huge glass cylinders. Here we filled our hold with a peculiar clay for the purpose of making crucibles, and which we afterwards delivered higher up. This to a certain extent had the good effect of giving to the *Njord* a little more stability, counter-balancing the mill-stones on deck.

The weather although in the height of summer was lowering, and a heavy thunderstorm was booming around us; notwithstanding which, we again put to sea—not very inviting—but travellers must accept all the conditions that await them, and we bore the discomforts of the ensuing night with as much philosophy as we could command.

On Saturday the 2nd August, after numerous detentions, to some of which I have alluded, we arrived at the port of Umea the capital of the district of Westerbotten. The ceremony of landing the Prefect or Governor who had come up from Stockholm in the *Njrod* was now undergone, a salute of eleven guns fired in a spasmodic manner at uncertain intervals, ushered the new Governor into the seat of his Government.

One of the most requisite qualifications which a Swedish Governor should possess is a knowledge of farming and foresting, and it is absolutely essential that he should be devoid of anything like an autocratic bearing.

At Umea there has been lately built an English Church from money bequeathed by Mr. Dixon of Gottenburg, who not long since died in possession of three-and-a-half millions of Swedish dollars.

At Umea we saw some beautiful cloaks of the silver fox, the warmth of which must compensate in no small degree for the cold of the winter. The rigours of the climate of Sweden, however, are said by no means to equal that of the opposite side of the coast in Finland, and the thermometer at Stockholm usually ranges 5° higher than at St. Petersburg. It is said that a certain influence from the Gulf Stream is felt in the Gulf of Bothnia. At Umea is the narrowest part of the Gulf of Bothnia. The distance in English miles straight across to Nicolistadt, in Finland, cannot be more than fifty. It is by no means uncommon for sleighs to cross over in the

winter, and during the wars between Sweden and Russia, many an anxious night was passed, as no one could go to bed with the certainty of his house not being burnt before the morning.

On leaving Umea the signs of a high latitude were visible, the country assuming the same mossy character which it did when we were crossing the mountains in Norway by Jerkin, while the clearness and briskness of the atmosphere reminded me much of a Canadian autumn.

Our voyage up the Gulf of Bothnia was becoming monotonous, the detentions in exchanging cargo were so numerous. We touched at a solitary station noted as being the scene of the murder of a Swedish colonel and the whole of his detachment, by a party of Russians who crossed the frozen sea from Finland. Here was a telegraph station conducted by a lady as the sole occupant. She was well educated, speaking in addition to her own, many European languages. She complained of her solitary position upon a salary of only £45 per annum, but she said that she even preferred this to her former avocation, that of a governess in Stockholm.

At Pitea we found about forty ships of considerable tonnage, and saw-mills in their usual state of activity. The houses in this town were the smallest I ever saw; they were very neat. The library was full of books of a superior class, and was said to be much resorted to in the long winter evenings. In 1867 they had had a bad harvest in the neighbourhood of Pitea, and as the winter was a very late one, although the people are said to be rich and prosperous, yet they were all nearly starved, as the earliest steamer that could reach them was in the month of June. At Pitea the fjord is very singular, winding and intricate, but very deep, the masts of large vessels appearing as if in the midst of the forest.

On the 3rd August we reached Lutea. This is the nearest town of any consideration to Lapland. Any person intending to spend the autumn in shooting ducks and ptarmigan and fishing, should here land and make the best of his way in small country carts and boats to Quickjock, in Lapland; but it was our wish to go to the extreme north of the Gulf of Bothnia.

On the 4th August we came in sight of the town of Haparanda, the frontier town of Sweden, and of Tornea, the frontier of Finland, the tall spire of the tower of Roster being a prominent feature rising above the low coast.

This was the third occasion that I had visited the Russian dominions; the first was at Eupatoria in the Crimea, when with the combined fleets of England, France, and Turkey, we invaded that country; the second was at Odessa, in the Black Sea, on the occasion of a tour in Southern Russia and the Caucassus.

About noon we reached the harbour of Haparanda, at the very top of the Gulf in the 64° of North latitude. We threaded our way into the river Tornea, betwixt lines of posts placed in the sea to indicate the channel. On our arrival we found a carriage

which had been sent by Mr. Olsen, who resides on the river Kumi, ready to take us to his hospitable house about thirty versts distant. Haperanda did not require a very long time to visit, and we now crossed the river Tornea into the dominions of the Czar of all the Russias.

I will now recall in a few words the journey which we had already made. After our visit to Denmark, we had crossed by the canal from Gottenburg to Stockholm, and from thence we had visited Christiana, in Norway. We had made an interesting carriole drive towards the West, and had passed through Norway to Trondhjem, seeing some of its wildest and most beautiful mountain scenery. From Trondhjem we had traversed the breadth of the Scandinavian peninsular, visiting the most interesting lakes, waterfalls, and towns, so seldom seen by any tourist. We had now passed up the Gulf of Bothnia to the confines of the Artic Circle, our next point being that of St. Petersburg, previously passing through the centre of Finland, a country as little known as some of the distant regions in Central Asia, and of which as yet the guide-books were silent.

The people of Norway struck me as bearing a strong resemblance in their manners to the Scotch, possessing the same independence, shrewdness, and tenacity. The Swedes are kind, but very stubborn. Both people are pleasant to the stranger, and there appears to me few countries in which he will receive more gratification from a visit than in either of these.

VI.

In passing from Haparanda in Sweden, to Tornea in Russian Finland, one of the first sights that met my view was the long-remembered form of a Russian Cossack, with his dingy grey coat, Circassian sword, long boots, and stolid countenance. Singularly enough not only did no examination of my baggage follow, but even my passport was not asked for; indeed I subsequently travelled 150 versts into the interior of the Russian dominions without a single question being asked concerning me. This I consider a very singular circumstance, as of all Governments in the world that of Russia is generally looked upon as the most restrictive. Certainly I was arriving from the Arctic Circle, instead of direct from London, the centre of freedom, otherwise no doubt it would have been very different.

At Tornea it was necessary to change our Swedish money into Finnish marks, for, as yet the Russian "rouble" has not been introduced into the monetary system of Finland, but she has been allowed to retain her own coinage. The mark exactly equals the French franc.

Although Tornea is on the right bank of the river, and thus on the Swedish side, yet it belongs to Russia, she having wisely kept both banks, as well as a small fortified island in the centre of the

stream, thus securing the command of the river. Russia as the conqueror in the war of 1812, asserted her right on making peace to claim this. Some diplomatic correspondence is said to have taken place upon this subject, but it resulted in Russian obstinacy gaining the day.

As I have invariably found in Russia, so in this instance, on passing within its confines civilities and kindness immediately overtook us, and we had no difficulties to hinder our posting merrily along the road.

Immediately north of Tornea, and about 50 miles distant is a mountain called Avasaxa. It stands on the line of the Arctic Circle, and thus for some days at midsummer the sun is seen above the horizon at twelve o'clock at night, and as a sequence in mid-winter for a few days perfect darkness throughout the twenty-four hours prevails. Unfortunately we could not see this singular sight at midnight, as we were there a few weeks too late in the year.

Crossing the river Tornea, we soon plunged into the forest, and having about thirty versts further on crossed the broad river of the Kumi, we reached Mr. Olsen's house. Here we were received with the greatest kindness by himself and Mr. Fleck, a rich banker of Christiana, who had an interest in the large forest operations which were being undertaken in this part of Finland. Mr. Olsen has two establishments, one at the mouth of the Kumi river, where he is erecting a large saw-mill, and one at Ravasind about 100 miles distant, and well within the Arctic Circle. His business appeared very considerable, continuously employing 600 workmen and 400 horses. The trees in this part of Finland are the property of the Government. They are marked by foresters especially appointed for this duty. They are sold standing with the obligation of their removal. Unlike private proprietors, the Government does not allow them to be sold until they are well grown, and such as will make good timber; thus, there is a better chance of obtaining fine timber from the distant Kumi, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, than from the better known and more frequented markets in either Sweden or in the Southern parts of Finland, where the forests principally belong to private proprietors. The timber is a fine red pine. It sometimes reaches a diameter of thirty inches, but in general is not more than twelve or fifteen. Its transport from the interior is a matter of considerable difficulty, which is yearly on the increase in proportion as the forests on the sea-board are cleared off.

From the Kumi river an enormous amount of salmon are yearly taken, a species of labyrinth being constructed for this purpose in the centre of the stream. These fish are sometimes of an immense weight, 70 or 80 lb. being by no means unusual. They are whiter in the flesh, and not so firm as either the Scotch or the Irish salmon, or those which are taken in the rivers on the Western Coast of Norway. This no doubt is owing to the waters of the upper part of the Gulf of Bothnia being scarcely salt; and it is singular that the

fish in the rivers of Finland generally, are not to be taken with a fly, which in that country is accounted for by the sea, which the salmon retire to from the rivers, not being sufficiently salt to give them a keen appetite for the food which they meet with on mounting the streams.

We spent a very pleasant evening at Kumi, being comfortably lodged and handsomely entertained by Mr. Olsen, who on the following morning again lent us his carriage to further us upon our journey towards Oleabourg, the capital town of the province of that name.

It was not without feelings of some little anxiety that we encountered a journey into a country so little known as Finland. The plan which we now formed was that of passing through the interior to Wyborg on the Baltic, the distance being fully 600 miles. We had no letters of introduction, neither myself nor my son could speak one word of either Finish or Russian. No guide-book existed, and all inquiries that we made bid us believe that for a stranger to visit this country was the rarest of occurrences ; but such readers as care to pursue our course will see that we eventually succeeded with perfect success, though not without some discomfort and hardships in accomplishing the project we had formed.

The entire of the north and north-east of Finland is one immense forest of pine trees. Some portion of the centre, a considerable part of the south, and the coast line alone on the west may be said to be inhabited.

When we relinquished the use of Mr. Olsen's carriage, we had still more than 100 versts to travel before we should reach Oleabourg, for which distance we were compelled to use the small carts of the country. These occasionally were furnished with wooden springs, but frequently without any at all. As, however, the roads were without ruts and very little frequented, these carts were not so disagreeable as we expected, and we accomplished the distance, which was about eighty English miles, during this afternoon and the succeeding night.

The ponies are smart little sturdy animals. They rattle easily along at between six and seven miles an hour. The expense of posting, including the hire of the cart, and a liberal payment to the boy, scarcely exceeds three-halfpence per English mile. The most troublesome thing in travelling here is the frequent delays in obtaining fresh horses, the best plan to ameliorate which, we found to be by a liberal supply of small copper pieces to the children of the station-masters. The post-boys are smart, and generally obliging when the horses are not driven faster than the rate prescribed by Government, which is that of ten versts, or seven-and-a-half English miles an hour.

On the post-roads throughout the entire length and breadth of Russia, whether it be in the centre of that country, or in Georgia, or the Caspian Sea, or beyond the Ural Mountains in Siberia, verst

posts are invariably erected. In open countries these are visible, dotting the country for miles in advance, which to a traveller on a long journey is very encouraging.

We did not observe much cultivation, but when such was the case the inhabitants were busily employed in getting in their scanty crops of hay. This, however, was not hung out to dry in the method I have already described as pursued in Norway and Sweden, but was stored in innumerable small wooden houses not much larger than sentry-boxes, which were to be seen in all directions over the country.

All living animals were very scarce. We met with a wild-looking breed of pigs, but not a single hen or a duck. It is said that the dogs kill them and eat them up. We could procure no other sort of provision but delicious milk, tolerable butter, coffee, and black bread. Whatever else we required we had taken the precaution to carry with us.

We had been led to expect that the mosquitos would be very troublesome, but they did not cause us so much annoyance as they did to the cattle. As a defence to their attacks we observed that the custom was pravalent in every part of this country of lighting large bonfires in the fields every night, and it was curious to observe with what eagerness the cows placed themselves in the smoke, full well knowing that there they were free from the attacks of their tormentors.

We had seven rivers to cross between Tornea and Oleabourg. The majority of these were by ferries over fine and noble streams. The rest were forded: the Tornea, the Kumi, the Simo, the Toki, the Ti, the Hankipuda, and the Olea. The last was by a fine bridge near the entrance of the town.

Oleabourg is well situated, the latter river containing a fine volume of water rushing beneath the city into the sea. The scenery around it is very pretty, a most productive salmon-fishery being situated on an island in the mouth of the river, where the remains of the old castle which so long resisted the attack of the Russians exist. This salmon-fishery is extensive and valuable, averaging during the season 200 salmon per diem. But again it is not so much the number of the fish but the extraordinary weight for which they are here remarkable. According to ancient custom it is here obligatory that these fish should be daily sold by auction on the spot. Although there is so much wood in the country they are not cured by any process of smoking, but are salted down in large barrels which, when full, hold 800 lb. weight of fish, and are then sent direct to St. Petersburg.

At Oleabourg we were received with great kindness by Mr. Herbert Barry, the author of some interesting works on Russia, of whose people and language he is thoroughly acquainted. In our subsequent journey in Finland we were greatly indebted to him for his various attentions. We were soon lodged in a comfortable club

called the Society House, where we were glad to rest after our fatigue.

Mr. Barry is the head of a large iron company which is principally owned by English capitalists. They possess considerable works at Kurneo, about 70 versts, and at Amma about 100 versts from Oleabourg. As iron is very plentiful and the forests of timber at their disposal for smelting it are almost inexhaustible, so they are enabled to store it in the town, after all expenses are paid, at about one mark and a half the measure. That which was selling in the harbour was at about four marks, thus leaving a very handsome profit to the company. To work this business requires great capital, knowledge and industry. The summer is very short, during which much labour has to be gone through, collecting wood, &c., &c., from the banks of the lakes before the frosts set in, and in winter the cold is so intense as to paralize exertion. In consequence of its always being smelted with charcoal, the iron is of a much finer quality than that which we make in England. It is far too good for rails and is so ductile that it may sometimes be bent five or six times without breaking.

In consequence of the enormous quantity of timber, charcoal at the mines costs only ten shillings per ton, less expensive, therefore, than our sulphurous coal. Although so much timber is consumed, yet by allowing sixty years for the growth of a forest a supply is never wanting, a calculation being made that one-sixtieth part of the forest is yearly cut to supply the demand. The best charcoal is made from the birch-tree, but pine is generally used, as it is the more plentiful.

Under a contract with the Laplanders reindeer harnessed to sleighs are extensively used at these mines. Each animal is able to draw about 400 lb. weight. Twenty of them are under the charge of one man who leads the foremost, the rest following, each drawing a small sleigh. They are weak animals and require constantly to stop to scrape away the snow to obtain the moss they feed upon. They feed upon nothing else but this moss, and therefore there is no actual cost as to their nourishment ; but their daily journey is a very short one, as they have to stop continually for this purpose.

The iron as soon as it reaches the banks of the river is sent down in boats. These are built in a peculiar manner, excessively long, so as to rest upon many waves at a time, to descend the rapids, which certainly appear most formidable, but which they generally descend in safety. The Government provides pilots who are well acquainted with the dangerous places, as not only is iron from the mines sent down the river, but many thousand barrels of tar, which forms one of the greatest industries of this country.

Speaking of the Laplanders there are now but few in Finland ; not more, it is supposed, than a few hundreds. It is impossible to know their exact numbers as they are nomads, continually wandering through the forests, and are only to be met with in the most inac-

cessible places. The Swedish Laplanders are said now to number five or six thousand, but as every year they are being encroached upon on their North and West by the Norwegians, on the South and East by the Swedes, so they very shortly will be altogether extinguished. Like other barbarous people they are addicted to the use of spirits whenever they can procure them, although the law against their procuring any is very strictly carried out. When they cannot get the "fire-water" their consumption of coffee is very great.

We took an early opportunity of visiting the Governor of the Province, the Baron von Alftham, a Finlander by birth. He was for a considerable time attached as Aide-de-Camp to the present Emperor, and was now terminating a period of eleven years' service as Governor of this Province. The Governors of the Finnish Provinces as, indeed, all those employed under Government in this country, are Finlanders by birth. The Governor-General being a Russian, his residence is at Hellsingfors. His salary voted by the Finnish Parliament is 40,000 marks, or about £1,600 yearly, the remainder of his allowances is met by grants from the Emperor of Russia.

The Finnish Parliament meets for a few months every seven years. It is composed of the eldest sons of the nobility, primogeniture still existing. A portion are also selected from the church, from among the peasants, from among the schoolmasters, and from the merchants, the Emperor of Russia, as Grand Duke of Finland, being its chief as head. This Parliament is charged with the formation of the laws of this country, with all its financial arrangements, its taxation and the coining of its own money. It will, therefore, be seen that Finland may be regarded as very free in its internal government, dependent on Russia only as regards its Grand Duke, its military, and diplomatic questions.

The Finlanders appear generally to dislike the Russians, their general habits and customs being so opposite. They dislike them for their religion, but most of all for being their conquerors; they express, however, a good feeling towards the Emperors, who have ever since their annexation shown good faith towards them. Whereas, formerly this country existed but as the field for the wars between Russia and Sweden, which perpetually decimated it; they have since found that it is more beneficial to them to be under the rule of the Russian Empire, although they in consequence suffered severely in the war with England in the year 1854. They are now but slightly taxed, much less so than when they were under Sweden; and as yet they have no military conscription. They state that they are too loyal to rebel as the Poles have done, but in truth the freedom under which they live, and the honest way in which their connection with Russia has been carried out, can cause them no occasion or reason so to do. They, moreover, know that they are too poor a nation, and too weak in numbers to stand alone,

their interests, therefore, as well as their honour, bids them to adhere strictly to their engagements. The relation which Finland bears to Russia does not appear to have been well understood in our war of 1854. At that time we committed great injuries in their towns on the sea coast, more especially so at Oleabourg itself. We there destroyed warehouses which for miles lined the quays of the river. These were full of tar and turpentine, principally for the English market, and owned by English merchants. We also burnt fourteen vessels on their stocks; and this, it must be remembered, in a perfectly defenceless town. Such is war! and such is the penalty which may be expected where no preparation is made for the defence of the wealth gained with so much care and labour. To the honour of the Finlanders they have now, if not forgotten entirely, forgiven all this. The kind reception of myself, probably the first English military officer who had visited the city since the events to which I have alluded, not only by the Governor, but by the citizens of Oleabourg, assured me that their feelings towards the English nation are of the most friendly character, and men whom I met, and who had lost tens of thousands of marks through the injuries that had been done to them, received me with distinction and honour.

They do not blame Admiral Napier, but generally the Commodore, who no doubt was obeying his orders, and in injuring Oleabourg considered he was distressing the Russian Empire, whereas our own English merchants were far greater sufferers than the Finnish citizens.

Acrostic-Sonnet.

S ee who has come, with will and power to mould
I nto Imperial form these scattered States;
R enown upon such peaceful conquest waits,

B y patience won, o'er dangers manifold;
A fric's new Empire we shall soon behold,
R eady to guard her walls, or ope her gates
T o all who seek true Freedom: there still waits
L ight, Liberty, and Peace, when we unfold
E ngland's free banner to the breeze of day.

F ar northwards shall that banner yet be borne,
R e-conquering men to the pure Gospel's sway,
E nfolding and protecting the forlorn,
R ighting the wronged, and chasing vice away—
E nnobling Afric's mind with Truth's pure ray.

T. McC.

King William's Town.

Oscillation of the Rotary Axis of the Earth.

The February number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* contained a short article under this heading, and as it is extremely desirable that the subject should not be lost sight of by students in the field of Nature in South Africa, I will feel greatly obliged by your giving me space for a few remarks.

The opinion that the axis of the earth is not stationary, but that it oscillates in regular periods, is held by many observing men at the present day. But it is only an opinion, for proof—such as there is of the rotation of the earth upon an axis, or of the revolution of the earth round the sun—has not yet been produced. The probability of such an oscillation is, however, very great, and with every year's researches into the history of our globe, evidence is adduced which, though neither direct nor positive, points to the same conclusion.

Investigators in every branch of science—that is, those who patiently and silently accumulate facts and proofs, and are not addicted to forming hasty conclusions—are recognizing more and more as time rolls on the existence of a reign of universal law and order. Hardly a year passes away but some plodder in the vast regions of inquiry that are spread around us makes a discovery which results in the substitution in our minds of law for violence, or, in other words, in the elimination of shocks and convulsions, and miraculous interference, as agents ordinarily employed by the Author of Nature.

Now, to go no further than the hills and plains of Southern Africa, there are two ways of explaining their formation as we see them around us. One way supposes the earth to be under the dominion of a regular law, the other way supposes it to be subject occasionally to violent shocks. Surely, the probabilities in such a case are in favour of the reign of law. We do not need geologists to tell us that these hills, these plains, this surface-rind of the earth, can only have been formed under water; our own eyes—if we will but use them—give us sufficient information on that point. The question then at once arises, how came this land, that must have been the floor of a great sea, to be elevated as it now is, three, five, seven ten thousand feet above the surface of the water?

It can be accounted for in either of the following ways:—

I. The crust of the earth may be so elastic that portions of it may be elevated by internal forces, while other portions will be depressed. A series of such elevations and depressions—either sudden or gradual—can be made to account for what we see around us. And it is a well-known fact, capable of positive proof, that certain lines of coast in other parts of the world are, at the present time, undergoing such changes. Now it is possible that the internal force necessary to cause these elevations and depressions may be subject to a law which requires it to operate in a certain direction at a certain time, to cause

Africa, for instance, to rise above and sink below the level of the sea at regularly recurring intervals; but I think no one would be inclined to say that probabilities are in favour of such a law. In point of fact, no one, so far as I know, who has put forward this theory of elevation and depression, has suggested the existence of such a law, each one appearing to believe that the exertion of the force is spasmodic in point of time and accidental in point of place. That is to say, in other words, that the Author of Nature has left a great deal to chance.

II. The oscillation of the earth's axis of rotation may be the cause of periodical elevations and depressions of every portion of the earth's surface above and below the level of the waters. This theory supposes the shell of the earth to be inelastic and solid, though it must contain vast cavities in particular places, which would account for volcanic action, as well as for the local and limited elevations and depressions referred to in the preceding paragraph. The oscillation of the poles along an arc of given length causes a corresponding displacement of the equator, hence the water would be heaped up in different places at different times. If the oscillation were regular, there would be only two points on the surface of the globe—those where the meridians in every position would intersect each other—that would retain constantly the same relative level of land and water. The greater the distance from these points, the more marked would be the effect.

If this theory be applied to Europe and Africa, it will be found that each continent, though in a very different way, gives evidence of its probability. In Europe the period immediately preceding the present was an age of glaciers, in Southern Africa it was an age of low lying land and great lakes where now stretch out the desert plains of the karroo, while the tract adjoining the coast of to-day was then submerged "full many a fathom deep." And this is exactly what we should expect to find if it were certain that the poles were oscillating, and that these continents were on or near the circle of greatest displacement.

Europe approaching the equator, gradually decreasing in size as the water rose around, burying plain and mount beneath the flood, but becoming ever warmer and wamer in that stately march, until reindeer could live in what is now France, and at length the grape could bloom on the banks of the Rhine. Africa slipping southwards under the equator as under a ring, terrace after terrace emerging from the sea, while ever as the mighty cone grew higher the sheets of fresh water became shallower, until all were drained away. Such is the theory, and such is one of the evidences of its truth. If it were known to be true, we should have no difficulty in understanding how the same place was, at one time, hot enough and moist enough to support the fauna and the flora of a burning clime, and again cold enough to be covered with Arctic glaciers. We should see without difficulty how a given point could at one time tower high and are

above the waves; at another be covered with grass and flowers and trees, with its streams flowing gently to the sea, and again be buried deep beneath the dark waters, while over the old surface another crust was forming, and hiding beneath it the ruins of the time that was. And all these changes would be seen to be the result of Law, of a law simple yet majestic, as are all the laws of Nature that man's intelligence has yet discovered.

There is one thing that may be said in opposition to this theory, but it is no argument against its probability. There has been no change of climate in historical times in any known country, that cannot be easily accounted for on other grounds, and no change of latitude has anywhere been observed. But how do we know in what proportion historical time stands to time that is passed on this globe of ours. We have absolutely no data, no idea even beyond this, that it is probably so short that any fraction which the mind can grasp would be altogether too large to represent it. The diameter of the earth's orbit, one hundred and eighty-five millions of miles, is too short as a base line to measure the distance to some of the stars, with the very best instruments for triangulation that man's ingenuity has yet invented, or man's hands have cunningly and skilfully framed. Is it then incomprehensible that time should present as great a difficulty in one case as distance does in the other? The instruments that give a right angle at each end of that base line are as perpect as any used for determinating latitudes, yet they are not accurate enough to note the difference that there *must* be. And so with the change of climate. We should bear in mind that our knowledge is of years, not of ages.

In matters such as this it is well, however, not to give our faith too suddently or too closely to any theory. The time for drawing conclusions is hardly yet. Now is the time for diligent, patient observes to gather facts and put them in store, no matter whether they accord with our opinions or are opposed to them. When the materials are all prepared the erection of the edifice will be easy.

T.

Victoria East, February, 1877.

A Dark Day.

O dull, dull rain !
My love is dead, and I am left in pain,
And what dost thou prove of our troth again.
Dull, dull rain !

Let foolish flowers find recompense in thee,
And harvest-leavings sprout, and spring-time see,
But snails come out and hang upon the leaf-lorn tree,
Whereunder lies my love :
Thou art not from above.

Thou wert caught up by that cold, cruel sun,
That shone when she lay down,
And now thou fallest because tears may run
From him, and daylight frown,
In vain for me and my uncrowned career.
But thou art all of earth, and not her sphere,
And thou dost never bring her partèd presence near
To my heart's fold, O rain,

Nor canst redeem the promise of the parchèd year,
And martyr'd May, O rain.

For all the leaves of my life's love lie sear
About life's grove like graves upon the plain :
Such backward Spring, and such soon Autumn, rain !
Only a week of June,
To get our hearts atune,

And all the season broken up and fled,
And all the world aweep for them that wed,
And all the dancing things all desolate and dead :
O rain, O rain !

Let thy dull drip drop now its latest drain,
Let the cold sun look through and mock my pain,
And all the bridled birds break music's fast again.
For now I sight the sea,
Swept of immensity,

And set fast foot there, so, and sink away from shore,
And Time and thou, that know me now, shall know me nevermore.

H.

Damaraland and the Berg-Damaras.

By Dr. C. Hugo Hahn.

Part II.

On the evening of the 23rd September I reached Okozondye where I remained with my friend, the Rev. Mr. Viehe, and his excellent wife. They were very kind, and, seeing how poorly I was, they undertook to accompany me to Otyozondyupa, the furthest point of my present journey, for which I felt very grateful. At Omaruru a Swedish Company has a large trading establishment under the direction of Mr. Erickson, formerly the companion of the late Mr. Andersson, and are doing by far the most extensive business in the country.

On the 28th we left Okozondye, my friends in their bullock-wagon and I in my cart, which, when the road was rough, was by no means a pleasant conveyance. On the 29th early we arrived at the Kraal of Kaende, a young Nimrod, who had lately shot so many elephants that, for the ivory, he had bought from Mr. Erickson a new wagon and many other articles. The same forenoon we reached Omburo. The name means a bubbling fountain, and such is Omburo indeed. At the confluence of the three principal branches of the Omaruru River (so called by the Europeans living in Hereroland) a strong hot spring bubbles out of the sandy bed of the river. Were this spring free and not covered by sand it would be very strong, but even now it runs about half-an-hour's distance. One can perceive near all the hot springs of this country unmistakable traces of volcanic action.

Omburo is next to Okombahe and Omaruru (Okozondye) one of the three principal places along the periodical Omaruru River, and will, no doubt, at some future time, become a Mission Station, for although the garden ground is here not so plentiful and not so well situated as at the other places, Omburo has better pasturage.

Otyindu, situated between Omaruru and Omburo, could also become a Station. The spring, also a hot mineral one, is rather weak, but in the river bed there is plenty of water, and the soil along the banks is good garden ground.

In the afternoon we proceeded and followed the most northern of the above mentioned branches coming from E.N.E. It takes its origin from near the foot of the Etyo table mountain. The hills to our left, which we passed this afternoon, had quite a volcanic appearance. Towards the north we saw the Otyomatarazu, to the north-east the Otyihinomaparero and Konyati mountains, and just in front of us, east-north-east the Etyo table mountain, while a little to the right the summit of the Omatako mountain cones just peeped out against the horizon.

In every direction one saw the remarkable structures of the termites or white ants, this plague of Africa. A very peculiar sight it is, to see large tracts of country covered with ant-hills of all shapes and colours, white, grey, yellow, blackish, blueish, chocolate coloured, and bright red, according to the nature of the underground from whence the industrious and wonderful creatures had obtained their materials. At Otyiseromeva (Redwater) Mr. Viehe and I measured one and found it to be more than twenty feet high, while at the base it had a circumference of 111 feet, giving a diameter of about 37 feet! Three feet from the ground it became suddenly slender and then rose pillar-like in the height. The above are, of course, the dimensions of an uncommonly large ant-hill. Sometimes one meets one with two points, and now and then with a green crown, particularly in Ovamboland, in which case the ants have built round the stem of a tree of which only the top remains to be seen.

During the hot season small bee-like insects, called by the Herero Oupurupuru, are very troublesome. They are about the twelfth of an inch in length and prepare a very palatable honey in the hollow branches of trees. When anything about you attracts their attention they swarm in hundreds around the head, and although without stings, annoy one most sensitively by persistently trying to enter the eyes, nose, and ears. If in defending yourself you happen to kill a few, they become quite unbearable if you cannot drive them off by a pipe of tobacco or a cigar.*

To Mr. Viehe I showed the nest of a bird called Etoko, in a hollow tree. It is remarkable for its unproportionably large bill and strange habits. It always chooses for its dwelling such hollow trees as have a very narrow aperture, and when breeding time arrives the male bird literally closes up the entrance to the nest, in which his partner sits, with clay, leaving only a small hole through which he feeds her till she has brought out her young and they are able to help themselves. Is paternal care or jealousy the reason of this strange habit?

This branch of the Omaruru has a great deal of water, and the Hereros have, in most places, dug wells along the sides of its banks which contain plenty of excellent water for their flocks. The water found in the beds of the periodical rivers in this part of Africa is supplied not only by rain but also by real springs.

In December, 1867, a large party of hostile Namaquas had come as far as this place, and while we were attacked at Otyimbingue by another strong party on the 13th of December, this party attacked the Herero kraals of this place on the 14th. The Hereros had not dreamt of such a thing, and most of the men being absent, probably on their way to assist their friends at Otyimbingue, the foe murdered women and children to their hearts' content, and carried off the flocks. They were, however, pursued by the men on their return and were overtaken, and many, we were told, found a just

* Ed. Mohr, it appears, met the same kind of bee on the eastern side of South Africa.-A.P.

retribution for their cruel and treacherous deeds. Kamaharero, chief paramount of the Hereros, was right when he once said to Jacobus Isaak, the chief of the Berssheba Namaquas: "Everywhere we lie or tread upon the bones of our murdered parents, wives, and children, brothers, sisters, and friends, fallen by your hands." There is scarcely a place in this land which cannot tell of one or more of such bloody scenes as that mentioned. Before my cart were still lying the bleaching bones of the killed. Their blood had long cried to heaven until the war of liberty, which lasted from 1863 to 1869, brought a fearful and inexorable retribution.

Here we spent our Sunday, and as a good many Hereros living in the vicinity had come at noon to water their flocks, they also attended our service, to which we invited them, as we conducted it, of course, in their language. Even now, where the knowledge of Christianity has spread far and wide in the country and there is scarcely a heathen who has not heard more or less of it, also of those living distant from Missionary Stations, I find it not a light task, more in addresses than private conversation, to fix their attention to religious subjects. I think we missionaries of these days—in particular Protestants, including the Anglicans—could very profitably study the ways and method of the devoted, venerable, and great missionaries of the middle ages. We are too abstract and often too dogmatical, and either understand not, or do not take the trouble to stoop down and study the capacities, ways of thinking, or workings of the minds—of the natives.

Early on the 2nd of October we left Etyo and drove fast for six hours across the level country to Omatako. The Etyo is situated nearly on the watershed between the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. The waters of all the periodical streams to the east of Etyo and of all the mountains lying in the same direction, forming, as it were, a broken row, such as Ehuameno, Hiakanyande, Parasis, and Omuveroumue, empty into the Omuramba u' Omatako, and this one, it is said, empties into the Tioghe. (It must be repeated here that we speak of periodical rivers—except the Tioghe —which are only occasionally, during the rainy season, running streams).

On the top of the Parasis Mountain, also live Berg-Damaras, who have been repeatedly plundered by Namaquas as well as Hereros and Colonial people.

From the watershed the country changes its character perceptibly. It is an immeasurable plain, of rich alluvial soil, slightly falling towards the east. To a very great extent it is clad with dense bush, intersected by open grassy plains or savannahs. Here and there mountains rise from the plain, as for instance, Omatako, and further on Otyityika, &c. The north-western plains of this country, those between Naidaus and Ondonga, have but a very thin layer of humus covering the limetuffa (Kalktuff).

These easterly plains have, properly speaking, no river beds and

deep cut ravines, such as we find in the western and southern parts of these regions, but scarcely perceptible indentations, valleys, called Omiramba, of which the Omuramba u' Omatako is the principal. The streams caused by the rain have gradually worn out the hard clay and formed a kind of bed, which is mostly covered by high rank grass. By digging to the depth of from six to ten feet in the Omuramba one finds water nearly everywhere, but it oozes very sparingly through the tough clay or clayish sand, and, therefore, the Hereros require many wells for watering their numerous flocks, as the pits take twelve hours and longer to fill again when emptied.

In the afternoon we only drove two hours and halted opposite the Omatako, which were to our right. These twin mountains have a very imposing aspect and are considerably higher than the Etyo.

On the evening of the 5th of October we reached Kambazembi's Kraal, where we met a very warm reception from the chief as well as his people, who were just celebrating their feast of circumcision. We, of course, had to partake of their rather noisy hospitality, and upon Kambazembi's urgent request remained there one day, using our time to the best advantage. It was pleasing to see how anxious the young people were to learn. Numbers of them stayed of their own accord with us, while the feasting and dancing were going on in the kraal.

The next day we addressed the people, when the attendance in the morning was between two and three hundred, and in the evening somewhat less, who listened quietly and with great attention to what was said. In former days on such occasions scarcely any one could have been induced to leave his pleasure to listen to anything serious.

Kambazembi, a cousin of Kamaharero's is, next to him, the most powerful chief amongst the Hereros, and a very pleasant and agreeable man. We entreated him very earnestly to restrain his people from ill-using and robbing the poor Berg-Damaras, which he promised to do.

On the 7th, after a sharp drive of seven hours we reached Kruger's Kraal. He is a renowned hunter from Griqualand, and has for several years moved about in this country.

Towards evening the air was cooled by lightning, and the firmament cast over with clouds. What a blessing that is, only an African traveller can tell, who has had to expose himself for days to the scorching rays of the sun, against which the thin canvas cover of the wagon or the scanty shade of trees form but a very insufficient protection, because the whole atmosphere is, as it were, in a blaze for several hours of the day.

After having spent the Sunday at Kruger's Kraal, where we had a good attendance at our service, we proceeded, Monday, the 9th, on our journey, hoping to reach the goal of it, Otyozondyupa, in the afternoon. The sky being cast over, and the air in consequence cool and agreeable, we had a pleasant drive. Kruger, intending to establish

his quarters at Otyozondyupa and plant gardens there, accompanied us with his whole household, including his old, venerable-looking father. It was quite a lively and interesting party, consisting of Kruger's and Mr. Viehe's wagons, my carts, a large number of Kruger's followers, Betshuana, Namaquas on ox-back, Berg Damaras, and Bushmen, men, women, and children, with droves of cattle. At noon we outspanned close to a periodical river (not an Omuramba) which has its origin on the high plateau, which extends from the Omuveroumue range to the Outyo table mountains. This must be borne in mind, as it proves that the watershed between east and west must lie here beyond Omuveroumue westward.

Omuveroumue means "one door," from the circumstance that this range has but one break or pass, through which the river, I am speaking of, takes its course, and which forms the only road by which wagons can pass this range. The nearer we approached the mountain the more interesting it became to me. In shape it is something like to Etyo, but only half so high. We, at least, estimated its height at a thousand feet or a little more, and its length must be somewhat between eight or ten German miles, in the direction, if I am not mistaken, from north-east to south-west. It does not extend in a straight line, but takes a curve, and has the appearance of a very high shore with bights and coves and far projecting high promontories, here and there intersected by deep estuaries. One could fancy, that in former ages, these plains, from which we approached, had been sea and the range before us was the shore. In fact, it is not, in the full sense of the word, a mountain range, but a terrace, a step, as it were, of the higher plains to the west, which suddenly fall off. Therefore the range is only visible from the east and south; but coming from the west, to adopt Kruger's expression, one could stumble over the ridge before one was aware of having been on the top of a mountain. The plateau or high plains, as I said before, extend westward from this to the Outyo and the mountains joining the same northward, their direction being pretty nearly parallel to this range, and while this one is principally red sandstone, the other is chiefly a limestone formation. I wonder if somewhere in the neighbourhood of red sandstone coal might not be found.

The upper part of the Omuveroumue range is a nearly perpendicular wall, varying from one to two and three hundred feet in height. The stone is very much weatherworn and decomposed, showing all kinds of fantastic forms, such as battlements, &c., which are to a great extent covered by mosses and lively-coloured lichens, proving that the fall of rain must be greater, and the atmosphere here a great deal more moist than elsewhere. Below the precipice the mountain slopes down, the slope being covered by blocks of sandstone and trees. Just where the slope commences fountains issue at different parts—according to Kruger's statement, twenty-two in number. Already from a great distance these fountains are visible by the fresh verdure of surrounding trees.

Otyozondyupa (meaning Kalebash place) broke upon us hours before we reached it. The nearer we approached the mountain the pleasanter became the scenery. First we passed a meadow covered with water, over the beautiful green of which a carpet of blue flowers was spread. It is a lovely little flower reminding us of our "forget-me-not." Following the course of a little running stream, we, after a good half-hour's drive, outspanned on the border of another meadow, through which the rivulet took its lively course, under a magnificent Giraffe Acacia. I must own, that I have nowhere on the west coast met with such a lovely spot. The surrounding scenery was altogether new to me.

We at once started for the fountain. A quarter of an hour we walked through the wet meadow, which on both sides was fringed by fine trees, and then we ascended the mountain slope for about half an hour. The rivulet skipped merrily over the rocks down into the valley, murmuring to us—so home, so Germany-like—that we could have fancied ourselves to be in some sequestered spot of dear home, in the "Harz" or "Schwarzwald." Looking down from the height into the valley, we exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely, how charming!" Not less picturesque was the mountain side. The vegetation is here luxuriant, and the stupendous dark-red rocky walls, partly excavated by Nature into strange and striking forms, to a great extent clad by ivy-like creepers and lively-tinted mosses and lichens, form a half circle, of which the diameter must be about two English miles or more. It has the appearance of a gigantic amphitheatre, from the southern and western side of which two fountains gush forth from the rocks.

We were by the southern, the larger of the two. Along the watercourse we saw several picturesque spots, one attracting my attention in particular. A gigantic wild fig-tree has formed with its mighty roots a bridge across the stream, which just above this natural bridge forms a basin of crystal clear water framed in by beautiful ferns and other equally fine plants. Different initials of travellers were cut in the bark of this wild fig-tree, the oldest date, if I mistake not, being 1862. Not far above this attractive spot we came to the "eye" or fountain head, whence it gushes out with great force from under a large slab of red sandstone. The water, notwithstanding it being just the end of the dry season, when it is always scantiest, was quite sufficient to drive a good-sized mill. The soil about Otyozondyupa, excellent for gardening, is more than sufficient for a very large community, and it is quite incomprehensible to me how a nation in possession of such a country should not inhabit and cultivate it, indeed, should prefer a comparative desert. Till now the Hereros, with the exception of most of those who have become Christians, have no idea of the value of land and fountains; they care only for their flocks and herds and if they have sufficient grazing and their wells yield enough water for them, they are satisfied.

At Otyozondyupa every kind of fruit-tree could be planted, and as there are, according to the statements of the natives, no night frosts here, which are so destructive to such trees on other places in Hereroland, Otyozondyupa would have also in this respect a great advantage over them. The absence of night-frost is very likely to be accounted for not only by its lying lower but chiefly by the protection which the mountain gives against the west wind.

Kruger assured us that, north of this, at Otyihevita and Otavi, at which latter place the Bushmen dig for copper-ore, which they sell to the Ovambo, there are fountains just as strong and even stronger than this one.

On our return we passed a Berg-Damara Kraal, which was situated in the shade of trees. A Berg-Damara and a Bushman entertained us by their musical performances upon a drum, made of the hollowed-out stem of a tree, covered with a hide, which they beat with their fingers. This kind of instrument seems to be known amongst barbarous tribes throughout the world. It sounded most dismal and melancholy, yet, after all, they enjoy it very much, and often dance to it half the night through ; it is also the only thing they have to cheer them. Amongst the Bushmen, who also reside here, I saw a five-stringed instrument, a kind of rough guitar. This they seem to have taken from the Ovambo; besides which the koodoo horn, and their one-stringed bow, are all that the Berg-Damaras and Bushmen possess of musical instruments. The Hereros know only the one-stringed bow and the koodoo horn, but they never use them to accompany dancing.

The Berg-Damaras cultivate here and at other places a very inferior tobacco, being unacquainted with the proper treatment of it. I never saw a Bushman attempting the culture of the soil, although they are so excessively fond of smoking. In these mountains Berg-Damaras and Bushmen live peaceably together, which is often not the case. They all, more or less, look upon Kruger as their lord and master, and appear greatly to fear him.

Accepting Kruger's kind offer to take us with his horses to a large fountain, situated in the same range, only a couple of hours' ride north from Otyozondyupa, we proceeded the next morning. Kruger is a very intelligent man and shrewd observer, and has seen a great deal of this country and people. He entertained us on the road with many useful as well as amusing accounts. His tales of hunting adventures savoured a little of Munschausen's style, and his stories of the baboon, its intelligence and sense of justice, would no doubt have satisfied even Carl Vogt. He considers this country superior in its capabilities to Betshuanaland, and believes that Kafir corn could be grown here anywhere, just as well as in any place of Betshuana and Ovamboland. As far as it refers to these very fertile-looking plains I think he is right

After a good hour of sharp riding, we turned to the left, entering a very romantic-looking valley or "kloof" leading into the mountain.

We did not ride up to the fountain-head, as it began to rain, but so much we saw, that here was a place as fine as one could wish it to be, fit for cultivating cereals and any garden plants to a very large extent.

On our way home we passed a large tract of country literally covered by a singular plant, which the Hereros call onguebe. It contains a great deal of fibre, and would make excellent cordage. The Berg-Damaras and Bushmen use it for that purpose and make, for instance, their snares of it. The plant has no leaves, and is in appearance like the common euphorbia, to which species it does not, however, belong. The gum of the common mimosa, which, as an article of trade, is known under the name of gum-arabic, is very plentiful here and in other parts of the country, and could be collected by the poor Berg-Damaras and sold to the trading establishments. Till now, I am sorry to say, nothing has been done to induce them to do so. Ostrich feathers and cattle pay better. In the night we had a strong thunderstorm, but without rain. The rolling echoes of the peals were very grand.

It would be very desirable that a couple of the young missionaries should examine this country, even if it took them three or four months. It is important for the future of this people to have a thorough knowledge of the capacity of the country. Perhaps we might induce the principal tribes to settle by the large fountains.

On the 12th of October we took leave of Otyozondyupa, on our return home. Of the Berg-Damaras and Bushmen, who must be very numerous, we saw in fact but few. We heard that Kruger had forbidden them to see us. I wonder why? Before we left I had those in the kraals called, and told them that by and bye there would come a missionary here, and they would have more protection from those who oppressed them. They requested us then to intercede on their behalf with Kambazembi, that the children of whom they had been robbed by his people might be returned to their parents and friends, which we, of course, promised to do.

Kambazembi's we reached on the 14th in the evening. The Berg-Damaras who accompanied us to his kraal were treated very well by him, presenting them also with a sheep to slaughter. He promised us, too, to make inquiries about the children and to have them restored to their respective kraals.

Mr. Viehe and I here parted company, he going to his station, Okozondye, and I went on to Okohandya, Kamaharero's residence, and also a newly-erected Missionary Station under the charge of the Rev. P. Diehl. Here I laid ill for several days, having a strong attack of dysentery, which is a prevalent desease of Hereroland, and often carries off many people. During my indisposition I received many tokens of kindness from the excellent Missionary and another German friend as well as from the natives. The Rev. U. Brincker, of New Barmen, having been apprised of my illness, came also to see me, and so did my wife and daughter. Happily the malady

having taken a sudden and very favourable turn, I was enabled to proceed to New Barmen, where I rested again a day. New Barmen is the oldest Mission Station in Hereroland, and boasts of a fine Church, a good school, and a pretty numerous congregation.

Otyimbingue I reached again on the 28th of October, having been absent a little more than six weeks. Bodily I felt rather exhausted, but I was pleased with the result of my journey, seeing not only on the different Mission Stations, which I inspected, but also amongst the Hereros who live distant from them, that our work is not without its beneficial fruits. Very pleasing it is to witness how eager many of the young people are for instruction and improvement. Often I heard the old people say, "Our children are no more ours, they belong to you; they love you more than us, and will not follow our ways and customs; you need not ask us when will the sacrificial fires on our altars be extinguished? because when we die there is none of our children who would be willing to kindle them; it is in vain to compel them; we cannot prevent their becoming Christians, but we are too old to do so." I am convinced also, that the mission work must be extended as soon as possible to Omuveroumue. That part of the country being by far the most valuable, will also in time become the most important, if the Hereros take more to agricultural habits, which will keep pace with their embracing Christianity, the great factor of civilization. As Macaulay, the historian, says, "He that would do anything to subvert Christianity, is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind."*

Praise.†

If praise thou seekest,
Let not thy soul thirst for that mete of joy
In God, thy Maker's, cause.
He who can scan the orbs which roll in space,
That gem the glorious diadem of night;
Or he that paints fair Nature's many moods
Of form or landscape,—such may claim success
And have their claim allow'd.
The gifted minds, whose thoughts appeal to ours

* Accounts from Damaraland reached Cape Town during the past month, reporting that the Hereros have again attacked and massacred some of the Berg-Damaras. These outrages are not likely to cease until the country is brought under the jurisdiction of a civilized Government.—Ed. *C. M. M.*

† Suggested by a remark made in a sermon preached at Christ's Church, Graham's Town.

With words of eloquence in tale or song ;
Or those who dig in mines of knowledge vast,
And fling us riches from their golden store ;
These Mammon loves, and gives them just reward.
Aye, many a name the world will proudly own,
As long as Father Time rolls on his wheel,
O'er life's oft-chequered course.

But he who labours in his Maker's cause
Through patient years, must still toil on in hope,
Nor look for laurel wreath from mortal hands.

Some noble souls have bless'd the homes of want,
Where penury up-rears her squalid brood,
And messengers of mercy have gone forth,
Have fed the hungry, and the naked clothed ;
Pass'd thro' the lonely darksome prison gates
And told of glad deliverance, to the slaves
Whom Pride and Passion, at her chariot-wheels
Have dragged to ruin.

Do such men seek for praise, or thirst for fame ?
Alas ! life's cup were drain'd to dregs indeed
Could this be all they sought.

Wait on, thou unknown worker, wait in hope,
Tread in thy Saviour's footsteps to the end ;
His crown was thorns, His meat and drink, to do
His Father's work.
That "Man of Sorrows" shall come home at eve,
When life's long toilsome day draws to its close ;
And He, who sent the workers forth, shall stand
Before them all, and as their Judge shall say;
"Well done, thou good and faithful, enter ye
Into my Rest."

J.

A Glimpse at Venice.

"White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry."—*Longfellow.*

As we drew near Venice we unconsciously gave ourselves up to the luxury of a dream—nor did ever dream seem more dreamlike or reality more unreal. The sun had already set, leaving behind it all the glories of the afterglow, flooding the dome of heaven with every varied hue and colour, suggesting in their fantastic combinations the idea of a vast natural fresco. Had it been early morning instead of the closing day, and the "Aurora" of "Guido" had, with his radiant attendants and golden car, burst over the brim of the horizon in all the glory and vigour of life, it would have seemed wondrous yet scarcely supernatural.

Crossing the narrow neck of the "Ponte Sulla Laguna," which is the only connecting-link with the mainland, and, as it were, with the actual world, we appeared to be drifting into an ethereal and almost mirage-like state of existence, where earth and sky were blending and mingling and losing themselves in a rosy and mysterious phantasy. Below the crimson of the zenith, which momentarily glowed more intense, were hung out grey, green, and golden variegated banners which, casting the reflex of their many-dyed stripes into the shimmering, tremulous waters below, produced the effect of a brilliant parterre, gay and gaudy with the richest and rarest of corals, anemones, sea-weed, and every sea-treasure.

Gradually, like a transformation scene, this picture faded away, giving place to a less fairy-like, but a still more weird and phantom apparition. Awed and hushed, we step into a black and shadowy bark which, with a magic touch, glides silently on. Our ferryman, who speaks not a word except now and again to give vent to some harsh and gutteral sound, stands at the helm with a long and thread-like oar, which at leisurely intervals he dips into the water and so propels his craft along. As his gaunt figure sways now backwards now forewards and now hovers over us like some ghostly ghoul, methought as fancies thronged the brain, he might have been one of "Charon's" deputies and we his victims, being slowly borne away to the silent and hopeless shores of the nether world.

And now we are skimming over the full sweep of the "Grand Canal." We look up to the "Rialto," which spans the water from side to side in a graceful curve, like a well-strung bow. Shades of the world-renowned "Merchant," the sprightly "Portia," "Lorenzo," "Jessica," and the other companion-characters, spring up and people it anew with their gay and lively presence. On we stealthily steal past palaces, which with their fretted and delicately

accentuated outline, each one a wonder in itself, look scarcely the result of human effort. They might have been created by some magician hand, or have emerged from the deep, like the coral piles which throng in myriad groups the warm waters of the sunny south. Each one has its history, and doubtless there still hover about them the spirits of those whose names once made them famous. Some there are who still believe in the transmigration of souls ; and possibly these same spirits may have taken refuge for a time in the soulless forms of some sea merman or maid ; and had they softly emerged and brought us some message from the "vasty deep," or chanted some direful dirge, they would have seemed unearthly yet fitting denizens of this watery dreamland.

The many sombre gondolas moored to the side look in the dimness, with their tiny cowl-shaped cabins, like giant mummies swathed in black ; the slender lizard-like pillars to which they are attached being monster serpents rearing their crests and standing on end to protect their prey. Ever and anon these shadowy conveyances dart past our prow, to vanish the next moment into the gloom of some narrow by-channel, where the houses on either side loom up so closely and lean forward as though on the verge of crushing like nutshells these small adventurers.

Slowly we drift out of the Grand Canal into shadier depths. Some one whispers, "The Bridge of Sighs." There over-arching our head was that connecting, yet all dissevering link which, when once crossed over, for ever separated the condemned from every ray or chance of hope. Doomed ! doomed ! rang in our ears. Black rose the prison walls, and blacker still, with an inky blackness, were the waters which lapped at its sides. We are passing and gazing along the cruel impenetrable dungeons, whose walls drip with a fishy filthiness and with vermin born of the slime, where once the pitiable victim, lingering on in inexpressible anguish, yearned that the gurgling waters above him might rush in to drown his miseries and relieve him from a living death.

This nightmare, however, speedily gives place, as we shoot into the "Riva Schiavoni," to the beautiful and stately palace of the Doges, which towers up white and spectral with its light and pointed battlements, fringing the sky with the clear outline of its presiding genius, looking calmly down from her sublime and lofty heights. Soon we find ourselves transported into the life, bustle, and noise which pervade all foreign quays. Voices break the silence in tones unmistakably human ; harpies with very substantial claims assert their rights, the clamour and clatter of alien tongues is heard on all sides ; bulkier boats push past us amply filled ; many lights shoot out and bestar the waters, and the ropes and masts of many strange craft entangle and knit the heavens. A few more strokes of the oar and we have reached our destination for the night. We step from our gondola, enter our hotel, and are half-surprised, yet scarcely pleased at what almost appear our unwonted surroundings.

We close our eyes before the glare and the glow which confront us, and touch and feel familiar objects before we are fairly awakened from the unearthly trance into which we seem to have fallen.

Evermore I shall feel on looking back to our first glimpse of that Island city that we had then—a vision, and that the name of that vision was *Venice.*

The next morning on looking out from our window a grey white mist overhung everything, half concealing and half revealing the various neighbouring objects; still keeping up as it were the illusion of the previous evening. Nor did the sun shine out the whole of that day; later on it rained, and what with the wet and the cold we were somewhat disenchanted. Next day, however, the sun broke in a cloudless sky, and the "bride of the Adriatic" rose up in all her beauty responsive to his rays.

Excepting by moonlight or twilight, Venice can never be properly seen, unless bathed in all the glories of the full sunlight. Without it she seems dull and lifeless, and sunshine to her is what happiness is to a human being. Grant her light and warmth, and she will glow back from every front and fragment a fiftyfold response. We take our gondola for one "lira" the hour, and lean back in delicious idleness to feast on one long panorama of *princely* piles, churches, palaces, towers, and turrets, whose many colours and quaint outlines, reflected in the water, make strange frolic on its rippling surface, while the pillars painted in every shade and design, some with armorial bearings, are converted in their reflection like Aaron's rods, into wriggling rainbow-hued monster serpents. The gondolas, however, are almost hearselike in their uniform blackness. A story goes that in times gone by, when Venice was at the height of her luxury, so much costly and lavish decoration was expended on them, some even gilding theirs and setting them with precious stones, that the Doge at length to put an end to such wanton extravagance, issued a decree that they should all henceforth be of one prevailing sombre colour.

Where the palaces of Florence are massively grand and almost austere in their solidity, those of Venice are equally airy, artistic, and fanciful in their structure. Each has some story or legend attached to it, and if your gondolier is talkative, he will have a host of information, founded or unfounded, to beguile the time. Amongst the most renowned are the "Foscari," the "Pesaro," and the "Bianca Cappella," where the famous yet infamous beauty of that name lived and carried on her naughty malpractices. We had also pointed out to us the "Palazzo" in which Lord Byron lived and wrote. They say that in spite of his excesses, the people of Venice regarded him with great affection and interest. It was here he composed that beautiful poem, in which the misfortunes and the tragic end of the Foscari brothers is so eloquently told.

If the name of the palaces of Venice is legion, its churches are almost as numerous. The façades are much handsomer and more

elaborate than those of the Florentine cathedrals, and domes, spires, and companiles, uplift themselves against the sky wherever the eye can range. "Santa Maria della Salute" looks very picturesque as she gathers her skirts together, and rises from the water's edge with her fair white front, and her many domes glittering in the blue ether. Another interesting church is the "Frari," which contains Titian's and Canova's monuments, and those of other celebrities. Its details are very rich, and it is full of valuable relics, carvings, pictures, &c., but there is an inharmonious jumble about the whole, which rather jars on one's feelings, and somewhat suggests the idea of a vast curiosity shop. Hard by is the "Frari" monastery, where are to be seen some wonderful archives, consisting of no less than fourteen millions of volumes, containing the history, the laws, and the decrees of Venice for many centuries back; here also is exhibited a Papal bull and seal, and autograph, dating as far back as 883.

To say that the "Piazza" of St. Mark is harmonious in its incongruity, seems a contradiction, and yet such it surely is, nor is there anything else in the world of the kind that possesses so unique and individual a character. Crowned at one end with its gaudy and gilded cathedral, whose mosque-like domes, carved pinnacles, and balled crosses glistening in the sun, are more suggestive of a heathen than a Christian place of worship, and if on entering it one found some gorgeous Hindoo ceremony being enacted, it would have seemed but the fitting and proper shrine for such barbaric performances. The Campanile, which is fine in size and point of height, looks almost ponderous and severely simple in contrast. There is a stiff, uncompromising air about it, as though it had quarrelled with its surroundings and refused to be reconciled, being altogether in our eyes the one prosaic object in this otherwise highly fantastic and fanciful group.

Before reaching the grand "Piazza," we pass through a smaller one guarded by two pillars, which are surmounted respectively by the winged lion (the emblem of Venice), and St. Mark its tutelary deity. We have on one side the Doge Palace with its many curving arches gracefully poised one above the other the upper tier resting midway between the lower, combining exquisite lightness with great strength and solidity. Fronting this is the more sombre and massive "Palazzo Vecchio." Running along the lower storey of the noble buildings, which form three sides of the square, is a long continuous "galleria" paved with marble, which brilliantly lighted up at night presents one of the most alluring and enticing vistas of Venetian vanities that ever racked with envy the weak heart of—woman! This is the "Palais Royal" of Venice, but much handsomer and more sumptuous than that insinuating whirlpool of French frippery and folly. Facing the entrance of the Piazza is an ancient archway, and above it again a broad-faced clock upheld by a golden lion; the clanging bell suspended above, slowly and sadly tells out the hours, while the bronze

vulcans with steady hammer and unrelenting hands strike off the moments from its iron sides. This is the great rendezvous of the Venetians, and the Grand Parade of all the youth, fashion, and beauty of the fair city.

January and February are the festal months with the good citizens, and symptoms of the approaching carnival were apparent in the gay and careless bearing of expectant pleasure seekers, and the hideous and grotesque exhibitions of grinning masks, dominoes, and fancy costumes, which drew spectators in crowds to gaze and lounge outside the shop windows. Several mummers and masqueraders had with some courage ventured out in disguise amongst the multitude, to become at once the comet-head of all the dirty, yet always picturesque rascals and sansculottes in which Venice so richly abounds. In the centre of the Piazza an inclosure was being erected where the revellers, if so inclined, could dance till day dawn, and spin around to their hearts' content in the ecstacy of motion. But these were only signs of the times. We were told that in a few weeks the whole city would be seized as it were with a mad mania. Man, woman, and child, would give themselves up to innocent riot and revellery, and all Venice would expend as it were in the outburst all the accumulated fun and folly of the previous year's growth.

And now though the living, breathing, and tangible Venice no longer holds our senses, though its fitful outline no longer breaks the sky, and its many rainbow hues no more enthral our actual vision, we, nevertheless, carry away with us a picture so radiant, a recollection so bright and glowing, and a thought so fair and beauteous, that the remembrance thereof will ever help in the sadder and darker moments of life to quicken and enliven the dreariest waste, and make the "Wilderness to blossom as the Rose'

NATALIA.

Lux.

My soul looked forth one night
From her casement-pane,
Out in the far black night.
Above in massy depths of pitch
Piled the huge, angry clouds.
Awhile the cold stern outline of the mountain gloomed
A gloom of harmony,
And the wail of a bitter cry,
An angry pain,
Rose as she gazed;
For where was the hope of years,
The cherished dreams—the soft

Sweet voices blending with the peace,
They taught—the eyes discerning
In their sweet unselfishness,
Lustre in darkness for her sake—
The pure, strong love
So willing to deny itself, yet
Hiding as willingly the sacrifice
Lest she were pained.
And from the gloomy depths within
Answered a voice cold, hard, and bitter,
"All gone by."
When suddenly from out the rugged edge
Of one torn cloud,
Rose the pale lustre of a silver moon
And with it fell an echo soft and clear,
Hushing the bitterness within
Until it lost itself in that one truth,
"All on high." Z.

Absent.

The sunlight shines clear on the ocean's broad breast
Save where some light cloud throws its shadow afar,
And the swift-rolling billows lift high each white crest
Like gaily-plumed knights riding forth to the war,
And o'er the wide landscape the light shadows fly
As the breeze rolls the thin clouds across the blue sky.
All round me is joyous, and smiling, and bright,
Why art thou, my own love, so far from my sight?

The yellow-wood spreads its huge limbs o'er the dell,
And a sweet-scented twiner has lent it its aid
That above us the turtle his love-tale may tell,
While thy blushes, dear one, are hid in the shade.
The orange and lemon their odours combine,
The fruit glances red on the graceful wild vine,
The wild flowers are bending with gem-drops of dew,
But one charm is wanting, my love, where are you?

The turtle-dove coos in the branches above,
The dark green canaries are flitting below,
The sweet little songsters are chanting their love
And vows of devotion from leaf and from bough,
And the chorus is sung by the bright bubbling stream,
I only unmated must sorrow and dream
Of a sweet face far distant, yet evermore near
My own love, my dream love, why art thou not here!

B. M. R.

The Olden Time.

To wrest from oblivion the shattered fragments of colonial history, fragments drifting on the *camera lucida* of tenacious memories, loaded with the traditions of scenes enacted three-quarters of a century ago, is a mission more worthy of a Macaulay or a Froude than that of a hewer of wood or drawer of water in the garden of literature. But, as vast cities are formed by the collection of many houses, and palaces attain their stately proportions by building stone upon stone, I may safely emulate the industrious historian by rescuing from the unwritten past a few incidents concerning the founders of some of our most notable colonial families, however meagre may be the collection. Histories, after all, are but the written records of facts and events of nations, and the narration of individual instances must precede the grouping of the whole.

To Governor Janssens we may accord the most prominence. During his sojourn at the Cape he formed warm attachments with several leading colonists, but in a more marked manner showed his partiality to the M———s, and some others of that ilk. Previous to his departure from the Cape he caused four silver cups (beakers) to be made, and presented them to the families mentioned. Carousels in those days were of far more frequent occurrence than now, and wine flowed as freely along the valley of Eerste River as it did at the festive boards of Irish or Scotch landlords of a similar period. The cups which General Janssens had presented contained exactly a bottle of wine each, and when the Governor dined with his friends—as he often did—it was a flow of soul in the best Batavian guttural, but scholastic deficiencies on the part o the Burghers precludes the admissibility of its being a feast of reason. A description of one of those feast-days in olden times may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Cape Monthly*, while the one may be taken as a fair selection of the many.

It was the commemoration of the birthday of Philip Albertus M—— of Eerste River. Round the large hall were seated innumerable guests, Morkels and Myburghs, Cloetes, Van Reenens, and others who joined in mutual congratulations, like a pacific meeting of Scottish clans. Behind the broad-shouldered Dutchmen ranged a trained band of well-fed and well-dressed slaves, discoursing in dulcet strains a patriotic air from Fatherland. Ladies graced the festive scene, for a few, dressed *a la* Amsterdam, accompanied their lords from the Castle, and mingled with the buxom wives and daughters of the Burghers with pleasing familiarity. Adjoining this grand old reception hall, with its curiously ornamented mahogany panelings and antique brass mountings,—its cool floor of glazed tiled blocks, and lofty ceiling—was the dining room of equal colossal proportions. Here the tables were burdened with a rich profusion of the poultry-yard and other farm edibles, while Bontebok

venison and winged game lent variety to tempt the appetite. The slave cook of the period may not have been so well-versed in the art of culinary as is her free sister of to-day, but she was far more obedient and apt to learn, whilst the Burgher then was less of the epicure than now.

The guests seated, a grave decorum is observed at the saying of graee, after which the band strikes up a lively air which drowns the active echo resounding from the war of knives and forks. Sedate old farmers discuss the prospect of the times, and their daughters the latest novelty in *voerchitz*. But a pause is visible—an armistice in eating is silently agreed upon—and the goblet, Governor Janssens's goblet, is filled high to the brim. The health of Mr. M——— is proposed by the Governor, the silver tankard is lowered, drained of its last contents ; four cannons beleh forth applause to the outer world, and the band plays some appropriate air. No British cheers rang through the hall, no Highland honours were aeeorded to the chief of the house of M———, but the words of General Janssens struck a chord whieh vibrated in every bosom, and if the enthusiasm was less demonstrative, it resembled the deep running of still waters, equal in intensity, if less gurgling on the surface. Again the huge goblet goes its round, big bumpers are quaffed at each toast, and each guest has to drain this "cup of love"—The lady of the house, "Vrouwtje van het huis," "Prosperity to the plaee," and a legion of similiar sentiments testifying to the company's aldermanie appreeiation of good eating and drinking.

As night grew apaee, the drinking grew fast and furious, for the star of Good Templarism had not yet arisen, and men of moderate habits were looked upon as uncongenial to the times. So much was this the case that the greatest wine-bibber became the greatest hero; but this epidemie of questionable jollity was not confined to the Colony, since in the times we are treating of intemperate exeess counted its victims by thousands in the polished circles of Europe. To sueh an extent did Baechanalian habits permeate society then, that colonial ladies have been known to seize the unlueky wight who preferred to be abstemious, hurriedly deeorate his ehest with table napkins, slightly thrust back the head, and deliberately throw down his throat a bottle of wine. The martyr to this womanly solicitude, when released from their unsolieited favours, dared not to beard the lionesses in their den and air his indignation, but resigned himself to the Amazonian-like treatment as unwillingly as he had swallowed the wine ; escape was impossible, resentment imprudent, hence he joined in the laugh by virtue of a necessity. Wines of fifty years and more were frequently produced on such oeeasions, and the writer of this sketch has drunk of wine given him by a deseendant of the subjeet of this notice, alleged to have been 100 years old. But this is a diversion. Well-seasoned topers adhered to their seats with wonderful tenacity for hours, while bottles after bottles disappeared with a rapidity almost surpassing belief, leaving the negative but emphatie evidence of the vast eonsumption in several vaeant ehairs. Whilst the maudlin speeehes of some thirsty old revellers who could still clamour, but hardly articulate the burden of the song, ehorused

> "Pour out the red wine, let it flow
> Like a free and rolling river."

Leaving the devotees of Baechus, we will adjourn to the reeeption

hall, now transformed into a dancing saloon, and from whence issues strains of excellent music. The youthful maiden just blooming into womanhood with her slender form and graceful movement, the corpulent matron whose ripened maturity develops itself in a fatty rotundity, the grand dame, whose features are not yet so furrowed as to obliterate all trace of former youth and beauty—for many attain in this country to that honour long ere they reach the age of forty—glide, fairy-like, round the hall as they tread the measure of that old-fashioned but most beautiful of dances—the waltz. Sires and sons vied with each other in gallantry, for the French element introduced in 1685 8 had by this time influenced the sturdy Burgher of Netherlands descent, and refined the blunt frankness of the latter, which assimilates itself in this respect to that of John Bull.

Voerchitz and veldtschoenen may not be adornments of the modern ball-room, but hearts beat as happily then as if costly candelabra lit up marble hall, as if robes of finest satins encircled the waist, and jewelled tiaras bedecked the brow, for when

> " Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Parties of this kind often lasted for three days, during which time the hospitable entertainer kept "open house" for all-comers, and dispensed with princely liberality the good cheer of the place.

Probably among the last of the type of those jovial, warm-hearted Africanders should be ranked the late Oude Baas B—— of Mullersvlei, whose entertainments were lavishly extended to a wide circle of friends radiating to distant lands, although he had never travelled beyond the country of his birth. If the retainers of the English baron were more numerous, their banquets more sumptuous, and the hospitality at Yule time more regardless of expense, the Burgher of seventy-six years ago imitated his more favoured rival with close fidelity, for the difference in purses there were adequately compensated by the difference in prices here. A sheep then cost the value of its skin now, and four fat oxen could have been bought for the purchase price of a hide in the present day. Wines free from the vile impurities of European drugs, possessing the aromatic properties of the Eerste River, and the lusciousness of Constantia brands, cost but one tithe of the adulterated substitute which flood the English market from Portugal and France. One hundred slaves were by no means uncommon property for a single Burgher to own, and if we multiply the guests and their attendants by twice that number, we have an approximate idea of the multitude who partook of the " loaves and fishes." A flourishing farmer in the days of slavery had a tolerably large community within the boundary of his property. The trades were generally well represented, for on the farm of Mr. M——— were to be found masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and thatchers, drafted from the more intelligent of the slaves, and trained to their respective trades, and this gentleman was but one of the many well-to do farmers of the day. In those bondsmen consisted the principal affluence of the South African farmer, for a good muscular slave, especially if a tradesman, would yield on a slave mart as much as one of our thorough-bred English horses in the present time, and wines or other farm produce had but a local consumption among a limited population. The Southern planters of

America in a contemporary age had a large export trade in cotton, and their estates became so much more valuable with the increased yield of the acre ; but in this promontory, where stagnation supersedes vitality in most enterprises, where a dull, dormant, sluggishness, seems to have brooded over the land, the farmers' wealth was derived chiefly from an increase of cattle—and must I write it—a natural increase of slaves. Society in this state, nursed in the lap of idleness, pampered by an enervating climate unsurpassed for serenity, and rewarded by a generosity of Nature, almost tropical in its returns, was little fitted to cope with more hardy communities, and may in some measure account for the apathy proverbial of South Africa.

In those days of easy indifference men trusted their fellow-men with hundreds, aye thousands of pounds, without their bill or bond ; then help was anticipated instead of solicited, and long purses of hoarded store were proffered to the deservingly ambitious without limitation of time as to its repayment. In those days of Arcadian confidence, a strong clannish bond of brotherhood knit the entire community—an assimilation to the millennium era reigned—save the one blot of slavery which marred the fair escutcheon of the Cape. Now, under the new order of things, with all our boasted strides of civilization comes an attendant train of evils. We have less mutual trust and more pharisaical roguery, sometimes shaking whole divisions to the very centre.

M.

Our contributor's story of the silver cups presented by Governor Janssens to some of the old colonial families has another, and, we believe, more correct origin than that here given. In the Records of 1805 we have come across the following "General Order" :—

JAN WILLEM JANSSENS, *Governor and General-in-Chief of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope and its Dependencies.*

Considering the effectual service done to this Colony by the officers and men of the companies of Burgher Cavalry, under the command of the Captains *W. Wium*, *W. Morkel*, *J. Linde*, and *J. Human*, in as far as they have been employed in tracing and apprehending three corporals and twenty-eight soldiers of the Hottentot battalion of light infantry, who, mostly armed, abundantly provided with ammunition, had deserted from the camp at the Wynberg, and who, combined together, have offered such determined resistance as ever could be expected from infatuated and misguided people, who, for the crime of desertion alone, felt themselves guilty to suffer death, in a country where so many lurking places are to be found, and so many difficult positions to be forced, under the guidance probably of their seducers.

Considering, that the armed Burghers jointly have exhibited in this instance great courage, judgment, and humanity : —*Courage*, by gallantly exposing themselves to the fire of their opponents, and boldly fighting against them ;—*Judgment*, by prudently preventing the escape of the deserters, and judiciously attacking them ;—*Humanity*, lastly, by not killing a single man more when immediately after the death, amongst others, of the corporals, the remaining became dismayed and wished to surrender themselves.

Considering, that in the different attacks made to overpower them, a Burgher Dragoon of the company of captain *Human*, named *Matthys Saayman*, had been killed,—and that two others of the company of captain *W. Morkel*, named *J. Rous* and *J. Zwanepoel*, had been wounded, the first severely and the other less severely.

Considering, that, although the joint Burghers employed in this service formed a considerable number, the superiority, however, in each attack had not being great, several days having been required to subdue these offenders, during which time one detachment was obliged to relieve the other.

Considering, that brave, loyal, and to laws and commanders obedient armed Burghers, who have performed a service so essential to the country and so honourable to themselves, and who have by their bravery prevented all those disasters, which the Interior might have suffered from an armed troop of mischievous fellows, amply deserve the regard of Government;—and wishing to give them an undeniable proof thereof,—the Governor and General-in-Chief has suggested to the Court of Policy, to offer to those, who have personally suffered on this occasion, each individually, and also to each of the respective Captains, as the heads and representatives of the Companies whose men have been employed, in the name of the Government an honourable remembrance.

And as the members of the Court, always anxious to promote whatever may be useful and flattering to the Defenders of the State, without regarding whether they belong to the common Military or to the armed Burgher force,—have not only fully and unanimously concurred in proposal, but have even requested the Governor and General-in-Chief to take upon himself the execution of the general wish of the Government;

Be it therefore made known, that the Governor and General-in-Chief has resolved, as he resolves by these presents:—

1. That to the parents of the Burgher *Matthys Saayman*, killed, be granted as a token of gratitude to this their son, the use of a Loan Place, without payment of dues, till the death of the survivor of these parents, to which place a name will be given by the Governor and General-in-Chief, which shall secure to posterity the remembrance of the deserving young man who died for his country.

2. To each of the wounded Burghers, *Johannes Roux*, and *Johannes Zwanepoel*, shall also, during their lifetime, be granted the use of a loan place without payment of dues, the cause of this honourable concession also to be pointed out by the names to be given to said places, and as long as they shall respectively not possess a loan place, the amount of the dues shall yearly be paid to them from the colonial treasury.

3. To the Captains *Willem Wium*, *Willem Morkel*, *Johannes Linde* and *Petrus Gerhardus Human*, as representatives of their companies, and inasmuch as they have shared the danger, a silver cup shall be presented to each, as a personal remembrance, on the one side of which shall be engraved an inscription suited to the occasion, and under it the name of the captain with the date; and on the other side shall be engraved the letters B. R. signifying *Batavian Republic*.

4. This resolution shall be read to each of the said companies, as a proof that the Government highly values the bravery of the armed Burghers, and that it performs a pleasant duty in acknowledging and rewarding all marked deeds of courage and prudence.

5. The clergymen of Stellenbosch, Swellendam, and Tulbagh, are also requested to read or cause to be read this resolution in the church after divine service, on the first Sunday following, and to express the special acknowledgments of the Government to those, who, although not belonging to the armed Burgher force, have voluntarily come forward to share the danger with their fellow Burghers and from a conviction of the duties of Burghers in general to serve their country when it is in need.

6. This resolution shall also be recorded in the general orders of the army. Extract of this resolution shall be granted to every one, in whose honour and behalf the same is required, also to the Landdrosts of Stellenbosch, Swellendam, and Tulbagh, the Commander of the Forces, the *ad interim* Commander of the Castle the Good Hope, and surrounding fortresses, as also to the other captains of the armed Burgher companies in this Colony for their information respectively.

The Governor and General-in-Chief,

J. W. JASSENS.

February 19th, 1805.—[ED. *C. M. M.*]

Highlands and Lowlands of Kafirland.*

By Geo. St. V. Cripps.

After a somewhat troublesome journey through Basutoland, we arrived at the Orange River, and descended to its drift down a steep incline cut out of the soft black earth of the bank, which had been converted into mud by recent rains. The descent was attended with some risk of the wagons passing over the escarpment, the police therefore held on to the wagons with riems—those invaluable South African travelling companions which one should ever have ready for use; in this manner they were kept from capsizing, as each wagon was taken down the incline, the police holding on to them and giving them the appearance of disabled locusts surrounded by ants.

The drift was easily crossed, the water being low and the stones not displaced. After passing it we found the muddy bank on the opposite side too much for our tired mules to struggle up, and oxen took their places. The operation of getting the wagons through the mud was most exciting, and any one who has not been present at one of these scenes can have no idea of what goes on. The moment the oxen are fairly harnessed, which by-the-by takes some time, the drivers armed with heavy long bamboos, with lashes still longer, commence their work. At the outset the principal driver leads off with the familiar "Trek," uttered as if the r's in it were innumerable. Then the crack of the first whip is heard, and is echoed amongst the rocks like the report of a pistol. The performance having now fairly commenced, the cracking of whips follow each other in rapid succession, varied by the names of the oxen; "Englishman" and "Swartboy" being reminded of their shortcomings more often than others. The shouting and general battle that go on between the men and oxen, no description can accurately convey. In the midst of the uproar you hear a piercing yell sounding like "Eik;" with it the ox to whom it is addressed receives a severe dig in the ribs from the butt end of a whip. The shindy, as may be imagined, is of a short duration, and terminates either in success or in the oxen lying down and moaning. In the particular instance described, fortunately for us, our efforts were successful, and ended in the soothing word "Aaran," drawn out to an immense length, each individual pleasing himself as to its pronunciation.

The wagons after getting out of this difficulty, have but a short distance to go before they arrive at our camping ground in the Wittebergen Native Reserve, at which place, in conjunction with Sir Walter Currie, we were to make our preparations for the journey across the Drakensberg. The spot on which we encamped was chiefly composed of what are in dry weather dusty patches and in

* Mr. Cripps, in forwarding this interesting paper, says: "These are rough notes of a rodtion of a ride of 1,500 miles, with Sir P. E. Wodehouse, in 1869."—Ed. *C. M. M.*

wet swamps. In the distance are seen ranges of mountains of considerable height.

On our bathing-trips to the river we found numbers of stone arrow heads, in shape resembling a camellia leaf. They were found on the surface along the peculiar terraces, into which the left bank of the river is cut by the action of its waters in floods.

Our arrangements having been completed, the third day we were again on the move, this time, however, unaccompanied by comforts which were contained in the wagons, as it was decided the latter could not be taken over the range we proposed crossing. This necessitated their being sent off in another direction, to be rejoined by us at Frankfort near King William's Town. In the midst of the usual outburst of loyalty—in the shape of fire-arms going off in every direction, sometimes without the consent of their possessors—we rode off in an easterly direction to the drift of the Telle, which is the first river we pass on quitting the Reserve, and is the boundary between the latter and the country under the Chief Morosi. The word Telle coincides apparently with our word tall. Our party, which consisted of some twenty of the Frontier Police and a few servants, might now be seen wending its way over ups and downs of various kinds. All our requisites for the journey were carried by pack horses, and in this fashion we jogged along, getting over distances in a day that were in the power of an average pedestrian in a similar country.

As we gradually recede from the Reserve, the country becomes more and more broken, and we appear to be riding into a *cul de sac* out of which we find an exit by ascending a bridle path, and eventually pass over a low rocky range. Towards the close of the afternoon we arrived at a Mission Station, and were kindly received by the missionary and his wife. At this place the missionary's house is a cave formed by a huge boulder overhanging a slab of rock on a mountain slope. The mouth of the cave had been filled up by a wall, in which windows and a door were pierced. The interior was sub-divided by similar walls into rooms —a house built with the least possible trouble, in which the builders had merely to erect the walls, the foundation and roof having been provided by nature. In front of the house the flat rock made an excellent terrace, which was bordered by aloes. Some few fruit-trees were below, which found sufficient earth and moisture in fissures to enable them to eke out an existence amidst boulders. The terrace was reached by a number of steps cut out of the living rock. The household grievance at this place was the somewhat too abundant supply of water in the region of the kitchen, where a natural spring manifested an inclination to expel the occupants. The missionary had but recently taken up his abode in this place, having been compelled to leave Basutoland when the late disturbances arose.

After leaving the Station, we passed on to the Orange River, through lands under Indian corn and millet, and halted for the

night on a grassy slope studded with stunted bushes, where firewood and water were within easy reach. Opposite us were the Malutis of Basutoland, rising to a considerable height and separated from us by the river, which rolled on in its course some fifty feet below our position. Our display of tents at this place would mislead anyone as to our number. They were ample, however, for all our requirements, and consisted of three in all: two of them were five feet high, six feet broad, and seven feet long, and the third was a mere police patrol tent of about half the size of the others, and was occupied by the Sub-Inspector in charge of the detachment, who, we need hardly say, was its sole occupant. Each of the other tents contained two. As disagreeables presented themselves in these abodes of ours, we met them as best we could. The keen wind of these highlands was prevented from insinuating itself under the wall of the tent by the clothes we had taken off; and the discomfort of using great coats as pillows with their inequalities and buttons, was overcome by substituting despatch bags stuffed with grass.

Before proceeding further with the account of our journey, it may be as well to give some outline of the country we proposed passing through; and with this object in view, it may be stated that the Drakensberg or Quahlamba range, more particularly that part of it which forms the inland portion of Kafirland proper, is, to most Europeans, a *terra incognita*. It was over this range we proposed passing to Nomansland, and after visiting the mouth of the St. John's, find our way to the Colony through the lowlands of Kafirland, entering it near King William's Town. This range, the principal watershed of Southern Africa, is parallel with the east line of coast, and may be traced with varying regularity to near the twenty-third degree of south latitude, whilst in the reverse direction, or southwards, after diving into the eastern districts of the Colony it is lost in the smaller ranges, into which it is torn. It attains its greatest altitude in the vicinity of the sources of the Orange, Caledon, and Tugela Rivers at a place named by the French missionaries Mont Aux Sources, where it is about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is divided from a lesser one running parallel with it, called the Malutis, which is in Basutoland, by the Orange River, which flows directly across the whole continent to the Atlantic, swollen in its course by the waters of the Mahaling, Caledon, and Vaal Rivers.

To connect our story, it is necessary that we should return to the camp on the banks of the Orange River, from which we moved off early the following morning, having been aroused from our slumbers by the police bugler—a new institution in the force, by the way, and rather too military in its character for our ears. Its harsh notes rent the clear crisp morning air, and severed the feelings of repose which the grandeur of the scene had thrown over us. Shortly after we were aroused, the horses were seen advancing towards us huddled together in an effort to keep themselves warm They carried the

roughest of coats possible, the effects of a cold night, and looked as if so many door-rugs had been thrown over them. After their arrival the usual cup of coffee was taken by all, and our traps having been replaced, the whole party was on the move again. The police took precedence and their curious uniforms of black and yellow were again before us, with their rifles slung across their backs glittering in the sun. We had but a short ride over the grassy slopes of the Quahlamba with the Orange River on our left stretching into the distance before we suddenly turned to the south-east, and faced the range. Our climbing was now about to begin. A quarter of an hour more, and we had to dismount and drive our horses on before us. In ascending the mountain side, which was chiefly composed of loose stones, with a few bushes scattered here and there, we found our poor beasts only too inclined to nibble at the young shoots of these bushes, and keep the whole party waiting, than combat with the difficulties before them. At another time a pack would get out of place, and have to be righted, or a kettle would fall and go musically combatting with stones into a ravine, necessitating another delay of some few minutes. All the time we were struggling with the difficulties in our way, the pitiless rays of the sun poured upon our shoulders and necks their utmost fury. After a time we succeeded in reaching the summit of this our first climb, and found ourselves on a plateau, covered with long sour grass and weeds, with slabs of stone every here and there. We rode over it, and descended through a narrow and water-worn gap, in parts of which our horses could only be led, and on emerging from it found a Kafir kraal near us, at which we got information as to our route, and obtained some milk. The country we had passed, so far as one could form an idea, is scarcely inhabited. It is under the Chief Morosi—who, by-the-by, enjoys no high reputation. This chief formerly lived in Basutoland, near the Mahaling, or Cornet Spruit, as it is called by the Boers. The few Kafirs we met were very miserable, half-starved-looking creatures.

The next river we came to was the Buffalo, which we heard at some distance before we saw it. It was a narrow and consequently troublesome stream, its waters being hemmed in by high banks gave them considerable force. On its left bank we breakfasted and passed some time in the hope of the river falling. Fishing was attempted, but the rapidity with which one's line was carried into boughs of native willows soon showed that our efforts, in this direction, would be fruitless. The river had fallen but slightly during the time we rested on its bank, so we determined to lose no more time, and attempt to cross it and risk a ducking. Some of the natives of the vicinity had by this time made their appearance and we were indebted to them for information as to the probable depth of the river at the drift. It may be remarked here that he who has a tall horse on these occasions is fortunate. After crossing we were occupied in replacing garments which had been temporarily removed, and getting all the

moisture we could out of those that had been immersed; when much to our amusement we found that Sir Walter Currie, who had guarded against getting some of his things wet by making a Kafir cross with them fastened to the end of a stick, was deprived of those things by a native, who had no doubt watched the performance or was a confederate of the one who was employed. From the drift we rode round a sugar loaf-shaped termination to a low range of mountains, ascending gradually as we advanced over a path far better suited to the habits of a goat than a horse. All that surrounded us now was bold and rugged and devoid of vegetation, except in the ravines where a scanty supply of hardy shrubs would be found availing themselves of the threads of water that moisten the earth in those secluded nooks.

We were now followed by Morosi's people—natives belonging to all the neighbouring tribes, and the most deplorable representatives of each. The majority had but a well-worn blanket to cover their nakedness. They looked half-starved. Their weapons in most cases were knobkerries and assagais. A few had very old flint guns of an extraordinary length and size, which had strips of hide bound round them to keep them from falling to pieces. These people are the most reckless riders possible; it is not unusual to see them riding up or down rocky masses, belabouring their poor steeds with their knobkerries and urging them on with their heels into the most disagreeable places for both man and beast. Another steep ascent brought us on to a saddle between two peaks, and from it we had an extensive view of the country about us, which is chiefly comprised of a succession of ranges appearing one behind the other, like so many sugarloaves in the foreground, and gigantic saws in the distance; the loftiest peaks of which are covered with grass and the rockwork is only exposed where water has made a temporary path. It was now necessary that we should look for water, as our horses and ourselves were much in need of it, having spent the best portion of the day in climbing. So, taking the advice of those with us, we followed them, and after a short distance found ourselves in a curious rocky valley which was surrounded by decaying sandstone rocks which towards evening became a brilliant copper colour. In this valley was a swamp, and a good supply of water, we therefore remained here for the night. At this swamp Morosi had his "palaver." He is rather past middle age, and his sharply-cut features and restless eyes bear out fully the reputation he has of being somewhat troublesome to his neighbours. He was surrounded by a cadaverous lot of followers, one more wretched-looking than another, and as neither he nor his companions were fair specimens of the tribe to which they profess to belong, we shall pass them without further comment.

Early the following morning we were on the move again so as to have as much of the cool part of the day as possible for travelling. Soon after quitting the "Valley-of-the-Rocks," we passed over an undulating grass-covered plateau, and in a short time commenced descending to

a stream in a valley lying far below our position. As there was no path to follow, every one was left to take which route he fancied. As we neared the stream we had to contend with the moist state of the grass and slippiness of the boulders over which we had to coax or drive our horses. The long reeds we were continually holding down with one foot whilst the other would insert itself into the loop thus formed making one relinquish the reins rather suddenly and attend to oneself. Our unfortunate horses in going over a boulder would be shot off in a ridiculous sitting posture, or those with packs would fall on their sides with a heavy thud. On arriving at the stream, where we again mounted to cross dry-shod, the police officer remarked that "the sun probably only visited such places at mid-day."

The ascent from the stream was comparatively easy as it was much more gradual. Our people now formed a long line following each other in Indian file. This line was broken by abutting rocks and reappeared again a little further on, until finally it terminated in specks in the distance. The narrow path which we followed was by no means improved by having marshy patches in it, which had to be avoided, as some were surprisingly deep. A false step at one of them, where room was scarce, would most likely send the horse or man making it into the valley we had just crossed, and now far below us on our left. This path ultimately brought us on to a grassy slope bounded by the Guitine river, and a most picturesque pleasant spot to make a breakfast in; forming, as it did, the left bank of a clear, active, mountain torrent, having close to it fragments of the great range out of which it issued. This river is the Eastern boundary of what Morosi is pleased to designate as his country. Its name translated is "Bushman." After collecting firewood, most of us went to the river for a bathe, and to our surprise found its water so intensely cold that remaining in it for any time was impossible as one became perfectly benumbed. From this place we passed through a swamp in going towards the drift which we crossed shortly. A little below the drift the river was fed by a stream which flowed into it from the north-east; the main one flowed from the south-east.

Having now arrived at the base of another of the steps we have to take in getting over the range, we were gratified at learning that it was the last, and one—to judge by appearances—well adapted to leave an indelible impression on us as to what our last climb was like. This faint grey mass of rockwork stood out against the intense blue of the summer sky veiled in the glare of a powerful sun, the air between us and it trembling as it often does in great heat. It was now necessary for us again to dismount and secure from falling all that our horses carried. When this was done, one horse was led up and the remainder followed their companion. They advanced after a time by sudden rushes forward which they were forced into by us. Each effort of the horses sent down a shower of stones from which one had to steer clear. In this manner the

half-path half-watercourse which we had been on for nearly two hours brought us to the highest part of the Quahlamba range. We were now at an elevation of about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the keen wind at this height forced us to turn up our collars, and seek sheltered nooks. From our position we commanded an excellent view of the country, split up as it was into all the various shapes taken by the greater and lesser ranges, with here and there a plateau and innumerable mountain torrents running down ravines, hastening on to join larger streams at a lower level.

We observed a marked difference in the mountains in this part of the country—all were conical and clothed in grass to their very summits. Those of Basutoland, although only separated from us by the Orange River, are mostly flat-topped, and not only do boulders of an enormous size form those terminations but are even seen strewn about with some leaning against others in the most inebriated manner possible, as if seeking support. From the summit we rode along a narrow ridge into a collection of swamps hemmed in by mounds on which cropped out a castellated arrangement of rocks. In these swamps are the ever-toiling springs which feed the rivers that rise in the range. We halted on the main stream of the Guitine river, which having wound itself around mountains and passed through valleys, again crosses our path. Here it may be stepped over easily. It issued from a swamp on our left not a hundred yards distant. Since leaving Morosi and his people in the "Valley-of-the-Rocks" we had not seen a living creature. The country appeared quite unoccupied, and the natives with us say that with the exception of a very short time during the year it is too cold and unfit for pasture purposes. With the exception of good water there was little else to supply our wants. We have been compelled to carry wood, which we picked up in fragments here and there, to add to our horse-dung fires and raise a cheering flame.

From our halt, an hour and a half's ride brought us to the eastern limit of the irregular plateau we were on, and to the point from which our descent into lower lands on the eastward slopes of the range commenced. The panorama which now opened out before us was very different from that we had seen on the western side of the plateau. In the place of serrated ranges of mountains, grassy slopes lay beneath us, terminated by the Indian Ocean in the faint haze of the extreme distance. Immediately under us was a deep ravine filled with undergrowth, in which we saw the road which we should presently follow. From this ravine rose up on either side blocks of gray granite, forming the gorge. The range itself was seen trending away to the north-east and throwing out spurs to the east, which were lost in what, at this height, appeared to be flat country. The north-eastern extremity of this flat country was bounded by a range of considerable height running due east, which is said to sever Natal from Kafirland. The parallelogram was completed by the massive rockwork on our right. In the country thus bounded were numerous small rivers intertwining hills and looking

like so many silver lines, glazed as they were by the midday sun. Most of these rivers appear to converge towards the St. John's, which they no doubt ultimately join. We now commenced our descent by the road we have already referred to, and found it by no means what is generally termed, a wagon-road. It goes by the name, however, of Adam Kok's wagon-road. It is true he made use of it, if it was not actually made at the time of his exodus by his own people ; but the lamentable tales told of the hardships they underwent bears out the conclusion that but few wagons that ever got on the road left it again. It was a watercourse in many places, and portions of it which most resembled a road were now a slide, and had to be avoided even by those on foot. Notwithstanding the state it was in we were very glad to have hit it off. Having descended as far as it was prudent to go, as the day was fast drawing to a close, we pitched our tents on a grassy spur of the range. As night came on it announced itself with cold gusts of wind which made us cluster around our fires and commence the process of toasting one-half of one's body whilst the other half was getting cold.

It is at these evening gatherings that one obtains information of the country and its occupants. The natives settle themselves in a circle round the fires—some occupied in roasting a cob of Indian corn, others attending to a piece of meat pierced by a pointed stick, which is bent over the fire. Whilst these operations are going on, conversation is not allowed to flag for a moment. Beware, therefore, of pitching your tent near such gatherings, as you will not be able to close your eyes for the greater part of the night. A new arrival at one of these fires looks for a moment around him ; then, having selected his place, with a half-wriggle, half-shake, draws his blanket round his naked body, and settles down on his haunches. There appears to be no notice taken of the stranger, hardly a face is raised to see who he is ; he seldom salutes or announces himself, but when he does, he draws out "aie" to its greatest length in a deep base voice. If a chief, or a chief's son, be present, he is always shaken hands with, or, rather, hands are touched.

We were told by some Kafirs who had joined us from kraals in the neighbourhood, that elands could be found in the range at no great distance from us, and that two lions had been seen recently in the country we had passed, but we had no time to indulge in sport, and could not make use of our horses for such a purpose. However reliable the reports as to the presence of large game and wild beasts may be, it is pretty evident that the most dreaded creatures in the neighbourhood are the Bushmen, who make periodical raids on kraals and small Griqua farms, and carry off all they can lay hands on. The tracking of these thieves is by no means unattended by danger, as they carry poisoned arrows, of which all appear to stand in great terror.

(*To be continued.*)

Hidden.

The crimson deepened in the West,
The streamlet laughed
O'er sunbeams quaffed,
And leaflets shivered on her breast.

As from the golden russet trees
They softly fell,
While dreamy dell
Grew dreamier 'neath evening breeze.

The storm-worn bridge was cold and gray
With time and shade—
But life-light greyed,
With deeper gloom than dying day,

The heart whose vow in silence rose
From stream to sky,
Encompassed by
A calm that was not all repose.

And as the sunlight falls at morn,
O'er bridge and stream;
Or sunset gleam,
Steals through the gnarled oak and thorn,

Or lustrous moons in rising crest,
The pearly clouds,
That vow enshrouds,
The wail in secret sighed to rest.

The crimson deepens in the West,
The brooklet sings
Of many things,
And aye "Whatever is, is best."

Z.

Our Art-Fair.

When an inquisitive Examiner sought, once upon a time, to elicit from an Undergraduate how the palatial edifices of Babylon were built, the modest student disclaimed any professional knowledge of the Bricklayer's handicraft. I also am no professional artizan, and shall not presume to intrude into the mysteries of Art-products. What I want to say about Our Fair is to forecast the legitimate outcome of such an Institution.

The peculiar wants of the Age have called for a succession of these Exhibitions of the finished products of human industry in Europe and elsewhere; and there is a remarkable coincidence in the first opening of an Exhibition in Cape Town with the widening aspects of the political inter-relations of the South African Continental States, and the fuller development of our resources, as the country becomes known to men of practical experience and industrial aims.

The idea of an International Exhibition had its origin in France; M. Buffet, Minister of Commerce, submitted his views, A.D. 1848–49, to the Chambers, in these words:—"It has occurred to me that it would be interesting to the country in general to be made acquainted with the degree of advancement towards perfection attained by our neighbours in those manufactures in which we so often come in competition with foreign markets. Should we bring together and compare the specimens of skill in agriculture and manufactures now claiming our notice, whether native or foreign, there would doubtless be much useful experience to be gained; and, above all, a spirit of emulation, which might be greatly advantageous to the country." Though the French idea of 1849 was not then developed, it was transplanted to England and became a reality in the Great International Exhibition of London, 1851; and the words of M. Buffet exactly indicate what we ought to expect from our own Exhibition; viz: *experience*, and *a spirit of emulation*.

I am afraid that to the greater part of the South African community the exhibition of manufactures and industries will convey only the significance of a Show, charming by the general *coup d'œil* and exciting pleasant sensuous impressions of something grand, imposing, and beautiful. The ordinary spectator gathers in the result of a varied kaleidoscopic combination of forms and tints; but he has no care beyond the pleasing effect of the scene; no curiosity to search into the how, why, and wherefore of the marvels of Art and Industry. "Eyes and no Eyes" is an aphorism of which most people know the application; most of us go through the world purblind; with little appreciation even of the natural beauties which fringe our daily path. The fleecy wreaths that seethe and roll over the Table-top and down the ravines of the buttressed front of our Mountain; the lights and shadows as they come and go on krantz,

and kloof, and glen; the scintillations of the rill sparkling as it glances from ledge to ledge; the crimson tints that warm the distant hills at earliest dawn; these and their lessons of beauty are unheeded, because the faculty of observation has not been cultivated: the culture of eye, heart, and hand, is equally defective.

It is just for this reason that an Exposition of the artistic products of the most favoured centres of Industry of other countries ought to be made an instrument for our *true* education: we cannot compare our products with other specimens, because the paucity and undeveloped state of South African Industries renders such a comparison nugatory, but we can appreciate and take to ourselves the lessons which are so legibly written for our guidance that he who runs may read.

South Africa produces, or can produce, in abundance the raw material, the vegetable and animal fibres which are the basis of the Textile Manufactures; varieties of clay for the Fictile arts; skins, horns, and feathers; woods in variety; grape-juice; fruits; medicinal herbs; gold, copper, diamonds.

We lack machinery and skilled hands to make up our wool; we lack means for utilizing horns, bones, rags; here and there a solitary tannery exists; our fictile manufactures are restricted to ordinary bricks, tiles, and flower-pots; but why tell an oft-told tale? It is all summed up in—we want a *progressive* element in our population. But this is only one among the many lessons of this Exhibition: we are not to fancy that we must at once try to make for ourselves the thousand and one articles on which the spectator looks with a coveting eye. There are *some* articles we ought to manufacture; there are *others* which we must begin now to import and to use, to supply deficiences in the economy of the labour-market or to meet the special needs of the climate.

Each one must go and study the department in which he is most interested; and if he feels that in the race of productive industries we are nowhere, he will have reached the first great step in knowledge, the knowledge of his own ignorance. And after each one has had his run through the World's Fair and realized how rude, ignorant, and uneducated in *things*, we, South Africans, are; and after we have *all* made this humiliating confession to ourselves, what should be the natural result? There can be but one—an intense, real, anxious aspiration after the one general want of South Africa,—Industrial Education. We have long been old-fashioned Tories in our views of knowledge; we have assumed that knowledge is like any other article in the commercial market; "those who want it may buy it, and those who do not or cannot may go without." We want real knowledge, *now* that we have seen some of its greatest products. Can we get it? can we buy it, for our sons if not for ourselves? What if the outcome of the South African Exhibition should be this—That the political representatives of the people should realize their responsibility for leaving the people so long in a

low capacity for industrial and technical pursuits. A public acknowledgment that our Community is altogether deficient in industrial knowledge and in the means of attaining that knowledge, fixes the responsibility on those who are bound to legislate for the social welfare and progress of the people. Read what Mr. Mundella, M.P., says :—" Some of the sons of the poorest workmen in Saxony are receiving a technical education at the Polytechnic Schools such as the sons of our (English) manufacturers cannot hope to obtain." Again, " the education of Germany is the result of a national organization which compels every parent to send his children to school, and afterwards affords the opportunity of acquiring such technical knowledge as may be useful in the departments of industry for which they are destined."

Need I go to France, the nurse of all that is bright, tasteful, and well-cultured, to show what the relations are between the Government and the industrial as well as superior education of the people? " In every town of any importance from a manufacturing point of view, in every district of all the principal Cities, there is to be found *the Art-School*, just as there is the Church or the Baker's shop." I might go on to quote how the highest theoretical teaching is united with the best practical training in the manufacturing Arts, but I am unwilling to write a long article.

We want an Industrial or a Trade School, of two departments, in each of the principal centres of population, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, &c , for the organization and execution of systematic trade-instruction.

Let us begin at once the industrial teaching of our own sons, as soon as they leave the elementary day-school, on the principles put forward in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* of October 1876 :—

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS IN LARGE TOWNS.

Trade-schools, in two Departments, primary and secondary.

(*a*) The primary department, partly theoretical and preparatory ; open to lads of not less than thirteen years of age, and to others, having reached a fair standard of elementary instruction. *Course :* Commercial Arithmetic ; Short-hand ; Telegraphy ; Drawing, in all its branches ; Practical Mathematics, Mensuration, Surveying ; Chemistry in connection with Mineralogy and in relation to Agriculture ; Mechanics ; Elements of Machinery. Sources of Physical Power—Heat, Steam, Electricity, &c.

(*b*). The practical or secondary course :—Drawing, in connection with Building and Engineering industries ; Decoration, Colour, &c ; Topography ; Geodesy ; Experimental Chemistry ; Experimental Physics ; Construction of Buildings ; Construction of Machinery ; Calculations of Cost ; Strength of Materials ; &c., &c. Illustrations of Machinery in operation. Students

would attend one or more classes, at their option. When trained Students were ready to enter upon a definite apprenticeship, for a term, and the primary Department of the Trade-schools was sufficiently developed, work-shops would be organized especially for the Industries connected with the Building Trades.

Δ.

Cloud-land.

It was certainly a very funny dream, but then dreams are strange things. I suppose I had been in the clouds during the day, for my supper, like myself, was light. At all events, there I was, a small fleecy cloud, rather a languid little morsel too, with a strange idea that I was most essential to the beauty of the sky, and, as it was a most satisfactory idea, I did not trouble myself as to its truth.

Sailing majestically (at least trying to do so) along, who should I meet but my beau-ideal of a cloud; I will not describe his appearance, for any one seeing must admire and remember such a worthy object of admiration.

"Well, little one," said my friend, "I like a chat with you sometimes; you sail about with your eyes open, and give one the benefit of what they rest upon." This was very flattering, and I silently determined to open them wider than ever, and dilate more fully upon what they saw; for you know that I had eyes, though only a cloud, aye, and a voice too, which I was rather fond of hearing, and fancied all sensible clouds were the same.

"However," continued he, "I cannot stay now, being bound for a trip over the sea, but when I return this evening we will have a quiet chat in one of those mountain recesses if you have no other occupation."

Too proud and important to suppose for a moment that I had none, I replied that "I might possibly manage it," and so we parted.

Passing the waterfall, I found it trickling along with such a sleepy murmur that it ought to have been ashamed of itself; but I had often heard that it was a strange wayward creature, sometimes after our fits of weeping (for we wept also over pain and sorrow) it would rush passionately down from its mountain home in the wild hope of sweeping away in its frienzied force all cause for our tearfulness. But of course that was madness, for as long as life upturns her wondrous features towards us, we shall have cause for gloominess and tears.

Being in a lazy mood, I followed my favourite pastime of watching Cape Town and its environs from my ever-welcome resting-

place, the grand Old Mountain. It is rather too square (Cape Town I mean) to my eye for beauty, but I once heard a little boy tell his little sister that "anything all square must be all right;" but certainly it has no points, at least no good ones, that I could see. The streets were muddy—we all know what that means, and how often their being so is the cause of regret that the pavements are so like the visits which are considered "few and far between." There was a gathering outside the Cathedral (fine building, would never tell a stranger what it was meant for), and the bright dress of the Malays, and those of the miniature men and women whom they call children, gave a picturesque appearence to the scene. The sea danced merrily in the sunlight, and the vessels lying side by side made me feel almost angry, they looked so calm and peaceful. As to Robben Island, it was too much for me: a speck on the ocean's breast, but so like a human heart - seeming so fair and placid to the eye that would shrink with horror and surprise at the strange scenes within. The metropolitan Railway station, with its sullen face, ever reminding the public that it felt how odious were comparisons between its suburban sisters and itself. Papendorp, that human pigsty, over which so many of our tears have fallen, but left it none the fairer or purer, and which those two gigantic reformers, Christianity and Education alone have power to remedy. Then there were the pretty villages peeping out from their green hiding places; all seemed fading gradually before me, and I blush to own, and would not do so but for the dream which followed, that I, the only little cloud on the mountain brow, lazily fell asleep.

Cape Town was beneath me still, but the regular, even pavements, excellent drainage, the Parliament Houses, and Cathedral spire, all seemed strange and new. The Railway-station looked fresh from the home country, and presented an approving, gratified appearance to the busy world around it. The sea still danced merrily, but its dancing-room was occupied by many ships of every country. Robben Island still seemed a speck on the ocean's breast, but only lepers and convicts mingled their voices with those of the waves. Nestling in the bosom of Constantia,—where, perchance, wild flower, bird, and tree echoed some thought in the broken mind—was a picturesque Asylum. Neat, comfortable homes, cleanly figures, and bright gardens constituted Papendorp. Life—active, enterprising life—filled the place of weary existence, and work no longer a time-killer, but its appreciative user and valuer. Literary, political, mercantile, philanthropic, work, all seemed blending in one aim, and the Cape seemed realizing the Good which had so long been only a Hope.

When lo! like a fair scene, it all vanished, and I saw things again as they really are. The sun was setting, and I looked over the sea for a glimpse of my friend. But there was no vestige of him anywhere, and as the evening deepened, and still he did not come, like a silly, disappointed little cloud, I indulged in a few tears.

As I did so, I noticed a tiny fern drooping languidly to the ground,

and as I wept it raised its withered little face and said gratefully, "I do not know what your sorrow is, but it has given me life. No one has wept over me for many days, and I had just said farewell to life when your fresh tears fell upon me."

So I have the joy of knowing that if my dream, disappointment, and tears did no one else any good, the little fern benefited by them.

Z.

South African Botany.

Sir Henry and Lady Barkly, during their residence at the Cape, did good service to South African Botany. Sir Henry devoted a great deal of attention to those curious plants known as the *Stapelias*, and through various agencies secured a valuable collection of specimens, the greater portions of which were forwarded to the Kew Gardens, and the remainder presented, before His Excellency's departure last month, to the Botanical Gardens, Cape Town. Lady Barkly, on the other hand, was an ardent pteridologist, and, previous to leaving the Colony, made a liberal donation to the Government Herbarium in Cape Town of a fine series of carefully determined South African Ferns, named according to the "Revised List of the Felicis of South Africa," which was originally published in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for April, 1875 (vol. x). A duplicate set of these specimens was also presented to the Graham's Town Museum.

Charades.

No. 8.—An Incident.

We left our home in the early morn,
We left our green fields of waving corn;
The trees in our orchard were bright and fair
With clustering blossoms scenting the air,
The wild birds chirping from bower and tree,
Were greeting the morning merrily.
The green hills were bathed in the early light,
All nature rejoicing gaily and bright.

But when we returned ere the sun went down,
Where the corn had stood the fields were brown;
The green sward that clothed the hills was not there,
And the trees in our orchard were leafless and bare,
For *my first* had arrived in its strength and power,
And blasted our home in a single hour;
And the song of *my second* no longer was gay,
As we rode through the woods to our home that day.

Dejected in spirit and weary in soul,
That night we devoutly prayed for *my whole*;
And *my whole* arrived with the early dawn,
To commence an attack on *my first* on the lawn;
There was joy in our hearts when we saw that they would
Consume all *my first* for their daily food;
And we said in our joy what was not very civil,
That God made *my whole*, but *my first* the devil.

M. E. Barber.

Kimberley.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Highlands and Lowlands of Kafirland.

By Geo. St. V. Cripps.

PART II.

From our camp on the slope of the Drakensberg, we followed the road by which we had descended from the range, and in doing so rode along the right bank of the Mabele River, which is a small tributary of the Kneika, Adam Kok's boundary river. It is a great treat to be able to break into a trot or canter on these long plains varied by crossing a river occasionally. They are covered with high rank grass, and extend for miles and miles unvaried by any object on which the eye can rest, and are treeless. On our left was the range we had crossed, looking like an unfinished embankment, diminishing in height as we gradually receded from it in descending to the coast. At our halting place for the purpose of breakfasting, which was near a swamp, we were for the first time, and quite unexpectedly, attacked by the most voracious mosquitos one would ever wish to meet. These large grey fellows rose and settled like herons, their legs dangling under them as if too cumbrous to be carried in any other manner. Our stay at this place was not longer than it was possible for us to do with. Before leaving it we were joined by Adam Kok's people, who had been sent by him to assist us through the country.

This is the first glimpse we got of these quaint folks, of whom we shall speak more fully further on. The group before us is composed of an active small race with complexions and features of Chinamen. Adam Kok's Generalissimo is a singularly cool-looking individual, barring his face, remarkably like the atoms of grooms one has seen standing about Tattersall's Yard. All these people wore the usual dress of the wilds; a slouched wide-awake with yellow corduroy coat and trousers, and some gaudy handkerchief or scarf tied either round the wide-awake or around the head. Ostrich feathers of the most miserable kind, and covered with dust and dirt, were worn on the hats of some. With

our new associates, we passed rapidly over the country having mounted fast tripplers sent very kindly for our use. Our traps having been transferred to a wagon enabled the police with us to increase their pace also. Our cook even trotted gaily along, having deposited his *batterie de cuisine* in the wagon, and his horse, particularly chosen on account of his docile disposition, showed more energy and activity than was ever suspected he possessed. The said cook in whose keeping were our inner men, was one of those beings who under the most trying circumstances never lost his temper. We have known him go through a long day's ride, cook during a storm at the end of the day, sit up in his waterproofs all night with buckets of rain falling on him, and the following morning with the cold so severe that one could only creep about, appear at one's tent with a hot cup of coffee and with a smile ask if it was made to one's taste.

The country is unvaried until we reach the Kneika River where a few ridges show themselves, and for the second time animal life presents itself in the shape of some paauw. Before this we had only seen a few red-wing partridges immediately after descending from the range. The paauw were naturally the cause of some excitement amongst our party, and our rifles were soon heard in all directions until the birds took themselves off untouched, when we again subsided into the noise of our voices and the clatter of the horses' hoofs. Later on two birds were seen which were said to be paauws, but one having been shot with a bullet from a rifle, it turned out to be a beautiful ash-gray crane. As we had no way of preserving this creature as a specimen, it was handed over to a Kafir who was first in at the death, who was much pleased with the present, and at our next halt we found him strutting about with the bird's tail-feathers stuck in his head. The feathers of this particular kind of crane are an emblem of victory, it appears.

The Kneika River we found about thirty feet broad and about three feet deep at the drift. Crossing it was therefore only a pleasant cooling process to our horses. It joins the St. John's, at no great distance to the south-east of our position. Our next halt was at Matatiel, which name is given to this locality on account of its being almost surrounded by small rocky hillocks. The word is identical with our word semi-circle, apparently. At this place we fell in with the first kraals since crossing the Quahlamba. They belong to the chief Maquai and his people, who after a better resistance than was offered to the Boers by other Basutos, abandoned their country and took refuge here. We remained here for the night. As darkness advanced, we heard our friends the Griquas, who had pitched their tents at some distance from us, fortunately, going in for bacchanalian orgies—their great weakness. The most of the night was passed in this manner by them, and it was, of course, not easy to rouse them early the following morning.

Sir Walter Currie, who accompanied us, was greatly surprised at

the scarcity of game in this locality, and said it was overrun by troops of antelopes of all kinds when he visited it, not many years since, to point out Adam Kok's beacons to him. At that time he said lions gave his party much trouble by disturbing the horses at night, being compelled to halt near water, and every reedy patch in those days being the retreat of two or more of these monarchs of the wilds.

From Matatiel we moved off in an easterly direction, riding through a dense mist which overhung the swampy lands we were in, and crossing the St. John's River, halted on its left bank. The St. John's is the same size as the Kneika. Both these rivers strongly resemble canals, their banks being perfectly regular and unbroken. The St. John's flows in a south-easterly direction and at no great distance forces itself through very broken country.

Our road now took us slightly south of east until we gained Eland's Berg or Jacob's Ladder, a small mountain standing alone and forming one of Adam Kok's beacons. From here we rode east, having in the distance Mount Fifty or Currie, as it is variously termed, under which is Griqua Town, or Adam Kok's Laager. Up to this time we had been very fortunate as to weather. Nothing could have been finer; the mornings and evenings cold, and the middays, though hotter than one wished, were by no means unbearable or sultry. The sky was always an intense blue unbroken by clouds. After our last halt, however, the sky became dotted by innumerable round, solid-looking clouds, certain precursors of a thunder storm in these regions. Storms so rapidly follow on the gathering of clouds that little time is to be lost in seeking shelter. To avoid a drenching our Griqua friends with their wagon hurried on to a farm on the Drievah River, to be joined by us later in the day. Fortunately for us the storm held off until sunset, when it broke over us with all its fury. When this took place, we were eating our dinner in waterproof suits. The rumbling noise of thunder in the distance increased as it neared us. The rain which had fallen in solitary large drops, soon fell in columns of water, each column carried past by a gust of wind that made our little tents sway about in the most alarming manner. Every now and then a flash of lightning lighted up the whole scene and assisted us in making ourselves more snug. Loud peals of thunder now told us that the storm was near and immediately overhead. The peals were soon exchanged for sharp and sudden crashes right over us, at intervals of a few seconds, which sounded like the crash of broken crockery and died off into that of an exploded rocket. Our dinner and the storm went on together, and with the exception of our soup being rather weaker than usual and the bread a little soddened, we had little to complain of.

The following morning, we were wending our way to Adam Kok's Laager through the morning air, which was intensely cold after the late heavy rain. The road was so slippery that it was avoided wherever it was possible to do so. There is no occasion probably

when a rider and his horse are so dependent on each other, but so little able to render each other any assistance, as when they are on a road in this condition. After passing the Drievah, or sorrowful river—a small stream whose name is *in memoriam* of a piece of atrocity perpetrated on its banks in years past,—we rode into a less level country and before long ascended on to an extensive grass-covered plain which we cantered over. The Griqua Chief had now joined us. He is styled Captain, by the by, and not Chief. He is a quiet, sensible-looking man, more like a Boer than a Griqua in appearance. He had a motley group of followers, inquiries into whose parentage would please a Darwin. Surrounded by these people we jogged on over undulations, and finally reached the laager, which is on the slope of a hill. On our way we captured a little landrail which was secured in a small bush. Our young friend who was beautifully marked in the colours of a quail with a body and neck longer and more graceful, having been scrutinized by all was released, and care was taken that no sticks or stones accompanied him on his departure. The Laager, as this village is called, is in the form of a square, and composed of wattle-and-daub thatched cottages with roads intersecting it at right angles to each other. In the centre is a mud embankment enclosing a compound into which the villagers can retreat in case of attack. The position of the village is by no means convenient, being too much above the river to admit of its being led through it. There are two or three fairly-built houses in this place, the principal one of which is occupied by Adam Kok, and forms at the same time his court-house. At the upper end of the compound is the arsenal having in it two well-finished field-guns, nine-pounders, having on them a cock as the crest of the owner. These guns were kept bright, and in good order. They were given by Sir George Grey. The other munitions of war would prove more dangerous to the individuals using them than to the enemy. The cottages in the village are singularly neat and clean and are arranged on either side of the roads. They are in little gardens which are protected by small palisades. This picturesque place is severed from Mount Fifty or Currie, which rises to some 2,000 feet on the opposite side of it, by the river Umzimclava, which has its source in the mountain. The name Fifty is after the year 1850, and Currie after our companion, Sir Walter, who visited these people in that year in their present country, which from the fact of its being unoccupied was christened No-man's-land.

The costume of the ladies here consists of a large black or red handkerchief over their heads, concealing what may be regarded as a prodigious chignon, and with the exception that the present European fashions are compulsory with them the dress differs but slightly from the usual neat frock one meets with everywhere. These people are small in stature with yellowish-brown complexions and in features somewhat resemble the Chinese. The cheek bones are conspicuously high and angular, whilst the eyes are on a slant across the face and

deeply imbedded in it. Their limbs are sinewy and small, the women and men possessing extremely small hands and feet. The women when young are pretty, cheerful, and very winning in their manner. The men are active and excellent horsemen, but as a rule give way to drunkenness at an early age. The Griquas or Bastards from the account of a missionary who lived amongst them for a considerable time, were first formed into a clan by a liberated slave named Kok: the great grandfather of the present Adam Kok, who had emigrated into the country north-west of the Orange River from the Cape Colony, and in the early days of their formation adopted the name of Cherigriquas from a small tribe of that name near them, from whom their numbers were augmented. In this country they suffered many hardships from the barrenness of the land and constant attacks of neighbours. With the object of improving their position they moved eastwards and occupied the country now under Waterboer on each side of the Vaal, and down to Philippolis near Colesberg. Fate, however, seems to have decreed that this people was not to enjoy quiet in their new position, for before long disagreements among themselves led Adam Kok, with those who adhered to him, to separate and seek a new abode across the Quahlamba in a tract of country allotted to him by the High Commissioner Sir George Grey. The exodus of these people is spoken of as having been attended with much suffering and loss of property and life.

During our sojourn here we were joined by a fresh detachment of police under Sub-Inspector Nesbitt, which had skirted along the Eastern slopes of the Drakensberg from Queen's Town. Those who had accompanied us thus far were to return to Basutoland, and it was Inspector Bowker's intention to find a nearer route through the mountains in returning and try and strike into Basutoland near Thaba Telle. This would entail much hard work as both the Drakensberg and the Malutis would have to be crossed. In our route we rounded the latter.

After remaining for some three days in the Griqua village, during which time we were favoured by a succession of thunderstorms which cooled the air so that we now were complaining of the cold, we rode off in a southerly direction to the St. John's River. Adam Kok, as on our approach, lent us the best mule wagon in the village. The first drift we came to tested the strength of the Griqua harness, and from this place until we were stopped by the wagon upsetting the men were incessantly mending the harness that was constantly breaking: indeed at the time the catastrophe took place, there was little of the original harness left. Having ridden on to the place we were to halt at, the first intimation one got of the mishap was seeing our people approaching carrying saddles, watermelons, pack-saddles, &c. Owing to the accident we were detained for a longer time than we intended devoting to this halt. Not far from us were the first kraals of the Amaklasabi under Jo Jo, the occupants of which showed no inclination to make our acquaintance, feeling somewhat uncertain as

to the intention of those by whom we were accompanied. All these tribes are constantly at war with each other and the trust reposed by members of each in the other is very limited. The warfare chiefly consists of cattle-lifting, which is indulged in by all whenever a favourable opportunity presents itself.

We now wended our way over the Insiswe range which is low, having on each side an easy slope. From it we descended into thickly populated valleys, and our approach was carefully watched and information as to our numbers, whether we were armed or not, was conveyed by voice from boys occupying elevated positions herding cattle. The information was evidently soothing as the cattle were undisturbed and we were allowed to approach the kraals without the occupants deserting them. If alarmed, no doubt a very different scene would be before us; cattle would be driven off into the ravines, the kraals would be deserted, and one might expect to travel at less ease. Every stage brought us into country more beautiful than that we had passed, and more wooded and broken. Our next halt was on the outskirts of a thick, though small wood, through which issued a stream sufficient for our wants: we had descended to this place from a narrow ridge and were now hemmed in by hills on all sides. During our dinner we were joined by some Kafir men and women both scantily clad. The men had thin ochre-coloured blankets thrown over their shoulders, and the women wore a short leather kilt studded with beads and brass buttons with a fringe of leather strips. We were amused at the value placed on the various things which attracted their attention. As money we knew would be useless we had brought with us a small collection of clasp-knives, beads, brass wire, and handkerchiefs for the purpose of exchanging for milk, fire-wood, or Indian corn. The greatest value was attached to small black and white beads, brass wire and black or red handkerchiefs. From these people we obtained some honey which proved to be an intolerable nuisance as some of it had been upset on the grass and not being easily seen as day was now fast giving way to night, it was repeatedly trodden on and transferred from place to place until all the grass about us was dotted with it to an inconvenient extent. As all our halts received a name for reference sake, this was called Honey Hill.

The following morning we crossed the Umzimclavana, or little Umzimclava, twice, immediately after leaving our camp, and after the second time began the ascent of a hill which was covered with the longest grass we had as yet ridden through. As our horses were only of the average height, fourteen hands, they were pretty nearly concealed and many of us looked as if we were unsupported. When we gained the highest part of this hill to our great joy we saw in the distance, lying beneath us, the Fundesweni Mission Station, verifying our calculations as to our being in the right direction. The two or three houses and chapel at this place were almost concealed in trees of an intense glossy green, which on nearer approach proved to be walnut

trees. We rode up to the collection of people who had turned out on our approach, and were welcomed by Mrs. Jenkins, to whom the property on which the station is erected belongs. She is an active, elderly lady, who never ceased to busy herself in every possible way to make our short stay as agreeable as possible. This place appears to be on one of the numerous plateaux by which we were to descend to the sea. It is covered with beautiful grass which about the buildings is kept in order, and a tidy lawn is in front of the principal house extending to the low mud walls of the kitchen garden, which being low and fringed with thorny bushes to keep out bipeds and quadrupeds, admit of the fruit-trees being seen above them, thus diminishing their formality. In this garden there were peaches, apricots, apples, plantains, guavas, and strawberries, which suffered according to their ripeness by our visit. Immediately around the buildings were chestnuts, walnuts, oaks, and, thank goodness, only a few Australian gum-trees. The more remote lands were studded by mimosas, giving them a park-like appearance. About a quarter of a mile from the houses was a large collection of native huts in which no doubt the Kafirs of the station lived. Looking in a south-easterly direction one sees the softy peaks of the beacons of the county of Alfredia in Natal. Fundesweni was given by the late chief Faku to Mr. Jenkins, a Wesleyan missionary, who took up his abode in this country and acquired in course of time the full confidence of the chief and the respect of the people. The widow now lives here, and from the courageous manner in which she has taken the part of those amongst whom she has cast her lot, she is called the Ponda Queen.

Before we left this place we saw a war-dance, which was a representation of how the Pondas treat their enemies. The men advanced in column followed by rows of women and attacked the imaginary enemy. The attack was directed by the spirit moving any one of the gallant throng to rush forward and stab a foe. The individual thus influenced sprang out of the column, and with extraordinary antics stabbed, in this instance, the air, while his comrades chanted a dirge sounding like "ah hum ha" in a monotonous voice. Each thrust of the assegai was accompanied by "che ! chai !" from the lookers-on. When the assailant's valour was satiated he strutted back to the column piercing the air with his assagai, each stab indicating an enemy slain. After the men had done their work they made way for the women, who rushed forward yelling in the most fiendish and piercing manner, with hoes and sticks in their hands, and soon put an end to the sufferings of the enemy's wounded. This place being situated on the confines of the Ponda country, feuds between them and their neighbours the Amaklasabi are frequent. The latter is a small tribe under the chief Jo Jo, whose independence is ignored by the Amapondas. This chief and his people being regarded as renegades from the latter tribe. The Amaklasabi are from all accounts more warlike and well able to hold their own against their more numerous neighbours. It may be stated here that the prefix "Ama"

to these names is generally dropped for convenience sake. It is the plural and denotes the whole nation.

Having now left the station we soon crossed the Umzimclavana for the third time, and then gradually ascended a ridge along which our path took us, and from which we were careful not to descend unnecessarily, as it fell away on either side into deep valleys. The country became more broken and split up by valleys as we advanced towards the St. John's. The ravines were filled with forest-trees, and solitary mountains were seen protruding their apexes out of forests like so many bald heads. A cold wind and a drizzling rain now set in, and we followed each other in a mournful manner, each guarding against cold and rain as best he could. We halted again at a small wood, in which one of our party asserted a sufficient quantity of water existed to supply our wants. It afterwards turned out that those who could collect sufficient by making a small hole and awaiting for some time were fortunate. The burrs in this wood took the place of the honey at the last wood we stopped at, and gave us considerable trouble as they adhered tenaciously to our woollen garments and a coat or flannel shirt covered with them became insufferable. Every effort to free oneself from them was useless. You took off your coat, brushed it, combed it, nay even scraped it with your hunting knife, only to find that the burrs transferred themselves from your coat to your flannel shirt, from the latter they betook themselves to your blankets, so that a moment's rest was not enjoyed during the day or night we sojourned at this inhospitable wood, and it was consequently named Burrwood.

In passing through this country with its numerous streams and forests we were disappointed at the total absence of game of any description whatever. The presence of the Kafir probably accounts for this, with his propensity for periodically burning the grass. Shortly after leaving Adam Kok's we started two orabi, and the presence of a solitary paauw led us to expect some sport, but our wishes were not gratified. We still kept a south-easterly course, and ultimately passed over the Zalo hills before arriving at the Palmerton Mission Station. On approaching this place we were startled by the peculiar cry of some ibis that arose before us: the first we had fallen in with. The Palmerton Station is prettily situated, being on the left bank of a fine river, but considerably above it, having many trees about it and underwood, through which paths lead down steep banks to the water's edge. It has a good garden, and many houses are scattered about without any attempt at regularity. The majority are of wattle-and-daub, but do not appear occupied. The station has evidently been of a considerable size at one time. It was erected by the late Mr. Jenkins, to whom allusion has already been made, and has sufficent evidence still left of his energy and industry. At this place we were most kindly treated—a boon nowhere more appreciated than by those who pass this way. Here a palaver took place with the Amaponda chief Umtogela, a young man upon

whom the honour of being paramount chief of the tribe had recently fallen in consequence of the death of Faku. As our time at this place was limited the chief was asked to come over without delay. He however appeared to be alarmed at our arrival, and one excuse after another was received until he was definitely informed that we had no idea of delaying our departure, and towards the close of the day his bongo, soothsayer, or herald, was heard making a fiendish noise by way of lauding his august master. Looking in the direction of this noise the chief's party was seen approaching, all of course on horseback. They appeared in no hurry to reach us, and their horses were not urged out of a walk, a pace intolerable to Kafirs. On arrival the whole party dismounted, and the horses having been led away by the inferiors, the superiors formed in a group under the verandah of the mission-house. The chief, who was attended by some few councillors, was a tall stout-built heavy-looking man, with a large round face, and bore a strong resemblance to other members of this family we had met before. The conversation was carried on by the councillors, the chief only occasionally interrupting it. The usual topics were discussed, namely, the thefts committed by neighbouring tribes and the necessity for more land. At these palavers the missionary invariably endorses statements made of the pitiable degradation of other tribes. Our experience is, however, that all are pretty much alike as to the matter of stealing, and those who steal least are deterred from indulging in their favourite pastime from fear of their stronger neighbours.

The limits of the Amapondo country are a matter of some uncertainty. They may be taken generally to be Natal on the north-east, the sea on the east, the Umtata River on the south, and inland or west by the upper wagon road. The latter is an ill-selected line of demarcation, as roads in this country are apt to be peripatetic,—wagons frequently making a detour where the old road, owing to recent rains and other causes, is unfit for use, and only returning to it at a drift. The late chief Faku had, it appears, exaggerated ideas as to the extent of his country, and considered all Kafirland under him as paramount chief. Without entering here into the merits of his claim to assume such authority, or whether it was acknowledged by others, it is sufficient for our purpose to state that all Pondoland was under his supreme authority, as it now is under that of his son. The country is subdivided by the Umzimvoobo or St. John's River, into two parts, and Damas, Umtogela's uncle, rules over the tract between the St. John's and the Umtata Rivers.

Owing to our proximity to Natal, we saw Zulu customs in vogue. The men wore their hair worked up into cones with a black polished ring of matted and polished hair at the apex, looking like ebony. Within these cones are deposited small articles in daily use, such as a snuff-box, &c. Into the cone itself is usually thrust a two-pronged fork of bone with a spoon as a handle.

This pliant instrument answers the double purpose of a handkerchief and snuff-spoon. The women smear their bodies with red ochre and fat, and work their crimp hair into short red strings with the same compound, which gives the head the appearance of a red mop. They are very fond of ornamenting themselves with brass wire, and it is not unusual to see a woman wearing such massive brass arm and anclets as to render her power of progression extremely feeble. They also wear beads, which are generally very tastefully arranged, black and white being more appreciated than coloured ones. A lady's dress consists of a leather kilt which is bordered by a fringe of strings, it is also studded with brass-nail heads—such as one sees on green baize doors, and innumerable beads. The slightest movement on the part of the wearer of such a garment gives rise to a strange rustling noise. Whether it is the absence of household worries, or the quaintness of the clothed in the eyes of the unclothed, it is not easy to say, but these people always appear to be enjoying a hearty laugh. Young ladies in the matrimonial market are valued according to their size, and a stout young lady more readily secures a wealthy husband than her slighter sister. All are well formed, and upright as darts from their earliest infancy. Their limbs, though less fine than those of the Griquas, owing to the admixture of Hottentot blood, are by no means coarse or out of proportion to their greater height. They for some unaccountable reason possess most beautiful and regular teeth. This may be attributed to their taking less animal food than we do; to the habit of rinsing the mouth with water before and after meals, and to the absence of physic in infancy. In maturer years, and since their intercourse with us, the Kafir will indulge in violent emetics or purgatives. They hail with joy the arrival of a missionary who is known to dabble in medicine or who is a bit of a dentist. We recollect a missionary having found the extracting of a molar from the jaws of a Kafir sufficient work for one day and declining earnest intreaties to attend to other patients.

The Pondos make neat snuff-boxes of a gluey preparation of the scrapings of hoofs or horns of cattle. Some of these boxes resemble an ox with the legs of an elephant, others are in the form of a gourd. The latter is generally covered with black and white beads. This particular tribe indulges in snuff-taking to a far greater extent than its neighbours. The pungency of ammonia is highly appreciated by them, and they have been known to add ground chillies to snuff to increase its irritating effect. The women are not exempt from partaking in such luxuries. The neighbouring tribes seem to prefer their pipes to taking tobacco in any other form. Leaving details of manners and customs to those who have dwelt amongst these people for years, we will return to our own doings.

From Palmerton we hurried on to the St. John's mouth, crossing shortly after leaving the station the river on which it stands. After

an hour we recrossed it, and gradually rode on to a ridge on which we kept until we descended to the Umfuna and halted. We crossed the river as it is always doubtful whether when you awake in the morning your passage may not be barred by a torrent. The presence of mimosas and forests varied the appearance of the country. It was more thickly populated and kraals now surrounded us, each containing its collection of huts which in some cases were enclosed by thorny bushes. Our route was now slightly changed, and we travelled parallel with the coast-line in a south-westerly direction and before long obtained our first glimpse of the sea. The country became more broken and split up by mountain ranges as we neared the great river. We now rode through lanes in dense underwood, composed chiefly of mimosas matted together by an endless variety of creepers, amongst which the Traveller's Joy made its presence known by the perfume thrown off by its blossoms. The sombre colours of these jungles were lighted up every here and there by a mass of gaudy geraniums. Over our heads were the flowers of the convolvulus and the scarlet fruit of a creeper which swayed about at every puff of wind. Emerging from these paths we rode on to open spaces, and saw mountains, valleys, and streams on all sides of us. Every shade of green is seen, broken here and there by deep, grey-green shadows, graduated into intense blue in the distance, crossed at intervals by a column of white smoke rising lazily from some hut, and, Kafir-like, disregarding time and not allowing rapidity to enter into its nature.

Our next exit revealed to us the gates of the St. John's. These irregular masses of red rock between which the river passes appeared to be at its mouth, owing to their great height concealing the country beyond them. Our eyes now for the first time rested on the river itself and probably one of the grandest scenes of its kind in Africa. Being at a considerable height we had lost all that intercepted our view. Its twists and turns could not be equalled by a worm in its writhings. Many an island could be formed by a few stabs with a spade which would connect what is so close together. Our descent to its shores took but a short time, and in doing so we rode over burning patches of grass and at short intervals met with kraals, others being indicated by wreaths of smoke rising from them though concealed by jungle. Before reaching the drift we passed a number of castor oil trees, which were higher than ourselves, seated as we were on horseback. At the drift we found the trader, Mr. Hume, with a boat as pre-arranged, and by it everything was transferred across the river, a distance of about 300 yards. After this had been done, came the operation of crossing the horses, which gave rise to some merriment. They were not easily induced to take to the water, and it was not before they were yelled at and whips cracked that they did so. They were at last fairly under way: one moment all together, at another all scattered. Those that turned down the stream were objects of particular attention, and they were forced into joining their companions by showers of stones and shouts. The first horse by this

time was trying to mount the opposite bank, but failed and fell over into the water, making a great splash. He was soon joined by several others and ultimately one succeeded in getting on *terra firma* after going through most ludicrous antics and appeared to be wondering at what had happened to him during the past half-hour or so. He was soon laid hold of by his owner and rubbed down with wisps of grass. The boat took four of our party to the trader's station. Our sail was unfurled and our craft glided noiselessly into mid-stream whilst we lay back enjoying the beauty of the scenery around us. We voyaged thus until the rounding of a point deprived us of the wind, and the oars splashed the waters. On either side long rank grass receded to the flashing blades of Indian corn, the surroundings of native abodes. We soon arrived at our destination, and on landing found a very snug house with an extensive garden. It was on the right bank and close to the water's edge. A ferry is established here and the natives conveyed across pay in kind such as fowls, eggs, corn, &c. At this place the river narrows and is said to be upwards of forty feet in depth, as ascertained by naval officers who have surveyed it near the coast. The opposite bank is thickly populated by natives. The side on which we were was almost deserted by them and covered with high rank grass which gave us some trouble in finding our horses subsequently. Both banks rise abruptly from the water and are of a black soft soil. We took advantage of this excellent bathing-place to have a swim before going to dine at Mr. Hume's house. A Kafir boy who rowed in our boat bore the somewhat startling name of Lord John. Why he had been thus named remained a mystery. He was a merry, light-hearted fellow, of not more than twenty, unencumbered by anything except a cotton shirt. Dinner having been announced, we repaired to Mr. Hume's house, and it was not long before he found us equal to the occasion. The guests by far outnumbered the chairs in the room, so barrels, boxes and make-shifts of all kinds were used. At the commencement, probably the want of some acceptable topic made the sound of knives and forks take the place of conversation. This gave way gradually, and out of the abundance of—not the heart in this instance —the mouth spoke. As an erroneous idea may be entertained by some that our friend Lord John waited upon us, it may be as well to state that his lordship retired early in the evening, ferrying himself across the river, as was his habit, and was probably by this time seated by the fire-side surrounded by Lady John and the Honourable Johns, of whom he had some few, we were told. Our host apologized for being unable to give us anything but tea, coffee, and water. We had long since taken nothing else at our meals and were sometimes without milk. He found that if he had any spirits or beer his life was made a burthen to him until he had parted with them to the natives. After night had thrown her sombre veil over all, we issued from the house and had our smoke. Sitting up late is followed by rising late, in which we could not indulge, and after a few whifs, we

were again in our tents. Amongst those who journeyed with us was a corporal of the Frontier Police whose conversational powers were at times rather a nuisance. We were now encamped in long grass and in not an unlikely locality to meet with snakes. The corporal took advantage of the occasion to recount the most startling anecdotes he could recollect of reptiles. The subject was not conducive to sleep and we were thankful when fatigue at last closed the corporal's mouth and eyes.

After an early breakfast the following morning Lord John and his companions were awaiting us with the boat ready for our trip to the mouth of the river. Having made our arrangements we shoved off, assisted by a light breeze, and sailed away, occasionally using our oars to penetrate into nooks and corners where either the sail could not be used or where the wind failed. As we advanced the river widened, and we shortly glided into the shadow of the heights on our left, then we passed into sunlight again. Before reaching the gates, the banks were partially concealed by patches of reed growing in the stream and large trees were seen close to the water's edge, throwing their gigantic branches far out, affording us a pleasant retreat from the sun. We passed a narrow creek on our right and a miniature bay which had a creek running into it on our left. Then rising up in front of us were the severed portions of the range through which the river had found its way at some remote period. The jagged summit of each was exposed and their base was lost in dense forest which reached to the water's edge. The bleached and torn trunks of trees pointed out the track of storms through these forests. On nearing the banks we observed a variety of wild fruits hanging chiefly from creepers which had entwined themselves around branches of trees. Our boat glided under clusters of wild grapes and a deep orange fruit of an insipid taste. We presently passed a black rock in the middle of the river which protruded its slippery surface but a little above the water which lapped it, and was unceasingly thrown off into innumerable ripples, widening as they died off towards the banks. This solitary rock was not without its legend. It is said that one of a party of hippopotamus hunters took refuge on it, and its slipperiness saved him from the enraged hippopotamus which had capsized the boat. In passing on we disturbed ibis that startled one by their child-like cry, and wild fowl that plashed the water with their wings as they rose and fled away in long lines, not, however, before their ranks were somewhat thinned by the fire from the boat which had intruded on their retreat. Our guns were brought on account of master "hippo," but time and man had driven him into less frequented places. The natives immediately attack any that may venture within their reach and it is rarely that one is seen in this part of the river. Alligators do not appear to be found in the rivers south of Natal. Large iguanas are frequently seen gliding off rocks into the water, flying from the presence of man. They make one hesitate before taking a dip in one of these streams, as they strongly resemble alligators.

We now pulled into a creek in the right bank, and landed in a sheltered nook which, if it had been expressly made for the purpose could not be better adapted for pic-nic purposes. The main stream hurries on past it, and at some distance is seen combating with the waves of the sea on the bar at its mouth. Our boat having been moored, we remained here for the rest of the afternoon. During our sojourn some strolled off with their guns after wild ducks, whilst others made their way through a matingola jungle to the sea-beach. The fruit of this bush was our dessert, and we devoured it in large quantities, its acidity being most acceptable to us. There appears to be little or no rest enjoyed by vegetation in this region and blossom and fruit appear to succeed each other uninterrupted by a season of rest. On quitting the jungle in which our clothes had suffered somewhat from thorns, we walked over numerous sand dunes, which were covered with a runner bearing a scented flower resembling in colour and form a sweet pea; and another which is a convolvulus. These intertwine each other and form a net-work which prevents the sand from advancing. The number and variety of butterflies at this place surprised us. They were not easily followed, the coarse net-work of creepers preventing one from running. One remarkably handsome one we named the St. John's Glory. Its wings were of a deep rich mahogany colour graduated into white. We roamed about on the beach and went over to its southern extremity to an oyster bed, which, owing to the tide being out, we were able to break oysters off as we pleased, and a more intimate acquaintance with them proved their excellence. This river, like all others on this coast, has a bar at its mouth, and if it were not for this impediment probably by this time the commencement of a village would be found here notwithstanding the opposition of the natives. The sun descending to the distant horizon warned us that we must retrace our steps, and before long all were again in the boat, which had to be forced against the stream, which sorely tried Lord John's temper. The setting sun now lighted up the whole scene before us. The sky was of a pale green, streaked with red, the distant mountains of an intense blue making an abrupt outline against the sky. On our right were heights rising to no less than 300 feet, and clothed almost to the summit with forest, and their deep shadows descended into the water and flickered in ripples against the blaze of light shining like a sheet of brass. The rockwork of the broken mountain spur on our left was a rich copper-colour, fading in the distance into hues of rose and purple, whilst the vegetation was of a yellow-green with unlighted portions of it in deep blue shade. All was still, except the oars whose steady plash was answered by a feeble echo from the shore. The tranquillity and softness of the scene was most enjoyable. Before night took possession of day, we were again at the trader's station, having spent one of the most enjoyable of all the days on this journey.

On leaving this locality, we followed a Kafir path, ascending as we

went on and seeing our late camping ground and the trading station far beneath us. In rising thus on to the range of hills on the right bank of the river we were compelled to describe innumerable semi-circles in accordance with the windings of the river, of which we got occasional glimpses, and were now compelled to cut our way through dense thorny jungle, which necessitated our leading our horses after us. Our next halt was on the grassy slopes of the Umgazi—a shallow pebbly stream, where, under the shade of large trees, we discussed the good things we had brought with us from the St. John's. The appearance of the country on this side of the river, is as yet unchanged, and identical with that we passed through on approaching it.

An hour-and-a-half's ride brought us to the Umgazana or little Umgazi. On the left of its drift is a trader's station. Half-an-hour more and our horses' feet were again plashing its waters. A few minutes more, and we again fell in with it. This gives some idea of the tortuous course of these rivers. Our day's work now became very trying to the horses, as we were compelled to descend and cross wide stretching valleys and ascend again. Kafir kraals were seen sparely dotted about. The natives here are under Damas' jurisdiction. After a time we had to force our horses up the face of a bare, stony hill, and with some difficulty got on to high land again, with the sea about ten miles from us at first and closing in to about four miles, after which we lost sight of it altogether by descending to a lower level. Having left all the broken country behind us we rode over long stretches of grass-covered, undulating country, only occasionally seeing in the distance a wooded ravine. In following a westerly course we passed the old mission station of Buntingville, almost concealed by large trees and apparently unoccupied. Our next halt was on the Umtakeikei, at which river one of our men became ill, attacked by fever, and one of our horses followed suit. Our talkative corporal, whom we named after this river, had to take the horse to a neighbouring kraal, and when he was sufficiently recovered bring him on by easy stages. On being catechised as to his knowledge of Kafir by his companions, he stated that he never found any difficulty in obtaining all he required by adopting the following simple plan: On arrival at a kraal all the natives will "give tongue," as he expressed it. When this takes place sit with your fore fingers in your ears, and they will shortly desist, then avail yourself of the opportunity before they walk off to point to your open mouth, and your wants will be supplied, and all will pass off good-humouredly.

We now crossed a small tributary of the Umtata or Sneezewood river, and towards the end of the afternoon, crossed and pitched our tents on the right bank of the latter. The piece of country we selected was the fighting ground of the Tambookies and Pondos, and was unoccupied. It belongs, however, to the former. During our sojourn here and towards dawn some five Kafirs, armed with assagais,

tried to take our horses, but our horse-guards were too sharp for them and secured all five, fortunately without any arms being used, although one of the Kafirs confessed afterwards that he did not stab the man who seized him because he heard his "boots creak,"—probably the noise was the cocking of the hammer of his revolver. These men had prearranged evidently that in the event of being taken only one was to answer questions, for nothing could induce any other than the spokesman to reply. These five Kafirs were deprived of their assagais and blankets, and after a few cuts from a stirrup-leather had been administered, were placed across the river. One made a bolt of it, but unfortunatly for him the swiftest runner in the police happened to be with us, and soon brought back the runaway, who got somewhat roughly handled as he resisted being re-taken.

In the distance inland was the Matuana range. With the exception of this slight change, the country was unvaried. Towards the close of the day we were overtaken by a cold drizzle which forced us into halting as the road became too slippery to follow, and in the rain we sat down to our dinner, which had been cooked with difficulty as the fire could only be kept alight by great perseverance. Our little tents could hardly be erected owing to the violent puffs of wind. The ground around us was coated with a layer of black slime, and the grass saturated with moisture, and when to these is added a keen wind, our position, it may be imagined, was not an enviable one. To make ourselves comfortable under such circumstances required more ingenuity than we possessed. The following bright morning, however, compensated us somewhat for the miseries of the preceding night, and we jogged along drying our things on our horses, who for a time played the part of clothes-horses.

Before arriving at the Bashee River we were joined by Queya, the Tambookie chief, who is now called Gangelizwe, or "as big as the country." He is a remarkably fine-looking fellow of about five and twenty, whose appearance is not enhanced by his wearing European clothes. At our breakfast on the right bank of the river, the chief engaged in an animated discussion through one of his councillors, a deformed man, as to a certain tract of land being included within his boundaries. The conversation, however, was abruptly terminated, as he objected to our Fingo interpreter, deferring therefore what he had to say until he could speak through his own interpretor. After resting for a time on the banks of the river, washing and drying our things, we rode away for a couple of hours, and then pitched our tents for the night. Not many minutes after doing so, we were overtaken by Gangelizwe, who was accompanied by his interpreter. The latter turned out to be a Colenso Zulu, as he was pleased to call himself; a native better acquainted with our language could not be found probably.

From this place we made our way through a dense fog the following morning, to Captain Cobbe's in the Fingo

country. We found he had built himself a cool, suitable house, partaking of the character of an Indian bungalow, having a garden falling away from it arranged in terraces. The success of the location of the Fingoes in this place is now an established fact, and they promise at no distant period to be amongst the foremost of our natives in Southern Africa.

On our road from the location we had to cross the T'Somo, which was by no means a pleasant task. The stones of the drift were so slippery that great care in crossing it was necessary. The horses had a worse time of it than we had, as the spaces between the stones were deep and angular. As we approached the confines of the old colony of British Kaffraria, the rivers were imbedded in deep gorges, whose sides rose to some 250 feet in places, covered with trees and underwood. We next crossed the Umgwali by descending a steep hill. The country is very picturesque, broken as it is by broad valleys and low ranges. One more night under our little abodes, and we hurried on to join our wagons, which were awaiting us near Frankfort. Our last halt was in a tract of country occupied by Sandilli's people, by whom we were visited and stared at. The following day's ride was through the park-like country of British Kaffraria, and towards the close of the afternoon we saw nestled together, at about a couple of miles below us, our wagons and large tents. Our men were as delighted to see us as we were to see them.

Late the succeeding day we rode into King William's Town, and the next two days were devoted to the journey between the latter place and Graham's Town, where we parted with our horses,—having completed a ride of fifteen hundred miles,—and drove to Port Elizabeth; making our approach known by sending clouds of dust into the sky, whilst the *Racoon* was steaming into the roadstead, to await our arrival, and take us back to Table Bay.

Central Africa.

THE PROJECTED MISSION TO UJIJI, LAKE TANGANYIKA, BY THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

CENTRAL AFRICA has always been of peculiar interest to the people of the Cape. The unwearied efforts of the noble-hearted man, who so recently fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of philanthropy and science, are still fresh in our memories, and Livingstone's name will always be held in honour among African colonists, as that of the great pioneer of civilization, and friend of the slave, in the hitherto almost unknown regions to the north.

During the past few years, the British nation has been stirred up to interest and action by fresh accessions to the gallant band of African explorers, in the persons of Stanley and Cameron; the

daring exploit of the latter—a march across the continent to the sources of the Congo—stamping him as a worthy successor to the lamented Livingstone. The religious world of the mother-country is responding nobly to the call of suffering humanity in Central Africa, by sending out bands of devoted Christian men to carry the truths of the Gospel and the blessings of civilization to the strongholds of slavery and darkness in the interior.

The first to move were the Scottish Presbyterians, who decided on selecting the southernmost of the three great equatorial lakes as their field of operations; and who, under the able guidance of Lieut. Young and Dr. Stewart, have established themselves at "Livingstonia," on Lake Nyassa. Next in the field were the Church Missionary Society of England, who are directing their efforts to open up the Kingdom of Uganda, on the North-West side of Lake Victoria Nyanza,—King Mtesa, the paramount Chief, whose acquaintance Stanley made, having expressed his willingness to receive and protect the "white men." The centre lake is now to be taken up; the London Missionary Society having determined to fix their base of operations at Ujiji, the Great Arab Market on Lake Tanganyika, where Livingstone was found by Stanley. A few words on this last-named mission may interest the readers of the *Cape Monthly*.

Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, having generously placed £5,000 at the disposal of the London Missionary Society for a mission to Ujiji, they selected the Rev. Roger Price, then connected with their Bamanguato Mission in South-Central Africa, and sent him out to Zanzibar in the spring of last year to make preliminary inquiries and arrangements as to the best route, mode of transport, &c. Mr. Price, after about five weeks' stay at Zanzibar, determined on choosing Saadani on the mainland, as the best starting point for the 700 miles journey to Ujiji; and set out on the 10th of June with thirty men, four oxen with a light cart, and a donkey. He penetrated as far as Mpwapwa, 200 miles inland, reaching that place in twenty-six days, and found that the remainder of the journey would present few difficulties of any magnitude, the road being over a vast plateau about 4,000 feet above the sea level; one of the worst places being Ugogo, where water is very scarce. He accordingly returned to England to report to the Directors. He considered the difficulties to be overcome are comparatively small to resolute men, and believes he has proved the absence of the much dreaded Tsetse-fly on that route, having brought his oxen safely back to Zanzibar. He has, of course, to report the usual catalogue of annoyances which have to be borne with by all African explorers: the difficulty of procuring good porters; the exasperating "custom" of staying at certain villages, quite regardless of the fact that the day's journey may have been only six miles, and that another village equally suitable in every respect, may be within the same easy distance; of the incessant demands on a traveller's patience, temper,

and sagacity by refractory carriers; of the continual drain on one's stock of goods for "hongo," or tribute to every petty chieftain on the way; of devious paths, and at times of squabbles with the natives through the imprudence or worthlessness of his followers, and of the risk of fevers; but all these the missionary regards as minor trials. Mr. Price considers Scotch carts drawn by oxen preferable to the usual mode of transport by carriers; but for this the present road must be widened and improved, and in parts a new one cut. No pleasant remembrances of Macadam meet a traveller on the so-called road. In some places the dense grass grows to an enormous height, necessitating the cutting of a path, which it is hoped future traffic will keep open. At intervals forests are met with, calling into play a vigorous use of the axe; ravines and gullies have to be levelled or bridged over, rivers to be crossed and mountains climbed, with a little wading through marshes by way of variety. But all these he considers may be comparatively easily dealt with, and, once open, the Arabs and natives will doubtless make use of the "white man's" road, and thus keep up communication with Zanzibar; besides which he hopes to be able to establish intermediate stations at suitable places on the route.

On Mr. Price's return to England, the Directors, after careful consideration, decided on adopting his recommendations, and preparations were at once made for equipping and sending off a mission party. Wagons were specially built in Yorkshire, and a set of carts such as are used in the hill country of the Deccan, were procured from the Church Missionary Institute at Nassick, in the Bombay Presidency. It was decided to purchase bullocks at Natal, and, if possible, to induce six or eight steady men, European or colonial, to accompany the party as drivers and general assistants.

Mr. Price and Mr. Dodgshun arrived here by R.M.S. *Teuton*, and, after a few days' stay, proceeded to Natal to complete arrangements; thence they go to Zanzibar where they expect to meet the rest of their party, the Rev. J. B. Thomson (from the Matabele Mission) and the Rev. E. C. Hore, who come out *via* Suez.

The Mission party hope to leave Zanzibar about the end of June or beginning of July, and to reach their destination some time in October or November. The funds already collected nearly defray the cost of the expedition, but an increased demand of some £2,000, or £3,000, a year will have to be provided for by the Society. It is hoped that in time a small steamer may be placed on Lake Tanganyka, like those in use by the sister missions of the neighbouring lakes.

Ujiji seems particularly suited for a base of operations. A great emporium of Arab trade with the interior, it is in constant communication by caravans with Zanzibar. The natives are in a better position than most of the Central African tribes. Constant intercourse with the Arabs has made them bold, as they have managed to get a good many guns into their possession, and are now too powerful

to be captured and sold as slaves. The country is very fertile and more densely populated than is usual in Africa, and the paramount Chief Rumanika, who is lord over an immense territory, is described by Speke as a humane, kind-hearted man, willing to receive missionaries.

Ujiji is the storehouse for many large Arab firms, some of them respectable, but others very much the reverse, as Livingstone found to his cost. From there the Arabs make their raids on tribes still further inland to capture slaves and ivory.

The Sultan of Zanzibar having expressed his interest in the new Mission and his readiness to assist if necessary, there is little cause of apprehension from ill-disposed traders; while the increased security to life and property which invariably springs up beneath the shelter of our world-famed Flag, and the Christian example and labours of the devoted band who are starting on their worthy errand, will give a great impetus to legitimate trade and a heavy blow to the inhuman traffic in slaves, which has been the curse of the country for many long years.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
  Leads by the hand her little child to bed
  Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
  Nor wholly reassured and comforted
  By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
  Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
  Leads us to Rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
  Being too full of sleep to understand,
  How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—From "A Rosary of Sonnets," by H. W. Longfellow, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1877.

Kafir Nursery Tales.

No. V.—The Story of Tangalimlibo.

There was once a man who had two wives, one of whom had no children. She grieved much about that, till one day a bird came to her and gave her some little pellets. The bird said she must eat of these always before she partook of food, and then she would bear a child. She was very glad, and offered the bird some millet. But the bird said, "No, I do not want millet." The woman then offered an *isidanga* (an ornamental breast band which women wear), but the bird said it had no use for that. Then she got some very fine gravel and placed before the bird, which it received at her hands.

After this the woman had a daughter. Her husband knew nothing of what had happened, because he never went to her house. He did not love her at all, for the reason that she bore no children. So she said, "I will keep my daughter in the house till my husband comes, he will surely love me when he sees I have such a beautiful child." The name given to the girl was Tangalimlibo.

The man went always to the house of the other wife, and so it happened that Tangalimlibo was grown to be a young woman when her father first saw her. He was very much pleased, and said, "My dear wife, you should have told me of this before." The girl had never been out of the house in the daytime. Only in the night-time she had gone out, when people could not see her.

The man said to his wife, "You must make much beer, and invite many people to come and rejoice with me over this that has happened." The woman did so. There was a big tree in front of the kraal, and the mats were spread under it. It was a fine sunny day, and very many men came. Among them was the son of a certain chief, who fell in love with Tangalimlibo as soon as he saw her.

When the young chief went home he sent a message to the father of that girl that he must send her to him to be married. The man told all his friends about that. He told them also to be ready at a certain time to conduct his daughter to the chief. So they came and took her, and the marriage feast was very great. The oxen were many which were killed that day. Tangalimlibo had a large and beautiful ox given to her by her father. That ox was called by her own name. She took off a piece of her clothing and gave it to the ox, which ate it.

After she had been married some time, this woman had a son. She was loved very much by her husband, because she was pretty and industrious; only this thing was observed of her that she never went out in the daytime. Therefore she received the name of Sihamba Ngenyanga (the walker by moonlight).

One day her husband went to a distant place to hunt with

other men. There were left at his home with this woman only her father-in-law, her mother-in-law, and a girl who nursed the little child. The father-in-law said, "why does she not work during the day?" He pretended to become thirsty, and sent the girl to Tangalimlibo to ask for water, saying, "I die with thirst." The woman sent water to her father-in-law, but he threw it on the ground, saying, "It is warm." Then she sent milk for him to drink, but he poured it on the ground also, saying, "It is water from the river I desire." She said, "I never go to the river in the daytime." He continued to ask, saying again "I die with thirst."

Then she took a milk basket and a calabash ladle, and went weeping to the river. She dipped the ladle in the water, and it was drawn out of her hand. She dipped the milk-basket in the water, and it was drawn away from her. Then she tried to take some water in her mantle, and she was drawn under the surface. After a little time the girl was sent to look for her, but she came back saying, "I found her not who is accustomed to draw water only in the night."

Her father-in-law drove oxen quickly to the river. He took the big ox that was called by her name and killed it. He put all the flesh and everything else that was of that ox into the river, saying, "Let this be instead of my child." A voice was heard saying, "Go to my father and my mother and say to them that I am taken by the river."

That evening the little child of Tangalimlibo was crying very bitterly. Its father was not yet home. Its grandmother tried by every means to keep it from crying, but in vain. Then she gave it to the nurse, who fastened it on her back. Still the child continued to cry. In the middle of the night the nurse went down to the river with the child, singing this song, "It is crying, it is crying, the child of Sihamba Ngenyanga, it is crying, it will not be pacified." Then the mother of the child came out of the river, and wailed this song:—

Uyalila, uyalila, umta ka Sihamba ngenyanga.
Wenziwe ngabomu. Sihamba ngenyanga,
Ngabantu abantloni. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Bamtuma amanzi emini. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Waba kuka ngetunga, laza latshona. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Waba kuka ngomcepe, waza watshona. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Waba kuka ngexakato, laza latshona. Sihamba ngenyanga.

(It is crying, it is crying, the child of the walker by moonlight. It was done intentionally by people whose names are unmentionable. They sent her for water during the day. She tried to dip with her milk-basket, and then it sank. Tried to dip with the ladle, and then it sank. Tried to dip with the mantle, and then it sank. With the name as a chorus at the end of each line).

Then she took her child and put it to her breast to suck.

When the child had finished sucking she gave it back to the nurse telling her to take it home. She commanded the nurse never to say to any one that she came out of the water, and told her that when people asked where the child got food she must say she gave it berries to eat. This continued for some days. Every night the nurse took the child to the river, when its mother came out and suckled it. She always looked round to see that no one was present, and always put the same command on the girl.

After a time the father of the child returned from hunting. They told him of Tangalimlibo's going to the river and not returning. Then the nurse brought the child to him. He inquired what it ate, and was told that berries were given to it. He said, "That cannot be so, go and get some berries and let me see my child eat them." The girl went and brought some berries, but they were not eaten by the child. Then the father of the child beat the girl until she told the truth. She said she went at night to the river, when the mother came out and caressed her child and gave it of her milk.

Then they made a plan that the husband of Tangalimlibo should hide himself in the reeds and try and catch his wife when she came out of the water. He took the skin of an ox and cut it into a long riem, one end of which he fastened round his waist. The other end he gave to the men of that village, telling them to hold it fast and to pull hard when they felt it being drawn from them.

At night the man hid himself in the reeds. Tangalimlibo came out of the water and looked all round while she was singing her song. She asked the girl if any one was there, and when the girl replied that there was no one she took her child. Then her husband sprang upon her, clasping her very tight. She tried to pull back, but the men at the village drew upon the riem. She was drawn away, but the river followed her, and its waters turned into blood. When it came close to the village, the men who were pulling at the riem saw it and became frightened. They let the riem go, when the river at once went back, taking Tangalimlibo with it.

After that her husband was told of the voice which came from the water, saying, "Go to my father and my mother and tell them I am taken by the river." He called his racing ox, and said, "Will you, my ox, take this message to the father and mother of Tangalimlibo?" The ox only bellowed. He called his dog, and said, "Will you, my dog, take this message to the father and mother of Tangalimlibo?" The dog only barked.

Last of all he called the cock. He said, "Will you, my cock, take this message to the father and mother of Tangalimlibo?" The cock answered, "I will do so, my master." He said, "Let me hear what you will say." The cock answered, "I will sing

Ndiyi nkuku nje ndingebulawe. Kukulu ku-u-u.
Ndize kubika u-Tangalimlibo. Kukulu ku-u-u.
U-Tangalimlibo ufile. Kukulu ku-u-u.

Ukelele umntu ntloni amanzi. Kukulu ku-u-u.
Ibe kutunywa inkomo, yakonya. Kukulu ku-u-u.
Yaba kutunywa inja, yakonkota. Kukulu ku-u-u.

(As I am a cock I ought not to be killed. I have come to intimate about Tangalimlibo. Tangalimlibo is dead. She dipped water for a person that cannot be named. It was tried to send an ox, it bellowed. It was tried to send a dog, it barked. With an imitation of a cock crowing at the end of each line).

The chief said, "That is good, my cock, go now."

As the cock was going on his way, some boys who were tending calves saw him. One of them said to the others, "Come here, come here, boys, there is a cock for us to kill." Then the cock stood up, and sang his song "Ndiyi nkuku, &c." The boys said, "Sing again, we did not hear you plainly." So he sang again, "Ndiyi nkuku, &c." Then the boys let him go on his way.

He travelled far from that place and came to a village, where the men were sitting in the kraal. He flew up on the back of the kraal to rest himself, and the men saw him. They said, "Where does this cock come from? We thought all the cocks here were killed. Make haste, boys, and kill him." The cock began to sing his song. Then the men said, "Wait, boys, we wish to hear what he says." They said to him, "Begin again, we did not hear you." The cock said, "Give me some food, for I am very hungry." The men sent a boy for some millet, and gave it to him. When he had eaten, he sang his song, "Ndiyi nkuku, &c." The men said, 'Let him go," and he went on his way.

Then he came to the village of the father of Tangalimlibo, to the house of those he was seeking. He told the message he was sent to carry. The mother of Tangalimlibo was a woman skilful in the use of medicines. She said to her husband, "Get a fat ox to go with us." They arrived at the river, and killed the ox. Then that woman worked with her medicines while they put the meat in the water. There was a great shaking and a rising up of the river, and Tangalimlibo came out. There was great joy among those people when they took her home to her husband.

This is a favourite story, and is therefore very widely known. Sometimes it happens that native girls are employed as nurses by Europeans, and that little children are taught by them to sing, or rather chant the song of the cock, so that this story may even be like "an old acquaintance with a cheerful face" to many a one of our own race who has grown up on the frontier. It is well worthy of careful perusal as illustrative of Kafir ideas and customs, to some of which it may not be deemed amiss if I draw attention.

Among these people a childless woman finds little or no favour. In nearly every case she would be treated by her husband in exactly the manner here described. By becoming a mother she might say

from the bottom of her heart with Elizabeth of old that "her reproach was taken away from among men."

It will be observed that the woman speaks of those whose names are unmentionable. According to Kafir custom no woman may pronounce the names of any of her husband's male relatives in the ascending line. She is bound to show them the greatest respect and implicity to obey their commands. She may not sit in the house where her father-in-law is seated, she may not even pronouce any word in which the principal syllable of his name occurs. Thus, a woman who sang the song of Tangalimlibo for me used the word *angoca* instead of *amanzi* for water, because this last contained the syllable *nzi*, which she would not on any account pronounce. She had therefore manufactured another word, the meaning of which had to be judged of by the context, as standing alone it is meaningless.

The beer-drinking company on the mats under a tree, the escort of the bride to her husband, and the wedding feast are true to the life.

The idea of the Kafir with regard to drowning is also shown very distinctly in this tale. He believes that a spirit pulls the person under water, and that this spirit is willing sometimes to accept an ox as a ransom for the human victim. How this belief works practically may be illustrated by facts which have come under my own cognizance.

Sometime in 1875, a party of Kafir girls went to bathe in a little stream not far from this. There was a deep hole in the stream, into which one of them got, and she was drowned. The others ran away home as fast as they could, and there told a story how their companion had been lured away from their side by the spirit calling her. She was with them, they said, in a shallow part, when suddenly she stood upright and said, "It is calling." She then walked straight into the deep place, and would not allow any of them to touch her. One of them heard her saying, "Go and tell my father and my mother that it took me." Upon this, the father collected his cattle as quickly as possible, and set off for the stream. The animals were driven into the water, while the man stood on the bank imploring the spirit to take the choicest of them and restore his daughter. The failure to get the exchange effected is still attributed by the relatives of the drowned girl to the absence of one skilful to work with medicines.

On another occasion, a Kafir was trying to cross one of the fords of a river when it was in flood. He was carried away by the current, but succeeded in getting safely to land some quarter of a mile or so further down. Eight or ten lusty fellows saw him carried off his feet, but not one made the slightest effort to help him. On the contrary, they all rushed away frantically, shouting out to the herd boys on the hill sides to drive down the cattle. As might be supposed, the escape of the man from being drowned was then attributed to his being in possession of a powerful charm.

Victoria East, May, 1877. T.

The Rifle Brigade in South Africa.*

AMONG the regiments of the British army who were engaged in our by-gone Frontier wars, the Rifle Brigade may still be well remembered. The "green jackets" as they were termed, proved most intrepid and untiring bush-fighters, rendering excellent service in defending the hearths and homes of our border settlers, as well as in worrying the Kafirs out of their hiding-places; and, as Sir Harry Smith characteristically said of them in general orders, "they were always as distinguished for their good fellowship as they were formidable to their foes."

A history of the Brigade and its achievements has recently been published; and that portion of it in which reference is made to South Africa will have a special interest for many colonists. Sir W. Cope, Bart., the author of the work, states in the preface that he is indebted for much of his information to the official records of the several battalions, and the journals, diaries, and recollections of the officers and men of the regiment. Among the latter he specially mentions Major-General Leicester Smyth, Sergeant-Major Bond, and Corporal Scott, who were engaged with the 1st Battalion in Kafirland and across the Orange River.

The regiment was first formed in 1800, as a *corps d'elite*, consisting of detachments from the different regiments of the line, who were set apart to be specially trained in the use of arms of precision. Under its commander, General Cook Mannigham, and his second, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, the corps was brought to a high state of discipline and military reputation, and was always a favourite with the volunteers from the Line and the Militia. Its war-services were as varied and distinguished as any on record. The Riflemen accompanied Nelson in his engagement at Copenhagen; they were at the attack on Montevideo and Buenos Ayres; in the Peninsular campaign, at the battle of Barossa, and the siege and storming of Badajos, and numerous other operations; while in 1815, they were engaged at Quatre Bras and Waterloo under the eye of the Duke of Wellington. Then came times of peace until the outbreak of the Kafir war of 1846 called for their services at the Cape. Following the close of our last war in 1852, the brigade was actively employed in the Crimea; afterwards in India, in the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny; and latterly in the recent Ashantee Campaign. In the four quarters of the globe, wherever fighting was to be done, the "green jackets" were always to be found.

Throughout such extended military service, it may be well understood, the annals of the Brigade furnish much varied and interesting reading. The storming of Badajos itself is as stirring a narrative as is to be met with: and one of the incidents which followed upon

* "History of the Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own), formerly the 95th." By SIR WILLIAM COPE Bart. London: Chatto and Windus. Cape Town: Juta.

that event is quite as romantic as any novelist could imagine. The facts will be familiar to many of our readers, who have pleasant recollections of Sir Harry and Lady Smith ; but this is the first time we have met with a reference to them in print :—

"On the day after the assault, two officers of the 1st Battalion were talking over the events of the past night at the door of a tent, when two ladies approached from Badajos and claimed their protection. They were evidently, from their appearance and manner, of the upper classes of Spanish society. Both were handsome ; and the younger, then about fourteen, very beautiful. The elder, although still young, addressed the Riflemen, and said that she was the wife of an officer in the Spanish service, who was in a distant part of Spain ; that the young lady with her was her sister, who, having just completed her education in a convent, had been placed under her charge ; that yesterday she had a comfortable house and home ; that now it was in the possession of an infuriated and insane soldiery ; that they had already suffered violence, as their bleeding ears, from which the ear-rings had been rudely torn, bore witness ; and that to escape grater violence and dishonour worse than death, they had fled ; and had resolved (however strange the step might seem) to throw themselves upon the honour and the protection of the first English officers they might meet. It need not be told that it was freely given, and chivalrously observed, and that they were conveyed to a place of safety. Nor will it seem strange to add that the acquaintance begun in so romantic a manner ripened into a warmer feeling ; and that within two years, the younger of them Donna Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon, became the wife of him who had saved her, Harry Smith, then a Captain in the regiment, and was long known in English society as Lady Smith, the honoured wife of the conqueror of Aliwal."

The service of the Rifle Brigade at the Cape commenced towards the close of 1846. The 1st Battalion arrived in Algoa Bay, in November of that year ; and immediately after landing began its march, under a burning sun, for Kafirland. The companies formed part of the division commanded by Sir Peregrine Maitland in his expedition to the Kei River. There they had their first experiences of the hardship of the campaign. On reaching Butterworth, they found the missionary's house and the church in ruins, having been burnt down ; but every wall and corner which remained was occupied by the weary soldiers, glad of even such insufficient shelter—for scarcely had the outlying picquets been posted when heavy and continuous rain came on. Some of the men were gathering stones on which to lie, to keep them off the streaming ground, and even these were sometimes washed away by the rills, forming paths and tracks. Five days' rations of biscuit, reduced to six ounces a day, were served out ; but, says the narrator, "hunger takes no account of commissariat measurement, and long before the expiration of the five days the Riflemen were picking gum off the trees, and eating it to assuage their need."

It was shortly after this that the disaster at Mount Misery occurred when Captain Gibson and his companions in arms lost their lives.

"This Officer (Captain Gibson) and Assistant-Surgeon Howell, had accompanied the party of weakly and disabled men which had marched from this place on the 8th. While the party were halted on January 11th, near the ford of the Kei, waiting for the fall of the river to enable them to cross, some cattle were observed grazing on the hills about three miles off. Captain Fraser, of the 6th foot, who was in command of these invalids, directed all the men who were able to march to proceed under Captain Gibson, to endeavour to capture these cattle, which were beyond the bank which reached from the river half-way up the hills. After the party, which was accompanied by Assistant-Surgeon Howell, and by Lieutenant the Honourable W. J. G. Chetwynd, of the 73rd regiment, had marched about an hour by a rather wide path through the bank, they arrived at a bend in the path. Unhappily the officers, unsuspicious of any attack, were marching ahead of their men, between seventy and one hundred yards from the leading files. When therefore they took the bend in the road, they were entirely hidden from them. At this moment the Kafir chief Pato, observing their defenceless positon, rushed upon them with about two hundred of his followers, and before the detachment could come up, killed all three officers. The little detachment under a sergeant of the 6th Foot, made good its retreat, gradually retiring, and whenever the Kafirs attacked, turning round and firing a volley. The patrol sent out to recover the remains of these officers, after marching about three hours through thick bush, came upon their bodies, which they brought into the bivouac at Spring-Flats, where they arrived about nine in the evening. They were interred by the officers and men of the battalion on the next day at a place called Shawsfontein; bushes being burnt over the graves, to prevent the Kafirs discovering the place of their interment, and exhuming and desecrating their remains."

The battalion subsequently moved into the Keiskamma basin, where it was constantly engaged in active persuit of the Kafirs, who were hunted from place to place until Sandilla, the Gaika chief, surrendered himself, with ten of his principal men, to Colonel Buller.

The Kafir war soon afterwards terminated, but in 1848, the Riflemen were again called into action, in consequence of the rebellion of Pretorius and the Boers in the Sovereignty. The measures adopted by Governor Sir H. Smith, and the engagement at Boomplaats, have already been described in previous numbers of this Magazine, but the following official account is worth preserving:—

"A force consisting of two companies, Captains Murray's and Harding's of the 1st Battalion, two of the 45th, two of the 91st, and two squadrons of the Cape Mounted Rifles, with two six-pounders, was ordered to proceed at once to Colesberg. Colonel Buller was in command of the whole force and Major Beckwith of the Infantry.

The two companies of Riflemen were made up to a strength of eighty rank and file each ; each man carried sixty rounds of ammunition, and all were in light marching order, carrying their great coats or blankets, but not their knapsacks. On August 4th the Riflemen marched and, though delayed by the state of the river Buffalo, which was swollen by the rains, and which they passed by India-rubber pontoons, arrived on the 21st at Colesberg, within about twenty-one miles of the Orange River. On the next morning they continued their march and halted on the high ground on the left bank of the Orange River, there between 250 and 300 yards broad, and then unfordable. Several attempts were made unsuccessfully to construct a raft ; but, at last, a hawser was thrown across and fastened to a tree on the opposite bank and then a lighter rope was passed over, by which the india-rubber pontoon, which had been brought up by the Riflemen from King William's Town, was worked backwards and forwards. On the 23rd Captain Murray's company was carried over. And on the three following days the remainder and the baggage were taken across ; not without difficulty on account of the steepness of the banks leading to the place of embarcation, and the rapidity of the current. The embarcation was superintended by Colonel Buller ; the disembarcation by Major Beckwith. However, by sunset on the 26th the whole force was conveyed across, and encamped on the right bank of the river.

"On the 27th, the troops marched at daylight, the Riflemen leading the Infantry (the Cape Corps being in advance), and after a march of about twenty miles, encamped on the plains near Phillipolis at Benlois Hoek. On the 28th marching at daybreak, the Riflemen encountered swarms of gray locusts which actually obscured the light of the sun. They proceeded past Phillipolis, a village of the Griqua Kafirs, and after a march of about twenty miles encamped for the night. On the 29th they continued their march at dawn, and after proceeding about ten miles, halted at some deserted farm-houses to breakfast. These were situated on the slope of a hill overlooking an extensive plain, called the Boomplaats, which, extending about twelve miles, was terminated by a range of low rocky hills, rising one above another in height. Those on the right projected into the plain. Through these hills the road or track wound, and on them the Boers, estimated at about 2,500 or 3,000 in number, had taken up their position, adding to its natural strength a kind of breastwork of piled stones. Had it been defended by disciplined troops, under a competent leader, it would have been, if not impregnable, at least not to be forced without most serious loss. While the Riflemen were at breakfast the tidings reached them that they were soon to meet their enemy ; and when breakfast was over, rifles were looked to, and packets of cartridges loosened. As soon as they fell in, Sir Harry Smith addressed them. No one could do so, on such an occasion, with more authority and experience ; for he had fought in their ranks (or, while on the staff at their side) from

Monte Video to Waterloo, in the Peninsula, in America, in Holland, in Belgium. He reminded them of the glorious deeds there done, ending an inspiriting address by declaring that he would drive the arch-rebel Pretorius and his followers like rats from those hills. He was answered by such a cheer as Riflemen can give to an old Rifleman who leads them into the fight.

"Resuming their advance about eleven o'clock, they arrived at the foot of the hills between one and two p.m. Colonel Buller then ordered the Cape Corps to advance and to endeavour to turn the position in front and by both its flanks. But the Boers receiving them with a heavy fire, and some mistake having occurred in executing the order, they retired, and cleared the front for the Riflemen, who in extended order advanced and drove the enemy at the point of the sword from the first, and through the second range of heights; and kept up a galling fire on them, as they retreated to the third and highest crest. Here they rallied their whole force, and delivered a telling fire, under which men and officers fell fast. But nothing could stand the dash of the Riflemen; this last position was carried; and at the end of two hours' hard fighting, the Boers fled after a short attempt at resistance behind the walls of a kraal. Then the troops were formed at quarter distance behind the guns, which opened with grape and shrapnel on the flying enemy; delivering their fire, limbering up and advancing to the front; then firing again. Thus the pursuit was continued for about eleven miles; until from sheer inability to proceed further the troops halted at Culverfontein for the night.

"The loss of the Riflemen in this action was severe. Colonel Buller was severely wounded and his horse was killed under him. Captain Murray and six rank and file were killed or died of their wounds; Captain Hardinge and eight rank and file were wounded, and Lieutenant and Adjutant Julius Glyn had his horse killed under him. Murray was leading his company when he was hit in the shoulder and his arm was shattered. Glyn, who was near him, ordered some men to take him to the rear; but before he could dismount another shot struck him, which passed through the body and injured the spine. He lived till about midnight, and was buried under a peach-tree at Boomplaats. Sir Harry Smith in communicating his death to his father, Major-General the Honourable Sir Henry Murray, says that 'he proved himself a most gallant officer; his loss deeply regretted by the men of his company.' In this letter Sir Harry Smith observes that 'this outburst of rebels has cost as smart an affair as I ever witnessed.' Yet he had witnessed many; and some of them very smart affairs. 'Your son,' he continues, 'led an attack as bold as it was successful, under a storm of fire in a difficult position, but fell an honour to his father and to his country.'

"The wounded were left at Boomplaats, except Colonel Buller, who was conveyed with the troops. About ten o'clock at night the tents arrived and the battalion encamped. It had marched

more than twenty-six miles; had fought a sharp action; and followed the enemy with a most active pursuit. But they were not long to rest. They paraded at one o'clock on the morning of the 30th and by two o'clock leaving blankets, tents, and all that could impede rapidity of march behind them, were again following the Boers. Both the companies of Riflemen were now commanded by 2nd Lieutenants the Honourable Henry Clifford and W. W. Knight, and they led the column as an advance guard. About daylight they arrived at a place called Welman's Pass, where it was thought that the enemy might make a stand. Accordingly, the Riflemen were extended, and skirmished over the hills on each side, which commanded the defile. However, nothing was seen of the Boers, who were in fact utterly disorganized and demoralized by their defeat at Boomplaats, and who never attempted to rally. . . . . In the expedition thus concluded, the Riflemen had marched between 1,100 and 1,200 miles; had crossed several difficult rivers with insufficient means of transit, had worn their clothing to shreds and their shoes off their feet. General orders highly laudatory of the conduct of the officers and men were issued by Sir Harry Smith, both on August 30th, immediately after the fight at Boomplaats, and also on his leaving the troops at Bloemfontein on September 15th. Colonel Buller was appointed Companion of the Bath, and Major Beckwith received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel."

In 1850, the battalion was ordered home; but before its departure from the Colony, free discharges were offered to such of the men as desired to settle in South Africa, and 165 non-commissioned officers and men availed themselves of them. Scarcely, however, had the regiment been a year in England, when tidings of the outbreak of the war and rebellion of 1851, and of the disastrous fight in which Colonel Fordyce of the 74th, was killed, reached them; and the Riflemen, hurriedly dispatched in H.M.S. *Megaera*, were soon once again on our frontier. Under command of Col. Buller, they were marched to the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, to dislodge the Kafirs from the fastnesses of the Waterkloof; and, as a specimen of their operations there, we read:—"On April 29th, Captain Somerset's, Lord Alexander Russel's, and Woodford's Companies (with some Fingoes and Cape Corps) fell in at four in the morning, and were ordered to move forward in perfect silence. Somerset with a six-pounder went round by a road, while the remaining two companies advanced over most rough and broken ground to the edge of the Waterkloof, which, in consequence of its being perfectly dark, rendered the march extremely difficult. Daylight was just appearing when they caught sight of some Kafir fires. Colonel Buller passed the word to extend, and the two companies advanced. The Kafir 'whoop' was soon heard, and firing commenced when they were about 200 yards from the first kraal. From this the Kafirs fled to the bush and the rocks, taking cover behind the rocks as the Riflemen came on. They set fire to the

huts, and still advancing and searching every bush and hiding-place emerged on the plain beyond. Somerset's Company with the gun now joined them on the left. They soon came in sight of another kraal, and the gun was unlimbered and a shell thrown into it. The Riflemen still advanced; and the Kafirs kept up a brisk fire from the bush and from a hill just beyond. Here the three companies made a halt; and eventually returned to camp, as the force was not strong enough to attempt the hill, where the Kafirs greatly outnumbered them. In this patrol, Lieutenant Godfrey and three men were wounded. The place was called Mundel's Krantz, and was in fact the place where Colonel Fordyce had been killed." This sort of patrolling was continued for weeks, the troops in sultry and rainy weather, scouring the hills and ravines, lying on the ground when they left off at night, and renewing operations at daybreak the following morning, until Macomo with the remnant of his force was obliged to fly.

When Sir G. Cathcart, at the close of the war, determined to proceed across the Orange River with a force to demand satisfaction from or punish Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, a company of the Riflemen formed his body-guard. The command of it devolved on Lieutenant the Honourable Leicester Curzon (now Major-General the Honourable Leicester Smyth, C.B.,) who has assisted Sir W. Cope with the following account of the battle of the Berea :—

"General Cathcart named, as his *ultimatum*, that Moshesh should deliver 10,000 head of cattle within three days, reckoning from the 16th, as a compensation for the depredations he had committed. On the 16th the General reviewed the whole force at six o'clock in the morning, which, after marching past, was put through various evolutions; no doubt as a demonstration to overawe Moshesh.

"On the afternoon of the 19th, the last of the three days, a herd of cattle were brought into camp by an escort of Basuto horsemen, under the command of one of Moshesh's sons. On their being counted and found to number only 3,500, this Prince was desired by General Cathcart to inform his father that unless the remainder were delivered the next morning he would come and seize them. No more cattle appearing, Cathcart, to show that he was in earnest, ordered Eyre with the cavalry, two guns, and a brigade of infantry, with the Riflemen, to move forward on the 19th and form a flying camp on the Caledon River. This demonstration being unheeded, Eyre received orders to advance at dawn, to find his way across the mountain of Berea, and having swept the plateau at the top, to join Cathcart, who with some other troops proceeded round the base of the mountain by its southern and western sides. About three, therefore, on the morning of the 20th, Eyre advanced, sending forward the light company of the 73rd and the Riflemen. When they had marched about four miles they saw a great number of Kafirs on the mountain on their right. This hill stands up isolated in a plain, and its sides are steep and craggy.

Eyre ordered the light company of the 73rd, under Lieut. Gawler, to mount the hill, and halted the Riflemen. Then, after a brief interval, he ordered Curzon to lead them on, to get to the top, bring his right shoulders forward, and take the cattle. Thus the Riflemen were in echelon on the left of the Company of the 73rd. The ascent was desperately steep, and in parts almost impracticable; but the Riflemen pushed on. They had not advanced far when the Kafirs gave them a volley, which the Riflemen avoided by lying down flat on the ground. Again they pushed on, seeking cover among the rocks which dotted the side of the mountain. While in this cover, one of them armed with the Lancaster rifle brought down a Kafir as he was taking deliberate aim at some of the Riflemen who were blown and could not climb up the steep mountain side as fast as their comrades. Three more Kafirs were brought down before the top was gained without one Rifleman being hit. On reaching the summit, a table-land of two or three square miles, they found the 73rd company on their right, and on their advancing together the Kafirs bolted, a number of them being killed by the fire of the Riflemen, as they crossed their front at about sixty yards. But as Curzon and Gawler found themselves separated from the main body, they moved forward in search of it, keeping together for mutual support; for they were surrounded by hordes of mounted Basutos, who hovered near, appearing and disappearing and watching for any straggling or irregularity in their formation which might give them a chance to charge. These were well mounted, organized, and armed with assegais and elephant guns; and after attempting to terrify the little band they almost encompassed, with yells and pretended charges, they dismounted and fought on foot. They were repulsed, however, and driven off the plateau, and Curzon and his Riflemen joined the main body in the afternoon, to their great relief and satisfaction; a satisfaction much enhanced when Eyre came up to them and told them that they had done their work well. But they had scarcely joined the rest of Eyre's division when he was obliged to descend the further side of the mountain with his whole force (abandoning 30,000 head of cattle which he had driven into a corner whence they could not escape) in order to assist General Cathcart, who had gravely compromised himself. The junction with Cathcart's force was effected about five in the afternoon; and the weary Riflemen thought they were now to halt for the night, for they had been fighting and without food for twelve hours. Far from it, they were charged with great fury by about 7,000 mounted Basutos; they had to fight retreating, and were in a critical position till between eight and nine at night, when a round of canister at point-blank range from two guns under Captain Stapylton Robinson, Royal Artillery, effectually checked the Basutos who were pressing on them, and who left the field. The Riflemen bivouacked on the ground where they then halted, Eyre telling them that, if attacked they must fight to the death there, as he

neither could nor would retreat further. However, they were left to their repose, much needed and well earned after being under arms about eighteen hours and fighting during most of them.

"In this affair the Rifle company which numbered ninety, lost three men: Privates Boffin and Case, who were killed, and Acting-Corporal Howard who died of his wounds on the next day. Lieut. H. G. Lindsay behaved with great gallantry; and three Riflemen particularly distinguished themselves: Acting-Corporal Bateman, and Privates Ricketts and W. Hayward."

The above account, it must be remembered, relates chiefly to the doings of the company of the Rifle Brigade. The gallant deeds of the other regiments, and notably the 73rd who acted with them, are to be found in General Orders and the Cathcart Correspondence.

To a Fair Musician.

Not yet for my soul's mistress, sovereign music can I trace,
But even as, when I dream, the dawn breaks on me from your face,
So now your skill these ivories wakes to their harmonious themes,
My being bows to you again, and is dissolved in dreams.

With this your skill you mould my will, and teach me tune and time,
That lead me forth, I know not how, towards the sweet sublime;
But when your fingers cease to call mix'd melodies to come,
Then do I throb with thrilling thought; but wherefore am I dumb?

Is there a soul in music, left to silence to proclaim?
Is there a longing language, that no syllables can name?
Is there a speech so golden-good that there are only two
Can tell it e'en without a word, the nightingale and you?

Then here I miss the nightingale, who mourneth not for me;
And where is she shall speak my heart with harmonies but thee?
Say what your music will to me, I will but this to you,
Speak to my heart not once too oft, but always speak it true.

March, 1877. ALTER EGO.

A Journey to the North.—Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

BY

His Excellency Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B.

VII.

The day after our arrival at Oleabourg, we found was one devoted to great festivities. A public entertainment was given to the Governor on the occasion of his departure from the Province to that of Helsingfors. To this we were invited, and received with great distinction and hospitality. There was the usual amount of speech-making; many were fairly acquainted with the English language, and nothing seemed to please the citizens better, than allusions to the good feelings we bore towards their country. After the entertainment, we paraded under the old colours of the City and the banners of Gustavus III., of Sweden, and marching down to the quays, we embarked in steam gondolas. A band, which had been purposely brought from Stockholm, accompanying the procession, we twice paraded round the shipping in the Sound, and on our return marched in the same order to the Town Hall. Punch in profusion then followed, and we were glad at a late hour to escape to our rooms.

At Oleabourg and its neighbourhood there is, strictly speaking, no independent class of gentry, every person is more or less in trade, but an exchange in goods rather than money may be looked upon as the general rule of commerce.

From the Governor we received a great deal of interesting information. He told us that the present fertile appearances of the surrounding country were sadly reversed in winter, and that frost frequently fell upon them at a very early date. For six consecutive years from 1862 they had severe frosts in the month of August. Just as the corn was commencing to ripen, every blade in the country was withered and 8,000,000 marks worth in barley was lost—a terrible infliction on the people. He stated that education in a primary way was common amongst the peasantry; that no one was permitted to marry unless they could read or write. This is the more surprising in a country where the inhabitants are generally so distant from schools; but by law every father or head of a family is bound to give instruction to his children.

A system of betrothal in marriage exists which by custom gives all its privileges, but if any objection is subsequently made to a legal fulfilment of the ceremonies then, by law, no marriage with another party can take place except by mutual sanction.

Every man is compelled to be possessed of what is called a "Priest's Card." It is a record or register of the delinquencies of the pos-

sessor. On seeking employment it is always requisite to produce the "Priest's Card," which speaks as to his former conduct in life. In cases of disagreement or accusation the magistrate can compel any person to show his "Priest's Card." Evidence of a servant in favour of his employer is not good in law, but his evidence against his master will be accepted. The law is generally lenient though sometimes exercised rather absurdly. A young Englishman was lately arrested for having bored some holes in a copper piece of money. He was accused of defacing the coin, and had some difficulty in convincing them that he was not contravening any of their laws, but assisting his fishing tackle.

The general honesty of this people is proverbial. The laws of property are very severe. If on leaving a room the door is locked and the key hung up in sight, it is a felony for an unauthorized person to unlock it.

These, and many other curious customs were told us. Their institutions generally favour the poor rather than the rich. The character of the judges and magistrates in Finland, unlike those of Russia, stand very high; a bribe to mask justice would on no account be accepted.

I was happy to see that female talents were in great requisition. In the Government Surveying Office, ladies were employed in making maps, and their execution was certainly equal to that of the men.

Although these Northern Finlanders may be considered very primitive, yet I was told that they were very cunning and somewhat unscrupulous in their manner of gaining copecks; one of their customs being that of detaining the return of clothing sent to the wash, in order that they might let them out in the town, receiving for each time they are used a certain number of copecks.

On Friday, the 8th August, we left Oleabourg. We were greatly assisted on our journey into the interior through the kindness of Mr. Barry. Mr. Songer, his partner, placed at our disposal a gig upon springs. It was arranged that we should take this carriage as far as Milranda, at the rapids near Lake Olea, where, they said, we should find a steamer. They gave us a supply of smoked salmon and a provision of English biscuits, which latter no money could procure in the town; not only this, but they attached to us, for a portion of our journey, a Finnish assistant in their office —Mr. Remburg. He spoke English well, and was the means of accelerating and smoothing our difficulties through this almost unknown country, and we looked upon a successful start as a matter of the highest consideration.

We left Oleabourg at about one o'clock in the afternoon, for although the distance to Milranda was only about ninety versts, we felt that with the detentions we should meet with in procuring horses, &c., it would be fortunate, even by travelling all night, if we arrived there before the steamer left in the morning. The country immediately round the town was forest, but when we

again met the river at Fasuys there was some little cultivation. At Alaitala there is a handsome church with a detached belfry, resembling those which we had so often seen in Sweden. The River Olea is here wide and deep. The country bears all the appearance of being very good for game; when, indeed, we occasionally walked short distances from the road we put up both ptarmigan and black-cock, and occasionally one of the largest of this species, the capercailzie. Nice thick undercover amongst low birch trees and plenty of feeding from the wild berries, must encourage game; indeed, the whole country clearly showed that excellent sport could be met with here.

Little or no game is destroyed by the peasants, as few possess guns, and the expense of powder and shot, costing at least three times as much as it does in England, and at the same time no sale whatever existing for the game that they would shoot, causes them not to enter at all into this pursuit.

Mr. Barry said that near his iron works game was most plentiful. Capercailzie, ptarmigan, black-cock, duck, and snipe innumerable are to be found but singularly enough no woodcock.

The peasants generally were well clothed in a warm coat, a shirt worn as a blouse, stout trousers, and Lapland boots. These last are universal. They are worn both summer and winter, and I was led to believe that the peasants generally slept in them. They are made of soft leather well greased; they are pointed at the toe; they reach above the knees, and are said to be quite waterproof, resisting even the snow water.

Some of the peasants wear coats entirely made of leather, proving a great protection to them in the winter, and which from their durability cause them to be a very economical vestment.

In consequence of the universal skill which the peasants possess with the axe, as well as the endless supply of timber, their houses are well built, very comfortable, and strong. In cleanliness they far surpass those of the Russians, and we found the post stations comparatively free from insect life.

In their persons the people are cleanly. To every house, however humble looking, is attached a bath-house, and as in this country fuel is almost valueless, so these baths, both in summer and winter, are in constant requisition. As, however, they differ so materially in their construction from our own, it is as well shortly to describe them.

The bath-house is built of roughly-hewn timber logs; the interstices, however, are most carefully filled up with a compound of mud and hemp, so as perfectly to prevent the entry of all air from without and also to impede the escape of steam from within. In the centre of each building a rude oven is constructed, over which are piled large granite stones. The oven being lit these stones become red-hot, in which state buckets of cold water are thrown upon them, the whole family then rapidly enter and seat

themselves upon the benches round the room, carefully shutting close the door. Volumes of steam mixed with smoke now fill the stifling air until it is almost impossible to breathe when, to relieve them, a small quantity of moss is taken from the wall and thus they revive. In winter it is said that on leaving the bath-room they plunge at once into the snow, which is then four or five feet deep around the building and thus a healthy glow pervades their otherwise exhausted bodies. It is asserted that this practice keeps off all sorts of maladies, and dangerous as the process may appear to us, perhaps in the end it is not more so than allowing the body to remain for months begrimed with dirt, which is a habit not unfrequent in some more southern countries.

The appearance of the families whom we saw coming from these steaming houses, certainly showed an elasticity and healthy vigour of body which bid us believe that the effects of this vapour bath were not so exhausting as might have been expected.

These peasants seldom or never eat meat, but content themselves with black bread, milk, butter, cheese, and salt fish. They constantly drink coffee, which is imported into Finland in large quantities. Unlike the Russians they never use tea. Such an article as a tea-pot is not even to be found amongst the better families.

After some difficulty in obtaining horses at the various stages, we reached the rapids of Amma, or The Old Woman, near Milranda, at four o'clock in the morning. We sent in our letter of introduction to Mr. Achebloom, who is in charge of the works. He immediately sent to us delicious coffee, which was followed at a later hour by an excellent breakfast of salmon cutlets, &c., the drive of the previous night in this clear northern climate having sharpened our appetites amazingly. The view of the rapids from the window of his immense house was very fine, but they certainly appeared very dangerous to descend in boats.

The salmon-fishing was represented to be very good, but it appears that although Milranda is so high up the River Olea, the fish are not very keen for the fly; they are generally taken with a silver spoon bait shining brightly and revolving above a gaudy fly; fish as large as 40 lb. weight being by no means uncommon. Trout of a very large size are also said to be caught, and these latter in great quantities. Unfortunately we had not even an hour to try a cast with the rod and line, which was the more tantalizing as there was no difficulty in procuring boats with experienced fishermen, and the day moreover looked favourable. It is really surprising that the facilities of obtaining excellent sport, and such requisites as boats and assistance so easily procurable, with all the rough comforts which a sportsman could require within his command, should be so little known at home. Within the last five years, it was told me, that no person excepting those employed at the mills had even visited Milranda.

VIII.

THE small lake steamer *Amma*, or *The Old Woman*, was getting up steam at the neighbouring wharf of Paaso, and the captain said he would start about seven o'clock. Probably no other vessel would go down the lake for four or five days. The alternative was that we should either remain at Milranda, or drive ninety or 100 versts through the forests, with a certainty of having continual detentions in obtaining horses, perhaps, indeed, for hours at each station on this unfrequented road. We felt ourselves, therefore, compelled to decline the further hospitalities of Mr. Archebloom, which he proffered to us.

We now relinquished the spring gig which Mr. Barry had so kindly lent us, and took ourselves and traps on board the lake steamer. This vessel would certainly bear no comparison in point of comfort or elegance with H.M.'s Yacht *Enchantress*, which we had so lately seen at Trondhjem. She was the roughest little vessel I had ever been on board, about forty tons measurement, and her power possibly that of a dozen Arab donkeys, yet, she was compelled to drag behind her two enormous timber scows, each nearly treble her own size.

The only shelter which we had from a biting wind was in a small fore-cabin, redolent of all sorts of odours, amongst which salt fish and decayed cheese decidedly predominated, and this room warmed by the neighbouring boiler was thus rendered ten-fold more disagreeable.

Lake Olea is in parts sixty miles broad and eighty or ninety long, and as a brisk gale of wind blew a-beam a very heavy sea in this large lake resulted. The poor little ship rolled and surged in the waves, but all her struggles were inoperative in causing a more rapid progress than four miles an hour, retarded and drawn back as she was by the large cargo-boats which were attached to her. There was one other passenger on this voyage, a Finlander who had seen distant lands, having been sent by the Russian Government round Cape Horn to report upon the mines in Russian America before that country had been sold to the United States.

The account of his voyage was very interesting. He stated that he had clearly discovered that although coal-mines existed on that coast and could be worked, yet nothing but brown coal was to be met with, which would not repay the outlay, and consequently he reported that it was far better to relinquish this distant land to the United States, and thus save all future trouble and expense of its Government.

This gentleman was now on a tour in the employment of Government, upon a visit to the mines in Finland. His description of this little-known country was most interesting, and having spent a considerable time in Germany, England, and Belgium, the languages of which countries he was well acquainted with, his society in no small

degree helped to obliterate the discomforts of an otherwise exceedingly tedious voyage. He described many of the mines, especially those on the confines of Russia, near to the Lake Ladoga, as being very rich in iron ore, so much so that one workman, assisted by his wife could easily scoup up from the bottom of the shallow lakes one ton of stuff per diem, which was so rich in iron that after washing it would realize from half to three-quarters of a ton of good ore. The most remunerative works, he said, existed in the South of Finland, especially that of Archbroke near Abo, but as there the ore was smelted with English coal, the iron produced from it was by no means equal in quality to that which was smelted in the interior of Finland by charcoal.

After a run down the lake of about sixty miles, as far as we could see inland being one enormous forest, we entered the Nuas River proceeding from the Nuas Lake, and shortly afterwards we arrived at Kaijanas. I may mention that we were charged but four shillings each for this voyage of fourteen hours, proving incontestably that extravagant charges, which follow in the wake of civilization, had not yet penetrated into the interior of Finland.

The strength of constitution of the Finlanders is marvellous. Although the rain may beat and the wind may blow, they will lie upon the open deck with perfect contentment without cloak or any other shelter, whereas in the houses they smother themselves with hot stoves, and closed doors and windows: neither heat nor cold appears to distress them. And yet as a rule these country people are very poorly fed. It is even said that they draw on the forest for their food, sawdust from the birch trees being boiled into a thick paste which, when dry, is reduced into powder being heated in an oven and ground, it is then made into a bread resembling oatmeal cakes, which is said to be nutritious and wholesome.

The name of the town Kaijanas, is stated to be derived from that of a giant who, traditionally, floated down the rapids of the Nuas River on a large pine log.

In the centre of the stream, on an island, are the remains of an old castle or fort, in which it is said that for a series of years the Swedes held the Russian army in check on their invasion of this country. It is situated in a commanding position over the river, and is exceedingly picturesque. The town is placed immediately above, and the rapids rush past under two bridges leading from the old castle on the island to either bank. A lock with sluice gates has been formed, through which to pass the tar-boats, the rapids being too dangerous to allow them otherwise to descend.

I failed in purchasing a photograph of the old castle, but immediately the chief magistrate was informed of my wish he sent me an engraving of it. We had some difficulty in obtaining lodgings as there was a ball about to be given in the hotel, and all the bed-rooms were converted into supper-rooms, ante-rooms, and card-rooms. We lodged, however, at the post station, where we had a

good supper, the whole charge including beer and tea, being just one franc each. I mention the price to show how little this country is visited by strangers and how totally unknown here is the rapacity so common amongst central European hotel-keepers.

The captain of the *Amma* very kindly assisted to procure the means for our further progress ; it was a spring gig, which we hired from a Mr. Inkerman, and for which, for a distance of ninety versts to Idem Salmi, including the expenses of its return, we paid him four shillings. At Idem Salmi the lake system again commences, and from thence we were informed it was probable we should find small steamers continuously to Wybourg.

A glance at the map will show how wonderfully the whole of the interior of Finland is intersected with lakes ; some of these are connected by continuous and natural links of water, while betwixt others a few hundred yards of land alone intervene to impede the continuous navigation of the country. The Government have already done much to perfect and utilize this natural high road by joining the lakes by canals where necessary, and is daily doing more. Facilities now exist of travelling by steam during the open season through a very large portion of this beautiful country, but of which European travellers are entirely ignorant, although a traveller would be well repaid, more especially a fisherman or a sportsman. It is the least expensive in Europe, and in point of beautiful scenery few countries surpass and many by no means equal it. Luxuries are not to be expected.

A journey in Finland is by no means difficult, and to travellers of a more adventurous character interesting excursions may be made from Kuopio, the centre of the country, even to the White Sea. For such a journey, however, a small tent, some provision, and tea would be required, but these could be transported without difficulty and at small expense, due arrangements being made before starting. Having crossed the frontier of Finland into Russia, a system of rivers and lakes would be met with leading to Kem on the White Sea and by Ob Kutuas and the Ount Kutuas Lakes and the River Kem, which are nearly united, small intervals which alone it would be obligatory to walk intervening. Boats and rowers for traversing both lakes and rivers would be easily procurable.

After descending the River Kem to the sea the distance to Salawatz, or Holy Island, in Weiper See, is little more than thirty versts. Probably there is no more interesting spot in Russia than the Convent in Salawatz, which has been so ably described by Dixon in his book entitled "Free Russia," from which interesting spot a steamer, the property of the holy brotherhood and commanded by one of their number, plies frequently to Archangel. The best time for such an expedition would be to leave Oleabourg about the middle of July, thus entering the upper forest country by the beginning of August, when the mosquitos, in consequence of the early August frost, would be less tormenting and at which

time of year such a journey as I have described would be by no means difficult. The easiest mode of reaching Oleabourg, is that by steamer from Stockholm to Helsingfors, from whence there are steamers continually running up the coast of Finland touching at all the principal towns.

On the 10th of August we left Kaijanas for Idem Salmi, passing continually through a forest country, new roads being made with much pertinacity through a boggy soil. From the Black Mountain above Kaijanas, we had a fine view of the vast and continuous forests over which the eye in every direction rests.

At Sukevan, we came upon whole forests of pine, stripped solely for their bark, looking like naked giants in the dim twilight.

At Ryhalanmaki, also at Hinjaroi, and at many other places we met with a small quantity of tobacco culture, though I should doubt the heat ever being sufficient to mature it; we also met with hops, which the natives said was used for making their beer; but I may add that Finnish beer in taste and in poverty, surpasses the most washy brews in Europe.

We arrived at Idem Salmi at about 9·30 p.m., having easily completed our journey of ninety versts in the day, although the rain was descending heavily for many hours. In addition to the small gig, drawn by a pair of stout ponies, and driven by my son, a small cart containing our baggage with two more ponies, followed us with a native driver. We thus posted, changing ponies about every ten miles, at the rate of about seven to eight miles per hour,—the expense for which *two* conveyances, including the driver, did not exceed threepence per mile.

At Idem Salmi we found a comfortable station-house, where we rested for the night. On the following morning, having made arrangements to send back the gig that had been so kindly lent us, we embarked in a small steamer called the *Tipper*, even more uncomfortable than the *Amma*, *the Old Woman* in which we had crossed Lake Nuas. The *Tipper* was covered with a corrugated iron roof; but as both ends were open and there was no cabin, the draft from the gale of wind that was blowing, was perfectly excruciating, and we were forcibly reminded that we were in a country where travelling was, as yet, rude and unrefined. This vessel was, however, very fast, and by ten o'clock we arrived at the commencement of a canal at Akkiolax, at the end of the lake Origi. The workmanship of this canal appeared excellent, large blocks of granite beautifully worked and fitted were being prepared for the locks. As it was incomplete, we were compelled to disembark into a marsh, in which we waded for some distance above our ankles in mud, our baggage being carried on the backs of sturdy Finlanders. On reaching the dry ground we fortunately found a cart, in which we rumbled along to the lake Kalivessie, on which after some delay, we embarked upon a small steamer for Kuopio, and which, in torrents of rain and a thunderstorm, we reached about five in the afternoon.

The discomforts and difficulties incidental to our progress through Finland might be said now to have terminated, and these, in my opinion, were well repaid by the interests of the journey. These discomforts mainly consisted in day and night travelling in small carts and rather indifferent food, relieved, however, by the stores which we had prudently brought with us. The keen northern air, the exercise and the exertion had certainly given to both of us an increase in elasticity and health.

At Kuopio we preferred the station-house to the hotel, as we knew that at the former we should be less intruded on by the curious of the community, for, as we were the only tourists who had visited this town for many years, purely for the love of travelling, so we were looked upon by everyone as originals, and excited some sensation.

The town of Kuopio—the most central in Finland—is beautifully situated on Lake Kala. The town itself is very pretty, but its position can with difficulty be surpassed. A fine esplanade exists in the middle of the town, above which is a large church, and clean streets extend for a considerable distance around. Close to the town and on a peninsula are some well laid out public gardens, where there are large bath-houses, refreshment saloons, and a theatre. These gardens are beautifully kept, and the views of the various branches of the lake through the trees are very pleasing.

The entertainment that was going on at the time of our visit was both curious and interesting. A dozen Cossacks of the Don were singing and chanting a sort of long monotonous dirge, which they relieved occasionally by a sort of Highland fling or Irish jig, the music to which was played by one of their number upon a small brass pipe. To the best of my ability I made myself understood by them, and their delight was unmeasured when they found that I had visited many of their distant towns on the Don, Tageurog, &c. Kuopio is a long distance from the homes of these poor fellows. The climate in which they perform this military service is extremely cold, and surrounded as they are by people whose language and customs are strange to them, their duties must be very irksome. It reminded me very much of the colonial service which is imposed upon our own army, where each officer and soldier in turn, is chilled by the snows of Canada, or broiled under the tropical heat of China or India. It would appear that the Cossacks who are stationed in Finland are treated with much kindness and consideration, and that both they and their little horses, who had accompanied them these thousands of versts, from the banks of the Don and the Volga, were well nourished and well housed.

These irregular troops are allowed to improve their position, and supplement their slender allowances by performing many small services to the townspeople, such as removing furniture, &c., for which they are generally compensated by dinners of cucumber and

fish, and small recompenses in money, and, on the whole, do not lead an unhappy existence. Although in the middle of summer, these men were clothed in their long thick grey coats and high boots, their rifle slung on their back, and their Circassian sword at their side, they looked as dingy but as service-like as, on many a day, I had seen them on picquet at the outposts at Kertch and at Sebastapol in the Crimea, rough and ready for war and to meet privation in heat or cold, either near the tropics or within the Arctic Circle.

About a couple of miles distant from Kuopio is a hill called Ponjoobæcken. It is very easy of ascent. The small Russian drotskies which ply in the town are able to go to its summit, on which a lofty wooden tower is erected, and from which a lovely view on all sides is laid before you. Lakes and wooded islands with rocky scenery, and splendid pines in countless numbers met the eye on all sides. The view from Moisebæcken at Stockholm is justly renowned, but that from Ponjoobæcken, near Kuopio, is far superior in all respects, except that it does not command an array of palaces and a city, but trusts to nature in its solitary grandeur. We were compelled to remain at Kuopio for some days, as steam communication between Viborg and St. Petersburg was only occasional; this, however, we did not so much regret as we obtained a thorough rest after our fatiguing journey, and an opportunity of recruiting ourselves for the long tour which we had in contemplation, that of crossing Russia into Siberia.

Towards the upper part of Lake Kala there is a very fine waterfall. There is a daily steamer which plies to the neighbourhood of this fall, which is about forty miles distant; it is called Korkia Koshi. In summer there is not much water in it, but the beauty of the surrounding scenery as well as the facilities in approaching it make it well worthy of a visit.

In passing through the Town of Kuopio it was satisfactory to see that more than half the articles sold in the shops were of English manufacture, and not the less so, when we were informed that these articles were better and cheaper than such as could be procured of Russian manufacture. I am inclined to put very little faith upon the arguments which are advanced, that Russian manufactures are likely to drive us out of any market in the world. We left Kuopio with regret but with pleasing recollections.

On the 14th August we resumed our journey in Finland. We embarked in a steamer called the *Siama*, named after the largest of the lakes. She was a most comfortable little vessel, exceedingly clean and well arranged; the meals were excellent. We had hitherto been crossing an unfrequented forest country, but every step which we now took towards the south and the larger cities, comforts, if not luxuries, were again presented within our reach.

The scenery through which we were passing was quite enchanting, lake succeeding lake, linked to each other by short canals. Here

again, were handsomely-built locks of grey granite; the whole kept in perfect order, even to the side walks.

On leaving the Kala Vessee, we passed by the Kounux Canal into the Kounux Vessee, on which was situated the very pretty Town of Leppanvista. Next we threaded the Unukha Vessee, the Taipora Canal connecting this lake with the Ainus Vessee, next the Haapa Vessee, then the Hanki Vessee, on the shores of which latter there is the large and exceedingly pretty town of Nyslott. It possesses a very fine old castle, said to have been built in the thirteenth century, which has stood many a siege from the Russians. It is now not in nearly so ruined a state as might have been expected from its age. It is placed in a very picturesque position on the lake. There is here again a look-out tower, from which is presented a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Near this town is a very singular road along the ridge of a mountain at Punjaharjaie. The road is fourteen miles long, but so narrow is the ridge, that for the whole distance the width of the hill itself is no greater than that of the road. On leaving the harbour we steamed past a beautiful island from the Hanki Vessee into the Pihlaja Vessee, and from thence into the Haapa Vessee, touching at the Town of Pumala, from thence into the Grösen Siama Vessee, the largest lake in Finland, at the southern end of which stands the town of Whilhelmstadt.

From Whilhelmstadt a large canal with twenty-eight locks of superior workmanship connects the Siama Lake with the city of Viborg. The distance thus traversed from Kuopio to Viborg being 315 versts, which is accomplished in about two days. Lake Siama is a very large sheet of water—quite a sea—and were it not for the many islands which exist in it, the passage through it in strong winds would occasionally be most disagreeable if not dangerous. The lake scenery is very beautiful. It may be said to lack the high mountains with which the Swiss lakes are almost universally surrounded, but the endless forest scenery and the succession of the inner lakes make up for any deficiency in the commanding nature of their shores.

I do not know when I have been more interested than in this tour to the inner waters of Finland, so utterly unknown to the entire mass of my travelling countrymen, whom I strongly recommend to visit this country as one which will repay their time and trouble. Towards the southern end of the Lake Siama we left the steamer at Lauritzsala, with the object of going across country to Imatra, sending our luggage direct to Viborg, intending to claim it there on the following afternoon.

At Lauritzsala we succeeded in procuring a cart and pair of ponies, and after a drive of about two hours, or thirty-three versts through Jurtsenoon, we reached the falls of Imatra, where we stopped at a Russian Hotel. In a very large saloon we found a numerous party at breakfast, whom we at once recognized as our

countrymen, and subsequently discovered that they were some of the principal members of His Excellency the English Ambassador's Staff at St. Petersburg, whose society for the remainder of the day added in no small degree to the interest of our visit to the falls. The renowned falls at Imatra may more properly be called rapids, being a continuous cataract of water descending about 120 feet in the distance of half a mile, wildly rushing over a rocky bed between high cliffs; and as the breadth of the stream nowhere is more than sixty feet, and the volume of water is very considerable, the magnificent effect of this cataract can be readily imagined. The fishing in the river itself, as well as in a neighbouring lake, was represented as being very good. Two rods, the morning of our arrival, had killed thirty-six trout, averaging from three to twelve pounds each, the latter being the heaviest that had been killed that day, but it was said that trout of twenty and twenty-five pounds were not unfrequently taken.

In the afternoon we were provided with a good posting-cart and easily drove through Kumanpotus, Witikan and Jappin, the fifty-six versts in five hours into Viborg. The country through which we passed gradually improved as to cultivation, and the bath-houses, one of which was attached to every house, appeared to be more carefully built than in the more inland portions of Finland. The heating process seemed to be more carefully arranged, and the ovens were built of fine brick; but in addition a large amount of damp straw was placed around the eaves of the building to induce a greater degree of humidity in the armosphere within. I may mention that this country is the highest north in which fruits exist. Beyond this point not even apples are to be found.

At Viborg we quitted Finland after a most interesting journey through the heart of that country, having travelled from one end to the other, a distance of 815 versts, or 550 miles, and having just spent ten days in the country. The town of Viborg is well situated. The old castle is interesting, bearing evident marks of war and sieges, which latter it continually bore until it fell into the hands of Russia. There appeared to be considerable mercantile industry, but from the appearance of the city and its inhabitants, it was evident that we were approaching a new country, distinct in every way from Scandinavia.

(*To be concluded in our next*).

In the Camp with Pretorius,

DURING THE EXPEDITION OF THE EMIGRANT BOERS AGAINST THE ZULU CHIEF, DINGAAN*

On the 28th November, 1838, I reached the commando, of the Emigrants at the small Togala spruit. The chief commandant, A. W. J. Pretorius, had already proceeded, and we went on to the other side of the great Togala, in the entrance under the rising ground. The camp was then pitched, and enclosed by the wagons, fifty-seven in number, and when all preparations had been made, the sun was setting. Here my attention waa drawn to the first commencement of the government of the chief commandant; for he ordered that the camp should be properly enclosed, and the gates well secured after the cattle should be within the same, and that the night patroles should be properly set out; all of which was executed with the greatest activity and readiness. After all this had been arranged, the officers met in the tent of the chief commandant; which officers were Carel Pieter Landman (2nd commandant), Pieter Daniel Jacobs (2nd member of the court-martial), Jacobus Potgieter (successor of the 2nd commandant), and also the other commandants, Johannes de Lange, and Stephanus Erasmus with their field-cornets. They held an amicable conversation, for the purpose of agreeing on the measures of the commando. The chief commandant then requested Mr. Cilliers to perform evening divine service, and the old evening hymn was sung, which Mr. Cilliers concluded with a most fervent prayer. The chief commandant further ordered commandant Erasmus to go out with a patrol in the night to spy the kraals of Tobe, as he intended to make the first attack on these. This was done. Now the weather was rainy, and it rained by showers.

The next day we rose, and every one was glad. After we had enjoyed some refreshments, the chief commandant requested me to assist him in writing. He gave me to write a strict order or regulation for the commando, which he had framed in a few words. After I had done this the commandants were assembled, and their approbation thereof asked, which they gave. I then made copies of that order for each commandant. In the meantime, the patrol of commandant Erasmus returned, but had not traced anything, on account of the unfavourable weather, and had seen nothing but smoke here and there from the kraals.

On the 4th December, we continued our journey from the Togala, proceeding through a plain open field (the field is rather sour but may be useful), as far as the Klip River which we passed. About a quarter of an hour on the other side thereof, the field begins to look most beautiful, dressed with sweet grass, presenting a youthful verdure and varegated with mimosa trees. Having proceeded a little further on we encamped, and here we had a beautiful sight of the field, but there was no running water. The camp having been pitched, the chief commandant gave me to write an Ordinance for the prevention of improperly attacking or in-

* From the Journal of J. G. Bantjes.

terfering with the free persons of colour, which I finished, and then after the evening divine service had been performed, I retired to sleep.

The following day being 5th December, all was still in good order. Everyone looked out and was anxious for the return of the spies who were sent out, as we were to remain here waiting for their report or return. In the meantime, the chief commandant, after having assembled all his officers and their men, began in the first place to read to them, for their encouragement and admonition, a letter of a brother and friend, Mr. Christian Hatting, which was addressed to all his emigrant brethren, and this letter was well worth the attention of the audience. The chief commandant then addressed himself to those under his command, which greatly roused the spirits of many, whilst he himself speaking with great feeling was much moved in his heart. He then read another letter addressed to him by the Rev. Mr. Van der Lingen. This was also most worthy of being read, and every one felt grateful towards God for receiving so consolatory messages in such a barren wilderness. The chief commandant also performed the utmost of his duty by impressing this circumstance on the minds of his men. He also communicated to them his answer thereon, which every one lauded. He then further admonished them all to begin this most important task which they had undertaken (and which must be blessed by the Most High if it is be successful) with supplications and prayers to the throne of God, for to remain steadfast to the end, and to show obedience to their superiors, as otherwise we can expect no blessing and our ruin to the great rejoicing of our persecutors and enemies will have been occasioned by ourselves. He then proceeded to read the instructions framed for himself, by the Representative Assembly, and to point out the great responsibility with which he was charged thereby. He then read the strict order framed by him for the commandants, and also the last mentioned Ordinance. He then called towards him all the inferior officers, according to rank; the assisting commandants, the field-cornets down to the corporals, exhorting them to behave with courage and prudence, if necessary; reminded them how any design undertaken without God is frustrated; how everyone was to act when engaged with the enemy; that we, as reasonable creatures, born under the light of the Gospel, should not be equal to them in destroying women and children; and that we may pray of God everything which is not contrary to His great righteousness. He admonished them further to press on the minds of the men under them, to submit every morning and evening their duties and their doings to the Lord in prayers; and to spend the Holy Sabbath to the honour of God, and not use that great name in vain, nor calumniate the Most High. He further expressed his great joy in experiencing that peace, reasonableness, and internal love was still reigning amongst so many thousand souls, living together as in one and the same house—and that this was more than he had expected—that he had, however, to admonish every one to join their hands together, to remove everything that may tend to give rise to disunion, so that we, as one body, may with the assistance of God accomplish our intended work; and finally repeatedly remind us that "unity createth power." Amongst others he strictly prohibited any one to interfere with the Kafir children or women during the conflict, nor to take them prisoners. The successor of the chief commandant also mounted the carriage of the cannon and said that every one should notice that which the chief com-

mandant had communicated to us ; that we ought to be most grateful to God for such valuable admonitions ; that in all our doings we should give the honour to God ; how it was now our time all to kneel down and humble ourselves before God, for that our enemies like wolves were watching our destruction, that in particular we must be grateful to God that he has provided us with such a chief, who is wise in all his doings and who even shows himself careful as well for our spiritual as well as bodily welfare. The chief commandant again resumed, and dwelt upon everything which he considered might be ruinous to us, and that we might well acknowledge the truth of what has been stated by his successor, &c. He then requested everyone to unite in prayer, requesting Mr. S. Cilliers to conclude this momentous meeting with a solemn prayer. Mr. C. first addressed the chief commandant, and in very appropriate language exhorted him to his duty and so on all the officers according to their ranks and all the men, and then after concluded with a solemn prayer. Thus was this moment properly spent ; everyone was affected and general silence and calmness prevailed.

We proceeded on the 8th of the month, on our undertaking, marching on through an open level field, until we arrived at the Zondags River. We had, in the meantime, also passed two rivers of the same kind, which by the road had no running water, but according to the statement of the patrols, had running fountains near their origin. The fields along the Zondags River are splendid and beautiful, overgrown on both sides with valley shrubs of every description, and as far as we went the grass was quite sweet. We thus proceeded on and crossed another valley, which, along the road contained stagnant waters. We went further on between two flat heights, through a sandy passage ; a horrible bad road, large rocks, and then several deep ditches, some very muddy ; having passed all this we got to an extensive valley which offered a beautiful view. We went through it and continued until we came to a river with running water, named by the former commando the "Bly River," situate under a flat mountain ; here we encamped.

The next day, the 9th, all was well, and we remained over to celebrate the Sabbath ; while the previous Saturday evening had been spent in the tent of the chief commandant, with the singing of some appropriate hymns, and a fervent prayer delivered by Mr. Cilliers.

On Sunday morning, before Divine service commenced, the chief commandant called together all those who were to perform that service and requested them to propose to the congregation "that they should all fervently in spirit and in truth pray to God for his relief and assistance in their struggle with the enemy ; that he wished to make a vow to God Almighty (if they all were willing), that should the Lord be pleased to grant us the victory, we would raise a house to the memory of His great name, wherever it should please Him," and that they should also supplicate the aid and assistance of God, to enable him to fulfil their vow, and that we will note the day of the victory in a book, to make it known even to our latest posterity, in order that it may be celebrated to the honour of God. Messrs. Cilliers, Landman and Joubert were glad in their minds to hear it. They spoke to their congregations on the subject, and obtained their general concurrence. When after this divine service commeneed,—Mr. Cilliers performed that which took place in the tent of the chief commandant—he commenced by singing from Psalm xxxviii, 12–16,

then delivered a prayer, and preached about the first twenty-four verses of the 6th chapter of Judges, and thereafter delivered the prayer in which the before-mentioned vow to God was made, with a fervent supplication for the Lord's aid and assistance for the fulfilment thereof. The 12th and 21st verses of the said 38th Psalm was again sung and the service was concluded with singing the 134th Psalm. In the afternoon the congregations met again, and several appropriate verses were sung; Mr. Cilliers again made a speech and delivered prayers solemnly, and in the same manner the evening was also spent.

The following day, the 10th, we again proceeded, crossed the river, and were much impeded by the grass being very high in the road and dangerous to ride through. We were obliged to set fire to it, and having done this, we passed several ditches and ascended the mountain which was very steep and covered with large rocks. A short distance from this we came to an extensive valley, presenting a beautiful sight, overgrown with grass and herbs of every description.

On the 13th December, we proceeded on along the river, which runs eastward, and reports reached us from commandant De Lange of Kafirs approaching. A camp was formed and secured. The commandant resolved, as it was about evening and several men were out on patrol in several directions and also as the Sabbath was at hand to postpone any attack until the next Monday. He ordered the barriers and gates to be properly secured, and that all men should be up about two hours before daylight. Everything was complied with. At the appointed time all men were roused, and we held ourselves in readiness.

Sunday the 16th was a day as if ordained for us. The sky was open, the weather clear and bright. Scarcely was the dawn of day perceivable, when the guards who were still on their posts, and could scarcely see, perceived that the Zulus were approaching. Now the patrols were altogether in the camp, having been called in the day previous by alarm signals of the cannon. The enemy then approached at full speed, and in a moment they had surrounded the camp on all sides. In the meantime, the day began to dawn so that they might be seen approaching, while their advanced lines had already been repulsed by the firing from the camp. Their approach, although frightful on account of the great number, yet presented a beautiful appearance. They approached in regiments, each captain with his men following him. In the same way the patrols had seen them come up the previous day, until they had all surrounded us. I could not count them, but it is said that a Kafir prisoner had given the number of thirty-six regiments, which regiments may be calculated at from nine to ten thousand men. The battle now commenced, and the cannons were discharged from every gate of the camp; the battle then became violent, even the firing from our muskets from our side as well as theirs. After this had been kept up for full two hours by the watch, the chief commandant (as the enemy was continually bestorming the camp, and he was afraid we would run short of ammunition) ordered that all the gates in the camp should be opened, and the fighting with the Kafirs should take place on horseback. This was done, and to our regret they took flight so hastily that we were obliged to hunt after them. Few remained in the camp, and the chief commandant in person, after having given the necessary directions also followed them. His shooting horses had been taken by others, and he himself was obliged to mount a wild horse.

He pursued a large party, and, riding in full speed, he got upon them. One of the Zulus rushed upon him ; he however discharged one of the barrels of his gun to kill the Kafir, but the horse whereon he was mounted was so frightened that he missed, and wishing to discharge the other shot, did not know that the stopper of his lock had been closed, so that he could not cock his gun. Now no time was to be lost : he jumped from his horse, the Kafir at once rushes upon him, stabs at him with his assegai, which he parried off twice with his gun ; but the third time unable to do otherwise he parried it off with his left hand, in which the Kafir then stuck his assegai. He now falls upon the Kafir, lays hold of him and throws him upon the ground and holds him fast, though he struggled fearfully, until P. Roedeloff came to his assistance ; he then forced the assegai out of his hand and stabs the Kafir under him so that he died. He then returned to the camp to have the wound dressed, which was done. He, however, said that he hoped no one would be terrified that this wound could do him no harm, and that he was glad of having been the only man in such a serious conflict who had been slightly wounded. The wound, however, was bad. We also ascertained with great regret that Gerrit Raath had met with the same accident in the same manner as the chief commandant, but he was dangerously wounded in his side ; as also Philip Fourie who had been dangerously wounded with an assegai during the battle in the camp. G. Raath remained in the field, and was fetched away and brought to the camp on a stretcher. Thus the Zulu commando was pursued for more than three hours, and we returned, as we were all short of ammunition. The chief commandant ordered the cleaning of the guns and that every man should provide himself with ammunition. This was complied with, and balls were also cast. Prayers and thanksgiving were offered to God, and after divine service had been performed the chief commandant again sent a strong party to pursue the Zulus as far as they could, but they returned in the evening, not being able to came up with them. The next day we counted the number of the slain, those who had been killed about and near the camp, together with those who had been overtaken and killed. They amounted to more than three thousand, besides the wounded.

We proceeded on our journey and encamped near to Dingaan's town on the 19th, at a distance of about a quarter of an hour. No sooner had the camp been formed, but a commando was ordered towards the town. We went with about nine hundred men and found it deserted, and the palace of the king burnt down, together with the whole upper part of the town. The chief commandant ordered all that was found to be brought together, and whatever was in the fire, such as iron and copper, to be taken out and taken care of. We went back again, and next day being the 21st, we fixed our camp just on the very hill where the unfortunate Mr. Retief and company had been butchered. The sight of the cruel martyring, whereof the dead bones still gave proof, was indeed horrible to be looked at, while the raw straps with which they had been tied were still fastened to the bones of several of them ; and the sticks and spokes with which they had been beaten were found by thousands and in pieces along the road which they had been dragged. Of these sticks some were those with which they danced, and some were poles whereon they build their houses, or wherewith they plant their fortifications. While other skeletons or dead bones laid there, these were recognized by us by

their skulls which were all broken, and by the heap of stones lying by each of their corpses, wherewith they had received their last sufferings. O horrible martyrdom! The late worthy Mr. Retief we recognized by his clothes, of which small pieces were still attached to his bones, added to which there were other tokens, such as his portmanteau containing several papers. Some were damaged and rained to pieces, but others were in as perfect a state as if they had never been exposed to the air. Amongst them was the contract between him and Dingaan respecting the cession of the land, in a wonderful state of preservation, also some clean sheets of paper upon which the chief commandant wrote to Mr. Boshof next day. The bones were gathered together and buried. The Kafir prisoner was then questioned. He pretended to have been but a spectator of the martyrdom, being sick at the time, but he related the circumstances just in the same manner as the appearance of the bones vouched to be correct, with this addition, that the king after the treaty had been concluded, had invited Retief and his company to come to his town that his people might dance in honour of them ; and while dancing he caused them to be attacked and though the farmers were unarmed they defended themselves with their pocket-knives in such a manner that when they had fought their way through one regiment another had to resume it. One man, he said, of a tall stature could run very fast and escaped after fighting hard from the town to the other side of the river, which, I believe, is about 2,500 paces ; but by their great numbers they outran him from all sides, and overtook him before he got as far as where his horses were ; he then defended himself with stones until he could no longer. He further states that twenty of them had died from severe cuts which they had received by the pocket-knives, and several were wounded. Several articles were also found which had been buried underground ; on the following day they were sold by public auction and the proceeds distributed among the commando.

The South African Fine Arts Association.

It is always a pleasure to visit the exhibitions of this Association, and chiefly because we may note with great satisfaction the steady progress made in the formation of a permanent Art Gallery. From a small and insignificant beginning the collection has attained to very respectable dimensions, and contains some works of real merit. Of the 120 oil paintings now on view, it is not too much to say that the most valuable and attractive will be found among the forty-three exhibited as the property of the Association, and in passing on to the gallery of water-colours and the room set apart for engravings, we may with equal truth say the same of the fifty works the Association exhibits there. In addition to this collection it possesses several portfolios of unframed engravings and photographs, and has established the nucleus of an art library which already contains about forty valuable works of reference. The building also in which the exhibitions are held belongs to the

Institution—a sum of about £300 only being all that is required to pay off the liabilities. Such is the statement made by the committee at the annual meeting, and on this is founded the claim of the Association to substantial aid and support from the Government. There can be no doubt that this is such an Institution as was alluded to by Sir Bartle Frere in his admirably-suggestive address at the Public Library. It is an institution of national interest. It has accumulated property of considerable value which now forms part of our national riches : and it does seem to be the duty of Government to see that this property of the public is properly cared for and preserved. The experience of last year has proved that it will not be safe to depend exclusively on the uncertain income obtained from voluntary subscriptions for the amount annually required to keep the buildings and works of art in a proper state of preservation. The revenue of the Association barely suffices to do this, and is quite inadequate to any further demand upon it for the necessary alterations in the galleries and the purchase of new works. If the Association were relieved of the cost of preserving this public property, it would be enabled to extend its operations considerably, were it only by making use of the money raised by annual subscriptions to make additions to the gallery, and thus to increase its value year by year.

The first object of the Association should be the formation of a national collection. Its gallery should be a place in which every colonist ought always to find sufficient to repay a visit, one which would be a credit to the Colony, and by means of which important assistance might be rendered to the art students throughout the Colony. The collection of pictures already made contains several works of more than average merit—but, after all, these are not very numerous, and unless the committee can afford to be particular as to their purchases and as to the class of work they accept on behalf of the public, their exhibitions will serve no useful purpose in art, and even to point out their deficiencies will serve no useful purpose in criticism. But in order that they may carry out worthily the duties they have to perform they should be relieved of all anxiety as to the maintenance of what they have already won. They should be put in a position to increase their collection, and in doing so they need not confine themselves to pictures—they ought to be able to obtain objects illustrative of industrial art in all its branches. Every day we see the taste for objects of art becoming more and more universal. There is an ever-growing demand for its wider application in every department of production. But at the Cape we are in this respect far behind the rest of the world. We are so habituated to ugliness that we are perfectly unconscious of the absence of beauty. Our state of contentment "'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy," is most exasperating. And here a well-arranged gallery ought to do much good. The public will gradually be led to the appreciation of superior work if care is taken perpetually to place good examples before its eyes. Perhaps the most extraordinary objection raised to

rendering any assistance to the Association in its efforts to do something in the way of improving the art education of the people is that the people are utterly ignorant of art and care nothing about it. A stronger argument for supporting the Association could not be given. The committee appear by their report to have experienced more difficulty than usual in getting together for their Fourth Exhibition a sufficient number of pictures not previously exhibited, and believing that they have pretty well exhausted the private collections they seem to contemplate giving up these loan exhibitions for a time. This, undoubtedly, will have an unfavourable effect upon the receipts, and it would almost appear preferable to curtail the dimensions of their exhibitions, and instead of four rooms to give two. The public would not complain of this, and, the hanging space being limited, greater strictness in accepting pictures might be observed, thus having the effect of raising the tone of the exhibition by the exclusion of all works not reaching average merit. Taking for granted that the committee are right in thinking that they have nearly exhausted the private collections, it may be interesting to glance over the catalogues of the four exhibitions already held to ascertain from them what is the character of the works of art belonging to private individuals in this part of the Colony. From these catalogues it appears that the Association has exhibited upwards of eleven hundred pictures. Of course, in all such collections there must be many indifferent performances and even utter failures mixed up with more excellent and admirable works, but the question is in what proportion do the inferior works stand to those of greater merit? Upon the whole the result is favourable. There have been a fair proportion of really good pictures, though on the other hand it must be confessed that these are the property of a few individuals only. The Press has already given notices more or less detailed of the works exhibited, so that it will be sufficient simply to indicate their character by running over the names of the best known artists whose pictures have found a home in South Africa. In doing so we shall allude only to those the authenticity of whose works is undoubted, for we find from the catalogues that the names given by exhibitors appear to have been accepted without question, the committee considering themselves relieved from all trouble by the insertion of a foot-note stating that they do not hold themselves responsible for the correctness of these names. How far they are right in doing this is a fair question. Probably they are mindful of the story told of a well-known collector who used most generously to invite his guests to pass the freëst criticism on his collection, but first assured them that every work was genuine and that he would knock any man down who denied it. Of celebrated artists, whose works have been exhibited, there are specimens among portrait painters of the works of Zucchero, Bassano (Leandro da Ponte), Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Hoppner, Jackson, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir J. Watson Gordon, Sir F. Grant, and Sir Martin Shee. Among landscape painters we

find P. Nasmyth, F. R. Lee, J. Wilson, Sam Bough, Pettitt, Koekkook, and a number of others of greater or less reputation. In cattle pieces, fruit, interiors, *genre* painting, we have Van Bergen, Ostade, Kidd, George Lance, C. Lees, J. C. Jose, and many more. In the water-colour galleries were to be found drawings by Constable, Copley Fielding, Varley, C. Taylor, Sidney Cooper, Cattermole, Cruikshanks, Buckley, Chambers, Read, Dunant. Now without alluding to other artists and other works of ability, it is sufficient to glance over the names thus given to show that the average standard of merit of these exhibitions could not have been very low, and that in enabling the public to study the works of such artists, the Association must have conferred some benefit. But it is asked how an institution such as this can be considered as entitled to share in the general expenditure of the Colony; is it not an institution more local than national? Without entering into the question as to the necessity of a good national gallery, which must be situated somewhere, we maintain that there is no reason why this institution, being liberally supported, should not be thoroughly national in its character. Let it be a museum of industrial art in every form. Let a system be adopted by which oil paintings and water-colours, of a character, which it is not likely that schools can afford to obtain for their own use, may be lent to the various towns and schools throughout the Colony. Let a series of objects suitable for forming groups of still life be also lent for certain periods. And, further, not only might the schools be assisted, but also those interested in getting up local exhibitions; and for this purpose a "travelling collection" might be formed; or should this be considered impracticable, works of art may be lent to local museums and libraries, changeable periodically. In this manner, and by ever keeping in view and aiming at the formation of a central gallery of a high character, the institution would become "national" in every sense of the word, and would be of very great assistance to those engaged in promoting education and raising the standard of colonial thought.

The plan thus sketched out is merely a copy of what is reported as being successfully carried out at the present moment by the South Kensington Museum. The committee have already taken one step towards increasing the usefulness of the Association by commissioning Capt. Grenfell, who was one of their number, to purchase casts, &c., during his visit to England, so that in a short time art students will have the advantage of having valuable models to draw from. It is to be hoped that these students will not be confined to the class who find in drawing and painting a pleasant and agreeable pastime only, but that our artizans will understand that to them especially this collection ought to be of value, for there is not a busy town in England now which does not possess its art school, and there is not an artizan whose study of art has not raised the value of his labour and the character of his country's productions. It is a pity that the Association is not prepared to go a step further. If it

were possible to obtain some competent teacher to explain the first elementary principles on which art is based, and to impart the preparatory technical knowledge required, a boon indeed would be conferred. One other point in which the Association might be useful would be by affording facilities for the sale and purchase of works of art. In the admission to their walls of such works the committee ought to be more rigidly exclusive in their favours than in any other case. The public should be able to feel satisfied that whatever might be the comparative merits of the different pictures exhibited for sale, the committee have not accepted one which has not come up to a certain standard. This implied guarantee would be a benefit to both seller and purchaser. There is evidently much to be done before the Association can become such an institution as we hope one day to see it. It has gone on steadily in spite of many troubles such as more or less beset the commencement of all important undertakings; but it is only the beginning, and a very small beginning. It is a mistake to say that it is now firmly rooted; on the contrary, it has only proved that it possesses sufficient vitality to entitle it to a share of the attention and care of the public. It promises to be a vigorous plant; but neglect at the present time would soon prove fatal to its growth. The unaided efforts of individuals will not succeed in establishing and maintaining an Art Gallery worthy of the Colony, any more than private patronage alone will be able to secure the introduction of works of the highest merit. It seems but reasonable to look for some assistance from the Colonial Treasury, were it only sufficient to cover the expenses to which the Association is put for the proper custody of the public property entrusted to their care.

Ourselves as others see us.

Mr. Froude's South African Journal.

The expectation entertained by many persons that the distinguished members of the Guild of Literature who visited South Africa a year or two ago would ere long give to the world their impressions of our colonial society and scenery has now been amply fulfilled. Major Butler's papers in *Good Words*, Lady Barker's letters in *Evening Hours*, and *Lippincott's Magazine*, and lastly Mr. Froude's "Leaves from his Journal," have each presented likenesses of us in different colourings, to the great English-reading public. Upon the whole it must be admitted our prominent features are pourtrayed in a kindly manner; and if here and there our visitors have indulged in observations which may disturb our vanity and self-complacency we may console ourselves with the reflection that, according to the Poet, there are some benefits to be derived even from such criticism:—

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Mr. Froude's impressions of South Africa find a place in a new (third) series of his "Short Studies on Great Subjects."* They are there introduced as a relief to the more serious matters with which the volume is chiefly occupied—chapters on the theology of Paganism and the revival of Romanism, the degeneracy of English Protestantism, and the hollowness of modern Liberalism, the Uses of a Landed Gentry, and the difficulties with which Party Government is beset.

The change from London life, and the confined atmosphere of a library, to a comfortable steamer of the Donald-Currie-line seems, to have given an unusual freshness and exhilaration to the brilliant historian—which is sensibly conveyed to the reader. In his "Sea Studies" we are at once on board-ship, enjoying "the ever-blowing breeze on the open deck, above our heads the arch of the sky, around us the ocean, and our spirits catch the contagion from the elements."

The tranquil water and genial temperature on the ocean highway to the Cape are highly appreciated and extolled, more especially as he gains the "delicious latitudes of the trades, where the water is sapphire blue, where soft airs breathe lightly on the surface, and the sharp jerk of the angry wave is never felt; where the flying fish spring from under the bows on either side of the ship like lines of spreading foam, where you sleep with your door and windows wide open, a sheet the heaviest covering which you can bear, and the air is sweet and balmy as in that far distant land where Menelaus dwells because he was the son-in-law of Zeus:

> Where never falls or rain, or hail, or snow,
> And ever off the sea the cooling breezes blow."

The journal only refers to the incidents of Mr. Froude's first visit to the Cape in 1874. He was then a passenger by the *Walmer Castle*, with Captain Webster. His fellow-voyagers did not impress him very favourably. "The talk of the colonists on board ranges between wool, ostrich feathers, and ten per cent. on freightage. Colonial politics they regard as avowedly nothing but a scramble for the plunder of office. They bet every day on the number of the miles which the ship will have run at noon in the past twenty-four hours, and are as eager about it as Yankees." He remembers "where your treasure is there will your heart be." His own occupations, however, were somewhat different. He writes:—

I have been feeding hitherto on Greek plays; this morning I took Homer instead, and the change is from a hot-house to the open air. The Greek dramatists, even Æschylus himself, are burdened with a painful consciousness of the problem of human life, with perplexed theories or Fate and Providence. Homer is fresh, free, and salt as the ocean. Ulysses and Agamemnon are once more living and breathing men; religion is simple and unconscious; and the gods, rough and questionable as they may be, are without the malignity of later centuries.

* Longman & Co., London: Cape Town, Juta.

Achilles, when he sacrifices the Trojan youths at the tomb of Patrocles, is rather censured for his cruelty than praised for his devotion. The notion of human sacrifice as a means af propitiating the anger of the gods must have been imported from Phœnicia,—perhaps with the Phœnician alphabet, progress, and the march of intellect.

Approaching the Cape of Good Hope, he notices the stars are changed. The Pole Star is under the horizon, and fresh stars come into sight every night. "Already a new heaven; in a few days there will be a new earth."

His stay at Cape Town was limited; but what he saw "was extremely interesting, and opened his eyes to much which he did not anticipate":—

The town itself, which was built by the Dutch, is a curious old-fashioned place, with a modern skin imperfectly stretched over it. You see great old mansions in bad repair, with stiff gardens overrun with weeds, and old gateways flanked by couching lions. The Dutch, among their many merits, introduced pine and oak here. The pine forests now cover the sides of the mountain. The oak grows rapidly to an enormous size, being in leaf nine months in the year. Everywhere you see the marks of the stiff, stubborn, Calvanistic Holland. The hotel in which I stayed was once the house of some wealthy citizen. The floors upstairs are of stone, the walls are pannelled, the ceilings carved; the sash windows are huge, heavy, and close-fitting; the dining-room is so stiff of aspect that the pert modern waiter seems subdued by the atmosphere of it into old-fashioned politeness. Cape Town has twice had its day of splendour. Once under the Dutch Government, and again when it was the sanatorium of Bombay and Bengal, and the East Indian magnates used to come there to recruit their livers. Now—even now—it was a pleasant thing to see the English flag flying over a spot which, whatever might be its fortunes, was still the most important naval station in the world.

With a friend, he

Drove through the Constantia country, among pine and oak forests, opening into exquisite vineyards about the slopes of the great mountain. Leaving the forests, we struck across the natural plains, clothed with silver trees and sugar bushes, and carpeted with wild heather and wild geraniums; the sea in the distance soft and beautiful as the Mediterranean. The peninsular of Table Mountain, cut off from the rest of Africa, would certainly make one of the most precious possessions in the world. It could be made impregnable at a moderate expense. It is about the size of Maderia, and of infinite fertility. It contains the only harbour available for ships of war either on the east or west coast for many thousand miles. Whoever holds this peninsula commands the ocean commerce round the Cape. The peninsula commands South Africa, for it commands its harbours. Were England wise in her generation, a line of forts from Table Bay to False Bay would be the northern limit of her imperial responsibilities.

Continuing his voyage along the coast, Mr. Froude finds:—

Port Elizabeth is a handsome modern town, the chief port of the Eastern Provinces, lying on an open hill-side as Brighton does. There is

no harbour, but the roadstead is sheltered on the dangerous quarter, and is crowded with vessels of all sizes. The loading and discharging is by lighters, and managed as expeditiously as if the ship was in dock. The beech is flat, the available extent of it has been much reduced by an attempted basin, enclosed by wooden piers, which was no sooner made than it filled in with sand. The bales and boxes are landed through the surf on the backs of natives; splendid fellows, with the shape of an Autinous, stark-naked, and shining from the water as if they were oiled. The black skin, which is of the texture of hippopotamus hide, seems to answer the purposes of modesty. These fellows earn six shillings a day; they live on one, save the rest, and when they have enough, they go inland, buy cattle, and two or three wives to work for them, and do nothing the rest of their lives. They all have the franchise. I asked one of the members for the town how they managed at election times. "Oh," he said, "we send a few barrels of brandy into the native location."

Of East London, Mr. Froude does not speak so well. The steamer had to lay there a whole day, in a fearful rolling sea, discharging cargo; and although he was told that that was to be the finest port in the Colony when the improvements now in progress are completed, he remarks that he would have been more sanguine of the result if the engineer had been less enthusiastic in his anticipations.

Onwards to Natal, however, he is pleasantly impressed with the appearance of the coast, as he writes:—

We are now off Kreli's country—independent Kafirland—a strip two hundred miles long, which divides Natal from the Colony. We pass within half a mile of the shore to avoid the current which set outside steadily to the west. From the sea it seems as if Kreli was king of Paradise itself. A series of exquisite English parks succeed one after the other; undulating grassy lawns, interspersed with woods and divided every four or five miles by rivers, the course of which we trace by the projecting crags and the rich verdure of the ravines. Each of these streams is unhappily blocked by sand as East London is. The surf roars at their mouth with monotonous thunder, never resting, never perhaps to rest while the globe continues to revolve. The people of the nation to come, who will by-and-by fill this beautiful country, will never sail in either ship or boat on the water which they will see so near them. The steamers will go by their windows almost within haling distance, but the passengers must be carried on for a hundred miles before they can set foot on shore. The skilfullest crew that ever launched a life-boat would be dashed in pieces in a moment in those tremendous rollers.

Natal occupies several pages of the journal. The affair of Langalibalele, the condition of the natives, and the difficulties of the labour question are all topics introduced. The description of the Port and the approach to the town of Durban is admirable:—

A high wooded ridge or bluff, curved and narrow, juts out from the coast-line, stretches parallel to it for two miles towards the east, and then bends round and terminates, forming a natural breakwater. A long point runs out to meet it, and thus inside is formed a land-locked basin

ten or twelve miles in circumference, the sea entering through a single narrow passage, and the scour from so large a body of water being thus considerable. Even here there is a bar which the engineers in their attempts at improvement have made rather worse ; but in moderate weather vessels of 1,000 tons can enter without much difficulty. The scene as we run in is singularly beautiful. The sky is cloudless,—the sun, just risen, is faintly veiled by a soft Italian haze ; the ships in the bay are dressed out in flags, white puffs of smoke break from a battery as the guns are fired in honour of the arrival of the steamer. We bring up in a deep channel close under the bluff, in the shade of tropical trees, among which the monkeys skip to and fro, and from which occasionally a too-curious python makes his way along the cable by which ships are moored to the shore. We land at the Custom-house among a group of Natalians who have hurried down to meet their friends. I am struck, as at Port Elizabeth, with the florid, fleshy look of the settlers. The climate of the Cape suits well the lymphatic Teuton. The Dutch, who have been there for two centuries, have expanded into the dimensions of Patagonians. I walked with one of the latter along the sands to the town. We had to cross a stream, and a Kafir undertook to carry us over. He staggered under the Dutchman, and had nearly fallen with him ; with me he trotted away as if I had been a child. But I had as nearly dropped from him from another cause. It was my first experience of the smell in such close proximity.

The climate of Natal is exquisite. The days are brilliant, and not overpoweringly hot. The nights are cool and fragrant with orange blossom. The stars shine with a steady lustre. The fire-flies gleam. The moth-hawk hunts his fluttering prey. The Indian Ocean moans on the shore, and will moan on till the day which Tintoret has painted, when the ships shall drift deserted on the waves, and the inhabitants of the earth shall have passed away from it for ever.

I leave Natal with unhopeful feelings. The settlers themselves are not to blame. In the presence of a vast and increasing native population, encouraged in idleness by the indulgence of those detestable systems of polygamy and female slavery, it is impossible to expect white men to exert themselves for the genuine improvement of the Colony. But the fact remains, that a country which seems to have been made by nature to be covered with thriving homesteads and a happy and prosperous people, is given over to barrenness and desolation. Before there can be a change, some authority must be introduced there which will control both blacks and whites, and bring the relations between them into a more natural condition. The sole remedy thought of here is more freedom, and what they call a "'sponsible ministry." They look to America, and they fancy the colonies have only to be free to grow as the United States have grown. America was colonized *before the Aloe had blossomed.* The grain of the old oak is in New England. The English in South Africa are pulpy endogens. They may make a nation some day, but they have a long journey to travel first.

Our space will not permit us to follow Mr. Froude throughout his journey—which for a gentleman of his age was a long and arduous one, travelling as he did over 1,500 miles, on rough roads, and amidst thunder-storms, and hard living, and nights without rest.

But it is pleasant to note that among the border settlers in the Transvaal, whose manners and domestic arrangements are often held up to ridicule, he experienced genuine South African hospitality :—

My old Boer host on this occasion (Oberholster) is a patriarch of sixty. His farm is large, well planted, and well cultivated, and inside his house and outside there is an appearance of rude abundance. On his hall table stands a huge clamped Bible of 1750, with a register of the family for 120 years. His sons and daughters are married, and live with their wives and husbands in cottages on the estate at no great distance. With each new family another hundred acres have been fenced in and brought under the plough. Children and grandchildren dropped in for the evening meal at the common table. Young giants, handsome, grave, and ponderous, and bright-eyed girls dashing through the doors out of the storm, and flinging off their dripping hoods. Our supper consisted of cold venison, eggs, bread and Indian corn, with—here at any rate—fresh milk. The old man said a long grace before and after. I glanced at the youths. There was not a sign of weariness about them. Their manners were perfectly simple and reverent. My bed was rough but clean, and I was not disturbed by intruders. In the morning I was awoke by a psalm, with which the day's work always begins on a Boer's farm. The breakfast was like the supper overnight. The old lady and two young ones, who alone appeared of the party of the evening before, looked as stiff and prim as if they had walked out of one of Van Eyck's pictures.

The portraits given of the public men of the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Republics, are not very happily executed; the most interesting, however, is that of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, whom Mr. Froude compliments on being now returned to the Cape Parliament, where he hopes he will once more render valuable service to the country.—A hope which is heartily re-echoed by the public.

Note upon the Juncí, or Rushes of the Cape Colony.

By Professor MacOwan.

Dr. Franz Buchenau, in the proceedings of the Natural History Society of Bremen (Bd. iv. Heft. 4) has published a monograph of the *Juncaceæ* of the Cape. It is characterized by the laborious accuracy and thoroughness which belongs to good modern botanical work, and is certainly one of the most valuable contributions to Cape Botany which have appeared during the last decade.

The following passage occurs on page 418 :—"The form of *Juncus glaucus Ehrh.* here described is the only plant belonging to the group *Genuini* which is yet known from the Cape. The absence of all the other species, particulary of *Juncus effusus L.* which otherwise is wanting in scarce any large floral region of the temperate zone, is an especially noteworthy fact, pointing anew to the long period during which the Cape Flora must have been isolated from that of Europe, Asia and North Africa."

Attention is drawn to this sta tement because *Juncus effusus L.*

though not in Ecklen and Zeyher's collections, nor as far as I know in those of Drege and Dr. Burchell, is actually a Cape plant, and was distributed by me in 1872, three years before the date of Dr. Buchenau's memoir. Will amateurs who are interested in plants look out for this common European rush, and send specimens dried without much pressure to the Museum here, in order that its distribution in the Colony may be made out and recorded? It is not unfrequent near the Boschberg, and in all probability its commonness in almost every temperate country has caused our collectors to pass it by, and thus conspicuous by its absence from exsiccate it is erroneously recorded as denied to the Cape.

It may be added that the distribution of the smaller septate Rushes, easily recognizable, especially when dried, by the transverse partitions in the substance of the leaves, is very imperfectly known. With the exception of *J. punctoni L.f.* and *J. oxycarpus E.M.*, they would seem to be confined to narrow areas. Possibly they are tolerably wide-spread, but have been overlooked, like *J. effusus L.* A little attention would soon settle the question definitively.

With regard to the evidence adducible respecting the isolation of the Cape Flora during a long cycle of ages, every fact which bears upon the question should most certainly be recorded. Dr. Buchenau aptly remarks that when we are better acquainted with the flora of the Abyssinian plateau, and similar highlands of Middle Africa, we shall probably find many connecting links between the vegetation of the Cape land and that of the great continental masses of the Northern hemisphere. To this I venture to add that the case of the European *Juncus effusus L.*, appearing unexpectedly to form a new link, is not a solitary one. In 1870 I distributed, with many misgivings, two nearly allied plants from the Boschberg, No. 1,616 and No. 1,866, labelled "*Schœnoxiphium? or Carex, cf. C. Dregeana Kth.*" Herr Otto Böckeler, now engaged in an elaborate monograph of the Cyperaceœ of the Berlin Herbarium, pronounces both plants to be forms of *Carex Wahlenbergiana Boott.* Similarly No. 1,608, "*Carex affinis C. pendulæ Huds.*," receives the following notice:—"*Est planta ipsissima, squamis fœmincis longioribus Nova cives capitis Bonæ Spei.*" Friends at a distance who have received these will please to take notice, especialiy if they are interested in the geography of plants; and for their information an additional note is subjoined from Dr. Buchenau about four species of Rush which sadly puzzled myself and others.

No. 188	Bolus	Est Juncus exsertus Behn.
No. 188*	„	„ Juncus diaphanus Behn.
No. 2,019	Mac Ow.	Juncus capensis Thunb. sub-species V. geniculatus Behn.
No. 2,020	„	
No. 1,953	„	Juncus Dregeanus Kth. *exparte.*

No. 1,683 was correctly referred to *J. macrocarpus Nees*, therefore the appended note of interrogation may be erased from the label.

Gill College Museum, May 8th, 1877.

Meteorology.

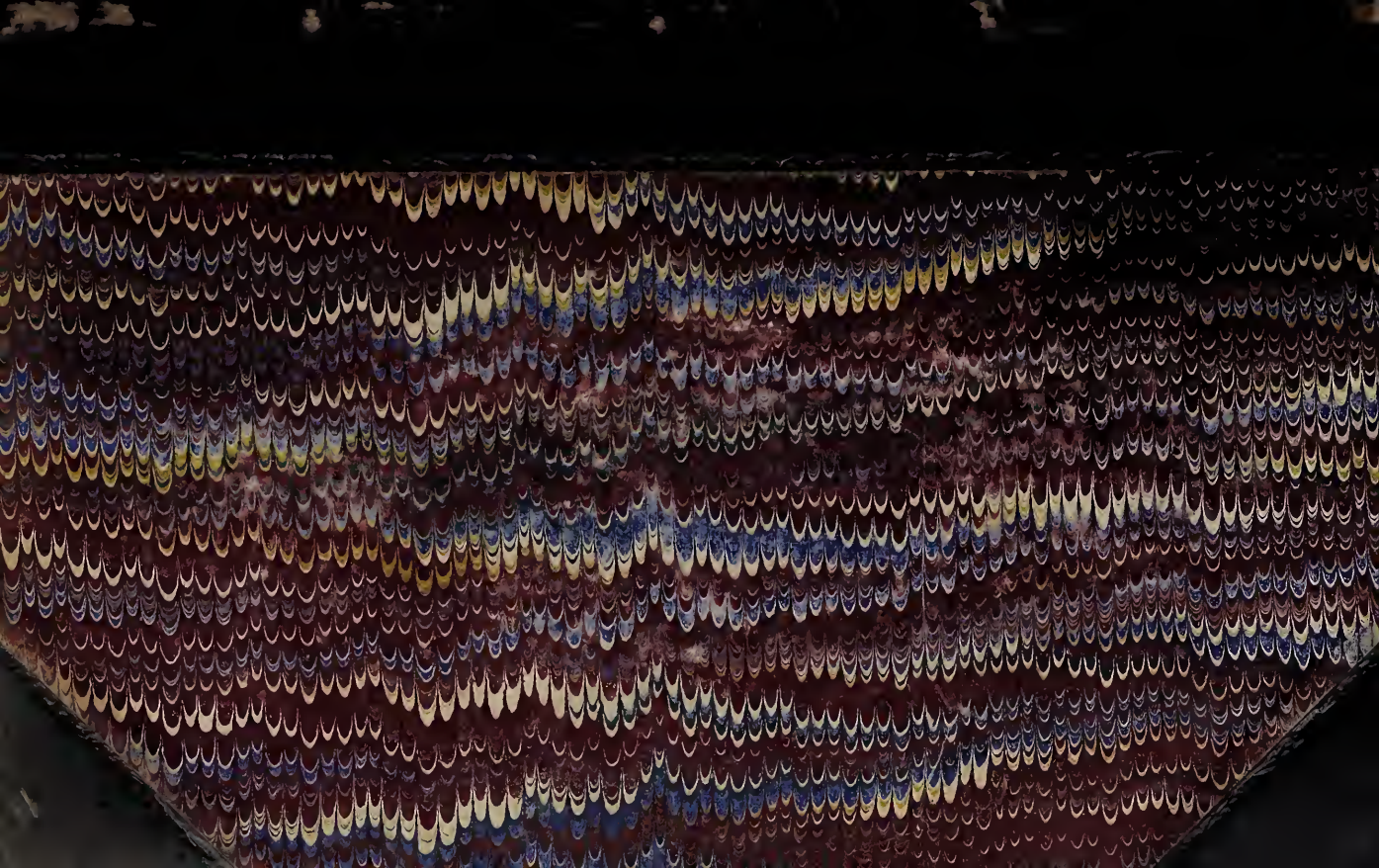
(FROM RETURNS FURNISHED BY THE COLONIAL METEOROLOGICAL COMMISSION).

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Mean Humidity, complete Saturation equals 100.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.
ROYAL OBSERVATORY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	30·001	64·3	73·3	57·6	88·0	16th.. ..	49·6	10th.. ..	71	1·293	8
Dec. ..	29·996	64·9	72·9	58·3	80·9	24th.. ..	52·0	15th.. ..	72	2·636	12
WYNBERG.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	29·741	65·5	77·9	54·4	90·6	15th.. ..	48·0	1st, 10th, and 11th	69	1·270	9
Dec. ..	29·749	64.2	75·3	54·1	81·2	5th.. ..	48·5	15th.. ..	72	2·880	14
SIMON'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	..	66·9	83·0	61·9	98·0	18th	55·5	10th.. ..	67	1·600	3
Dec. ..	..	66·2	79·4	62·9	88·0	12th.. ..	57·0	2nd	71	5·150	8
PORT ELIZABETH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	30·075	64·7	71·6	57·5	85·5	17th.. ..	48·0	11th.. ..	76	2·470	7
Dec. ..	29·990	67·6	73·4	59·1	80·5	19th.. ..	55·0	8th.. ..	70	2·630	4
WELLINGTON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	28·616	67·9	79·0	57·0	96·5	20th.. ..	51·0	1st	63	0·610	4
Dec. ..	28·616	65·4	77·2	56·6	91·6	24th.. ..	48·6	15th.. ..	74	3·915	12
WORCESTER.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	29·283	63·7	80·0	58·0	99·0	29th.. ..	40·0	13th.. ..	63	0·400	1
Dec. ..	29·205	67·8	82·5	54·5	96·0	18th.. ..	43·0	11th.. ..	60	0·800	3
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	28·284	61·1	74·6	47.5	94·0	21st.. ..	37·0	12th & 23rd	80	4·230	16
Dec. ..	28·175	64·9	80·9	49·8	93·0	14th.. ..	38·0	11th.. ..	73	1·340	11

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Mean Humidity, complete Saturation equals 100.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.
SOMERSET EAST.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	27·491	62·1	72·6	56·0	92·0	21st	46·0	11th.. ..	75	2·440	5
Dec. ..	27·417	65·9	78·7	59·8	92·0	14th.. ..	50·0	4th.. ..	72	0·370	2
ALIWAL NORTH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	25·650	61·1	78·8	58·7	92·0	30th.. ..	37·0	11th.. ..	65	3·860	9
Dec. ..	25·591	68·7	87·2	54·6	96·0	26th & 31st	45·0	6th and 8th	47	0·260	3
CARNARVON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	25·924	63·3	75·6	51·9	86·0	9th & 21st	40·0	2nd	60	2·485	7
Dec. ..	25·900	69·0	82·5	54·3	92·0	25th.. ..	46·0	6th	40	..	..
CLANWILLIAM.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
October	..	70·7	87·7	53·4	101·0	30th.. ..	42·0	13th.. ..	53	0·500	1
Nov. ..	..	72·1	88·1	54·9	102·1	20th.. ..	42·0	11th.. ..	51	..	..
Dec. ..	..	72·5	86·0	53·7	100·1	23rd.. ..	47·0	14th.. ..	58	0·840	3
PORT NOLLOTH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
August	30·241	57·3	66·0	45·1	86·0	31st	41·0	30th.. ..	77	..	..
Sept. ..	30·099	55·1	68·1	47·1	80·0	30th.. ..	37·0	29th.. ..	79	..	..
October	30·038	58·7	77·1	47·1	102·0	1st	43·0	6th & 11th	77	..	..
Nov. ..	30·075	60·5	75·4	53·6	95·0	3rd.. ..	46·0	1st	78	..	..
Dec. ..	30·074	61·3	79·0	52·0	83·0	20th & 27th	46·0	17th & 18th	82	..	..
KIMBERLEY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
August	26·193	54·9	79·9	42·1	90·0	23rd.. ..	28·0	13th.. ..	68	0·240	3
Sept. ..	26·118	63·3	84·2	49·7	95·0	22nd ..	35·5	29th.. ..	57	1·210	3
October	26·127	66·5	82·6	50·8	92·0	5th & 30th	41·0	1st	54	2·300	5
Nov. ..	26·063	66·1	79·5	51·8	102·0	30th.. ..	41·0	11th.. ..	67	3·880	8
Dec. ..	26·047	75·9	93·4	56·9	104·5	14th.. ..	46·0	8th.. ..	52	1·080	2

The Barometer readings are reduced to the Temperature 32° Farheinheit; but no correction has been applied for height above sea level, except for Port Elizabeth, to which a correction of 0·180 has been applied throughout.

The Observations at Port Nolloth are very incomplete.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Several contributions to hand will receive attention in the forthcoming volume of the Magazine.